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February, 1965

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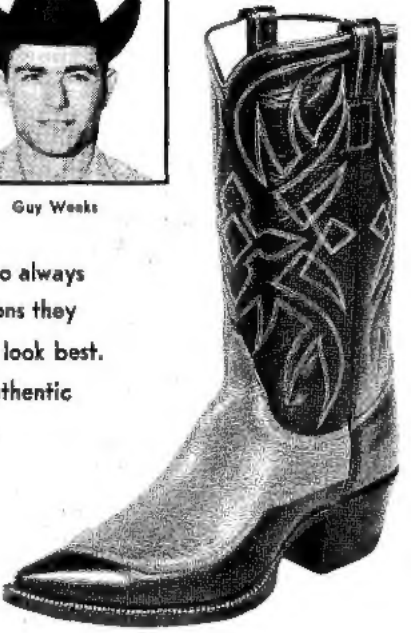

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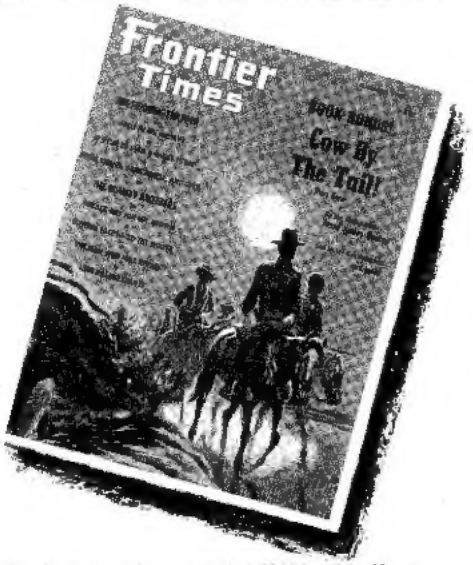

The January 1965 issue of FRONTIER TIMES gets off to a flying start with the second big installment of Jesse James Benton's **"COW BY THE TAIL."** This honest to goodness old-time cowboy's story continues with intimate glimpses of life on the cattle trail. Read why a man's life could actually depend on his ability to read the signs that pointed to a water hole! You will find out how a gunshot victim treats his wound when a doctor is miles away. And you will find out about his pretty little Indian sweetheart . . . and believe me, those gals had an unusual use of those famous Indian blankets! It's an installment that no one will want to miss! The second part of the hard-to-find book, "COW BY THE TAIL" . . . leading off an outstanding lineup of good reading in January FRONTIER TIMES.

Just about everybody knows something about Billy the Kid . . . but how much do they know about his brother? FRONTIER TIMES also carries a story in the January issue about **"THE BONNEY BROTHERS"** . . . dealing primarily with Joe, the kid who grew up in the shadow of a "blacksheep" brother.

Also: **THE FIDDLING TRAPPER** by Ramon F. Adams, **"BOOMING A WESTERN TOWN** by Les Beitz, **INVISIBLE DEATH AT DELMAR** by Donald G. Lee, **A RIDER OF THE WILD COUNTRY** by Tom Moss, **SANTA FE TRADER** by Joan Kyllo, **THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID** by T. J. Kerttula, **OASIS IN THE MOJAVE** by Harriett Farnsworth and Dick Mayo, **A BLACK DAY FOR MR. BROWN** by Art Chipman, **WHEN THE DOCTORS REALLY "TOOK IT"** by Felix Hartlep, **LAWMAN FROM ARIZONA** by Homer Wilkes, **OSAGE UPRISING** by Viahnett Sprague Martin, **IT'S FUN TO OWN A GHOST TOWN** by Robert B. Hunt, **LONE PRAIRIE GRAVES** by Inez Christian Doshier, **LITTLE THINGS, DARK FOREST, AND GOLD** by James E. Harvey, **POWDER FACE HATED THE WHITES** by F. Horace Hughes.

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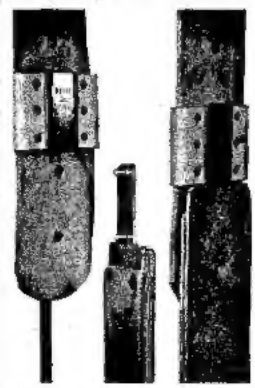

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Estes Park, Colorado

January-February, 1965

Volume 12, No 3

Whole No. 67

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Grandee

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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Goodbye, MR. FRANK

J. FRANK DOBIE, cantankerous chronicler of the West, who preferred a tall tale to a treatise with footnotes, died September 18, 1964, in his sleep. He was seventy-five.

Although many of our readers have already read this report in their newspapers, many have not. We know this because we still get mail addressed to Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, another good friend of Western Publications, who died March 8, 1963.

Frank Dobie was born on a ranch in Live Oak County, Texas. He wore marks of the land he wrote and talked about. He was bowlegged, white-maned and wind-beaten, and his face was creased into a permanent sun squint.

My pick of his anecdotes is the one he told me one afternoon in the beautiful Dobie back yard on Waller Creek here in Austin, Texas.

Mr. Frank was attending an Old Trail Drivers meeting in San Antonio. A man walked up to him and asked where a certain lost mine was. Mr. Frank gave him that inimitable Dobie smile with the million-dollar twinkle in his blue eyes and answered, "If I knew where it was, I'd go get the gold myself!"

This is a rather long story so I must condense it. The man said treasure hunters as a whole knew that Dobie had found one mine and knew the location of at least a half dozen more, so wouldn't he please reveal the location of just this one.

By this time Mr. Frank was growing just a bit irritated. "Why, man," he said, "if you were to blindfold me, spread a map out on that table and let me put my finger on a spot, it would probably be as close to the mine as I could possibly tell you."

"Will you do that, Mr. Dobie?" the man asked.

Mr. Frank did. The man tied a handkerchief around Dobie's eyes, spread a map on the table and Mr. Frank put his finger on it. When the handkerchief was removed, the eager treasure hunter was folding the map hurriedly. Sticking it in his pocket, he shook hands with Mr. Frank, thanked him profusely, turned and walked away. Mr. Frank never heard from him again.

Faith in a man? Most people had that in J. Frank Dobie. Some had even the "blindfold" faith.

HIS DEATH came three days after he received the Presidential Medal of Freedom. On the morning before he died, Mr. Dobie also received an advance copy of his book, *Cow People*. I had a letter on my desk from Mr. Frank asking if we wanted a chapter from it ("The Code of the West") when I received word of his death. This volume ended a writing life of more than thirty books about the ranch country, plus innumerable articles for magazines and newspapers.

The very first issue of *True West* carried a story by J. Frank Dobie, and he has been our most popular contributor ever since. The one we liked best was "A Plot of Earth," the story of his boyhood. It is one of three by Dobie in our new book *The Best of True West*. When I told him this was the best story he ever wrote, insofar as I was concerned, he reread the story, phoned me and said, "Joe, dogged if I don't believe you are right!"

We'll sure miss that man.—Joe

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True Western

More on Uinta

Dear Sirs:

I just read a story in your October True West, entitled "Uinta Yarns."

I was personally acquainted with Jim Lamb and went to school with his children at Mountain View, Wyoming. Regarding his story about Amos Hill—he never lived at Rountree, Wyoming, but had a ranch adjoining my father's place on Smith's Fork about two and a half miles above Mountain View. He had a bunch of cattle and they were in the brush and never handled only to brand and ship.

One time he found a Blacksford rancher named Del Watson riding among his cattle. He took a shot at Del and Del started to run. Amos followed him and shot several times more. Del rode to Ft. Bridger and took refuge in Lars Johnson's attic. He pulled the ladder up with him and Amos couldn't get up so he left. Later Watson had him arrested for trying to kill him. I and three brothers watched the shooting and chase from a hill close by and Del had my two older brothers subpoenaed as witnesses for him. Amos won because he claimed he was only shooting at Watson's dog. Amos was a quiet man until he got on a drunk, then he was abusive. I saw him in several fights and he got terribly beaten up.

His mother came to live with us, also his brother, John. I have his picture at the time of the Watson trial. After he sold his ranch to Charles B. Hamilton, he built a home for his mother on my Grandmother Hewitt's place. He lived upstairs, slept on the floor. I have a picture of his mother and my grandma also.

After she died he decided to go on a prospecting tour. He borrowed a horse, saddle and packsaddle from my father (Rob Harvey) and said, "I'll let you in on half, if I strike it." Dad had a letter from him once—said the little horse fell off the trail, pack and all, and was killed. He had quite a little money when he left and was supposed to have it in a bank at Vernal, Utah. Mrs. Hill is buried in our lot at Ft. Bridgers.

One time he got in a fight with John Backstrum, who lived close to us, and John had Dad's double-barreled shotgun and was going to shoot Amos. Amos grabbed the ax and hit the gun across the barrel and bent it almost double.

I also can remember about the Negro, Turner. He worked around the country with his partner. They dug every place they could to find the buried money. They had a cabin up near China Lake on Smith's Fork. Turner's partner disappeared and some thought he found the money and Turner killed him. Turner went to Rock Springs and opened up a law and real estate office and was there for many years.—Ralph A. Harvey, 609 Main, Evanston, Wyoming.

Jack Holt and J. G. Scurlock

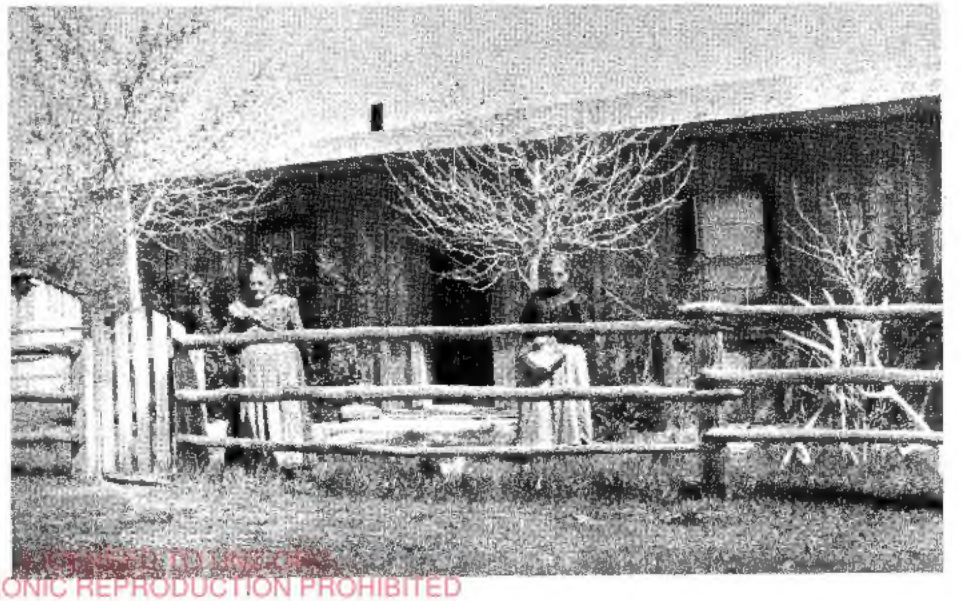
Dear Joe:

I am the grandson of "Doc" J. G. Scurlock, who in his day consorted with such colorful characters as "Billy, the Kid" and many others who came to life in stories he told to me as a boy.

When I was reading *Cattle Kings* in your February issue the words jumped out at me with regard to "Indians killed Jack Holt of the Roswell community in 1873." I find these dates and incidents to

(Continued on page 70)

Amos Hills mother, above right, lived with the author's family after her son's departure from Mountain View.



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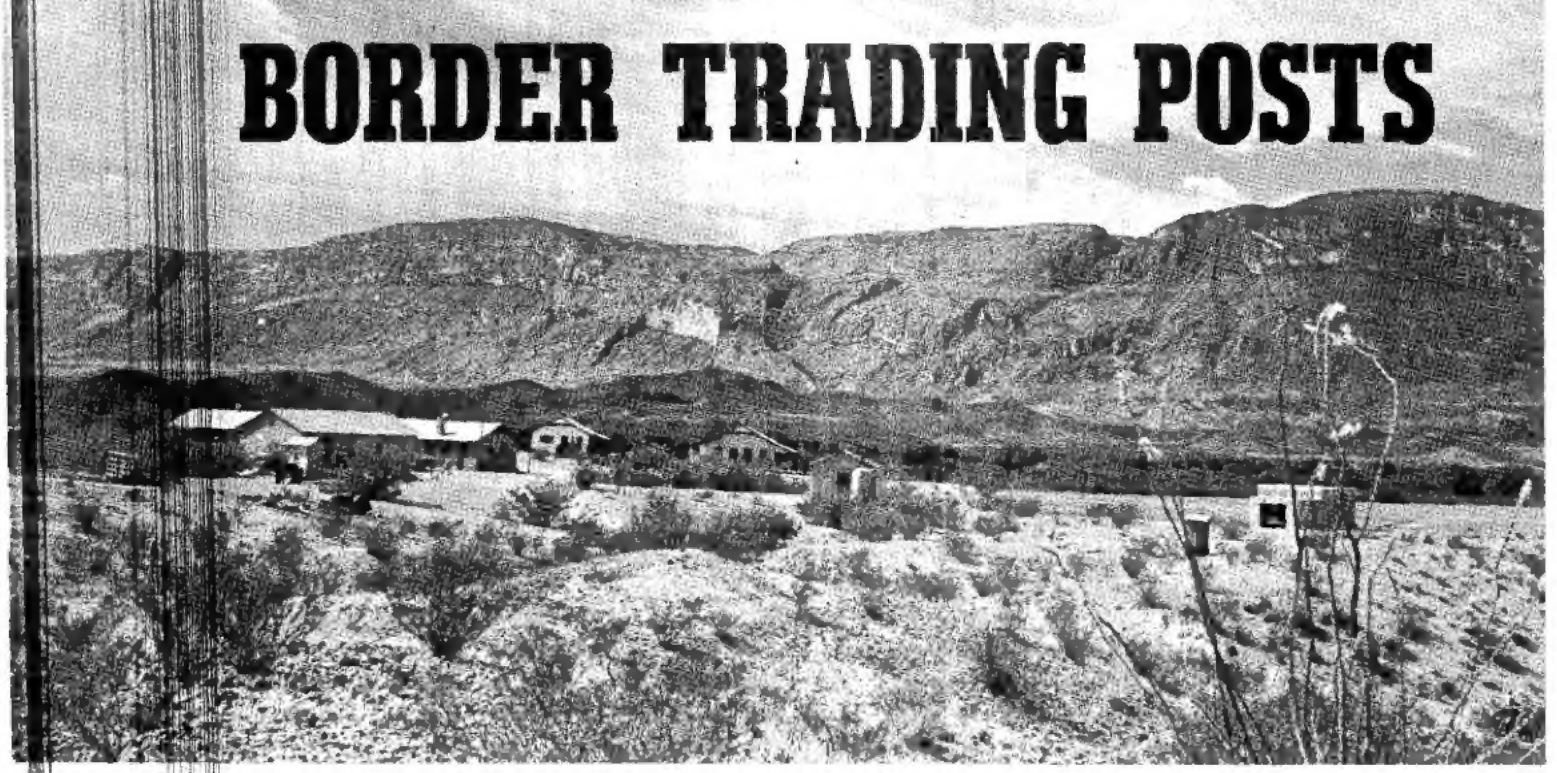
Dotted sparsely along the Rio Grande, each one was the commercial center for a vast area and was a beehive of activity. Yet, very little money ever changed hands at the

BORDER TRADING POSTS



Castalon Trading Post, now part of Big Bend National Park

By W. D. SMITHERS

Photos Courtesy
Sul Ross College—Alpine, Texas

THEY WERE far from being supermarkets, but to all the Mexicans who lived along the border during the Twenties, they were wonder stores. To those people, they were very beneficial. The trading posts not only sold merchandise, but also purchased products from their customers, so that these customers could purchase store items they needed. Many large deals were made where not one dollar was exchanged except by a few who thought they could decide better what they would buy if they had the money in their hands.

The best customers were the fur traders; from them two profits were made. Several burros loaded with furs would be brought in and sold to the operator of the store, who would first classify them in lots of different values. Diplomacy was needed in this part of the transaction. The deal was always made—there was no other nearby place where the trader could go—but by delaying tactics he would finally get a few cents more on some of the pelts.

The furs were mostly of fox, coyote, wildcat and skunk, but there would also be many goat skins. Many fur bearing animals were trapped up in the mountains and their fur was of good quality during the winter months. During the border trouble days, only those living on the American side traded, except on port days, one day each month, when Mexicans were allowed to cross from Mexico to sell their products and buy merchandise. They brought wood, furs, chino grass, ropes and many other items.

Later, all residents of Mexico were allowed to cross any time during any day to go directly to the store, which was known as *Tienda*, the owner as *Tendero*, and the man who bought the furs from the individuals who caught them was called *Combidor* (barterer). They were the ones who brought large numbers of furs, sold them to the store, and purchased merchandise which they could take back to the mountains and trade to the natives for more furs.

Most of all, the trading posts depended on the trade from the Mexican side, as there were no stores there except in a few more settled places. The American stores were on the border years before the border troubles of 1916; then some closed up, a few stayed. Bandits raided several; they restocked and kept going, while others did not operate until the early Twenties. Along more than 200 miles of the Rio Grande border in the Big Bend there were only twelve trading posts.

Most all of the trading posts had vast trade areas in Mexico from which to get customers. Much of that part of Mexico was more than 100 miles from the nearest railroad. Even had there been stores in those regions, the cost of freighting merchandise over those mountains would have made the goods very costly. Also, at that time there was not much market in Mexico for what the people had to sell or trade. Natives who did not want to journey to the U. S., waited for the fur traders to come through. The traders made the rounds only once during a three- or four-months period.

Some of the fur traders' routes extended more than 100 miles, and the trips were all made on horseback with pack burros to carry the merchandise. They had no traveling expenses, as they rode each day from one settlement to another where friends offered food and the privilege of sleeping on the floor.

A trader's margin of profit was very small, and it is doubtful if he cleared fifty cents a day on those long trips. A ride of about twelve miles per day was average. The territory between Cuatro Cienegas and Ocampo, then on to Sierro Chino, was a distance of over 100 miles.

CUATRO CIENEGAS is in the State of Coahuila, on a branch railroad that runs one day a week between Monclova and Chihuahua City. This was a beautiful small town in a fruit growing region. There was a distillery there that made several kinds of wines, aguardiente (brandy), and other Mexican liquors. They also made a grape vinegar that was said to be the best of any for salads. The fur trader would bring some of these products to sell to the Americans. He had a source of supplies at each end of his route, and had as buyers the people who lived in between.

From 1924 to 1930 were the peak years for the people living in Mexico near the U. S. border and the trading posts. This was during our Prohibition period; the money earned by Mexican smugglers for liquor sold to Americans

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Doing a little fur trading at Elmo Johnson's **Trading Post**

was well circulated among all of the border residents. The bandits were not making raids across the border or prowling around in northern Mexico, so the traders were free to make their routes safely.

During the bandit days, had they operated, all their merchandise, money and maybe their lives, would have been lost. Bandits were ruthless, even to the Mexicans. Most of the ex-bandits were now liquor smugglers and everything was peaceful except for a few battles between the U. S. officers and smugglers crossing a load of liquor. In 1929, General Escobar tried to start a new revolution in Mexico, but it lasted only a short time. The people wanted no more of what they had gone through from 1910 to 1920.

The trading post opposite Sierro Chino (Curly Mountain) was started in 1924 by two men, Grady and Williams, from Kentucky. In connection with the store was a large tobacco farm. The farm was not successful, but the store was. Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Johnson, in 1929, bought them out and tried to raise cotton and goats. The store remained a money-maker, but not the cotton—it had to be hauled 120 miles.

Elmo Johnson made one big mistake in his dealings with the Mexicans, and he lost heavily by it. Not knowing their ways, since he had never had to deal with them until he bought the place, he gave the fur traders merchandise on credit. He not only lost the cost of the merchandise, but also the profit that he made on the furs. Instead of trading with Johnson, they went up the river sixteen miles to another store at Castolon.

When the Johnsons moved in, they knew no Spanish, but soon learned it, as very few of their customers spoke English. Mrs. Johnson was fortunate when she hired a Mexican girl whose family lived two miles away, and who had worked for an American family at the Terlingua mines. She spoke English, and was a great deal of help to Mr. Johnson in the store, also. The fastest way to learn their language is to live among them; and you have to learn their ways from experience. They are strange people—you have to know them to like them.

Much patience was required by the one who served the Mexicans in the store. Even when one spent only a dollar on a number of purchases, it usually took him a half-hour to choose the items. Some things they knew they would buy, but when they still had about twenty or thirty cents to spend out of their one dollar, it might take them a long time to decide. Only food items that were not grown locally were carried, such as coffee, sugar, rice, *canela* (cinnamon) in bark form—all in bulk, which had to be measured out in small amounts.

A large box of very cheap candy was always present and sold at ten pieces for a nickel. A brand of cigarette tobacco called *Lobo Negro* (Black Wolf) was the popular smoke. Some of that, rolled up in a piece of corn shuck, made a smoke that few Americans could enjoy. It was *muy fuerte* (very strong).

Canned goods consisted of Karo syrup, sardines and fruits. Prunes and raisins were in bulk, also American cheese, often asked for as *Un niquele de queso*, a nickel's worth of cheese, which usually was eaten right there with a nickel box of crackers. Often a fur trader who had not had anything sweet for several months would purchase a small can of Karo syrup and drink it all.

THE MEXICAN peasants had a rough time earning a few dollars to spend at the trading posts for things they needed. Those who smuggled the liquor across the river to the American runners had the most spending money. Others were sometimes able to work a day or two for the Americans who had farms nearby. This was illegal, and they were often caught by the Border Patrol officers, unless they were able to get back across the river in time. When caught, they were taken to Presidio, several hundred miles away, deported, and had to walk back across the mountainous country to their homes. They tried not to get caught.

Most spending money was obtained from the sale of goat skins, furs, and items that they made by hand, such as ropes, blankets, and a few other products that could be resold by the trading posts. The skins and furs were shipped to tanners.

Regular fur traders were the biggest buyers. Average sales to them amounted to about $30. That was their capital stock. How they accumulated that much at one time to get started on is not known—but it was probably by smuggling. With every penny invested in merchandise, they left the store and crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico.

According to the laws of Mexico, they were not supposed to cross their merchandise for resale without paying duty. There were government officials, known as *Fiscales*, stationed in these areas, but

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Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Johnson and guests

the traders crossed when the *Fiscales* were not in the vicinity of the crossing. If they were, it was appropriate to give them a *mandadito* (gift), or pay a *mordida* (bribe).

Besides coffee, sugar, *canela*, and salt, which was always needed, a trader always had at least one bolt, often two, of cheap calico—colors and patterns he thought the mothers would like to make into dresses for their children. He bought the bolt of material by the yard—36 inches—but sold it by the meter—39.37 inches. Seldom was it that more material could be bought than was needed to make one girl's dress and one boy's shirt. The other children would have to wait until the next visit a couple of months later, or inherit clothes from their brothers and sisters.

Among the trader's wares could be found a few pieces of very cheap jewelry, mostly earrings. One of the older daughters would succeed in inducing her father to trade three fox pelts for the ones that she selected. That pair of earrings could probably be purchased for ten to fifteen cents at a dime store. The value of each fur pelt set by the trader was about forty or fifty cents. The trading post man got about $1.00 each, making the pair of earrings cost $3.00—but to that girl they were priceless.

What a family purchased on each visit of the trader was determined by what there was to sell him. And it was he who decided how much they could buy.

Most traders were generous in what they allowed; as pointed out, they netted very little profit. Most of them were odd characters. Some people said that the reason they followed this life was because they were too lazy to assume the responsibility of maintaining a home. Personally, I feel that they just wanted to move around and meet different people.

The trader did a lot to help isolated families obtain a few things to better their life. Operating in such an out-of-the-way place and being such an odd enterprise, it is hard to conceive that the world market could ruin the traders' business, but it did in the Thirties. Up to then there had been a good demand in the United States for the furs that they handled; then suddenly it stopped, and the furs were worthless.

The change in fashion of American women's furs was the main factor in their downfall; the production of synthetic furs helped also. Pelts were the medium of exchange of their customers and so the wandering fur traders became extinct.

WHAT HAS been told is about the fur traders in Mexico, but there were some of these men who went from one settlement to another on the Texas side. A few were still active when the border troubles began. One by the name of Bosworth was last seen in the Boquillas and Glen Spring area a few days before the bandits made the raid. He was never seen again, so it was believed he was killed

A bootlegger delivers sotol (below left) to the Texas side of the Rio Grande.

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Members of Company B Texas Rangers, Cotulla, Texas. 1900. From left, the company cook; Jim Moore; A. Olds; Sgt. H. G. Dubose; Will L. Wright; A. Y. Olds; T. C. (Creed) Taylor.

and robbed by the raiders. How many others met the same fate is not known, and never will be. They just suddenly disappeared. No one knows if they went where they could make a better living, or if they met with foul play. Many of these men were Jews, some were Mexicans, and a few of other nationalities; but all were practical businessmen in their chosen occupation.

During the border trouble days, trading post owners helped the army in many ways. Knowing all the local natives and the friendly ones in Mexico who came over on port days, they arranged for the purchase of items that the soldiers needed—wood for the kitchens, fresh vegetables, and goat meat. They obtained from a few Mexicans information on various bands of bandits. (Some Americans can induce a Mexican to tell what he knows, while others cannot.)

Some of the trading posts were post offices for the community, with incoming and outgoing mail twice a week, and at one place, only once a week. They were where all the local gossip was exchanged.

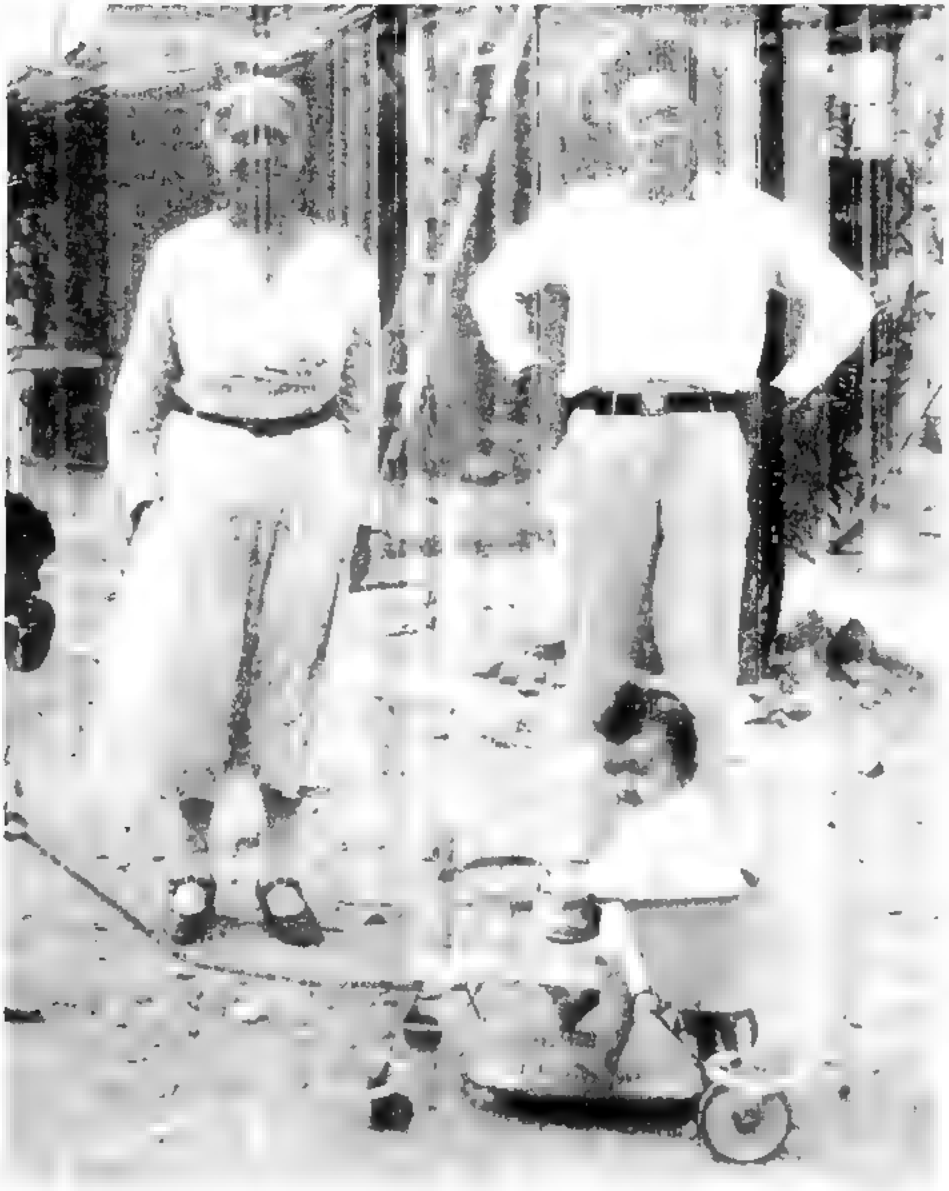
Owners of the stores were postmasters, but they received no salary. They did receive the revenue from the stamps they sold to pay them for handling the mail. By treaty between the United States and Mexico, all official mail for the Mexican officers, military and customs, was handled in these post offices. Mexico had no way to get mail to their officers except across the river on our side of the border. Officials who came to the trading post for the mail, occasionally sent in their reports. It was to the benefit of both the store and the military when relations were kept in good standing.

The customers of the trading posts were strange but interesting people. The longer you lived among them, the better you knew them; but, truthfully, you understood less of them. Many of their ways of life were identical to those of their grandparents. They knew they could better themselves if they would change, but they would not. Some customs were adaptable to their generation, of course, and should have been retained.

Their religious beliefs and practices were beneficial to them, as in most areas there were no churches that they could attend. One corner of their home was dedicated to their faith. In some of the mines, deep underground, a side niche was made into a chapel where, before starting work, the miners knelt in prayer. Most were sincere in their religion, but many often committed offenses for which, by confessing at their shrine, they believed they would not be punished.

Many had opportunities to better their homes, to provide more and better food and clothing for their families, had they the ambition to work harder. But the usual policy was to work only enough to provide part of what was needed. Their belief was not to have too much, for they might not *always* be able to have that much. Goat herders were probably the steadiest workers; but they, too,

Below center, a Mexican trader guides his pack train along the Rio Grande on his way to a Texas trading post. Prosperous liquor smugglers celebrate (below right).



Juan and Maria (Chata) Sada, who made Boquillas famous with their hospitable cafe and trading post.

could have improved their homes

IN REMOTE areas, where there was no *Padre* to perform the marriage rites, young couples were united more by social custom than by a legal or religious one. There was a *Bodas de Camacho*, which means wedding feast, and a dance, *baile*. These were the only social affairs which brought people together, and they were attended by all within a twenty five mile radius. There was plenty of food, drinks, and music provided by guests who owned a guitar or a violin. Mexicans are natural born musicians. Where they danced could not be considered a good dance floor—it was the ground. Several days prior to the wedding, it was sprinkled, leveled up and swept clean. The affair lasted all night and usually was held on Saturday, with many of the guests arriving Saturday morning.

It was the honest intention of these people that some day they would be where there was a *Padre;* then they would be married in accordance with their faith. Many of them never were; but they lived happy lives, and raised large families One family that this writer visited many times from 1920 to 1930, is a good example.

They lived in Mexico, eight miles from the border. Both the Texas-Mexicans and Mexico natives followed the same customs. Juan had a much better home than the average. The house was better built, larger than most, one part of which was rock with more rooms added to it of adobe. It was located near a hot mineral spring. That water must have been beneficial, for the complexion and color of his children was much lighter and clearer than the average. There were nine—five boys and four girls.

Juan still intended to be married some day by a *Padre*. When he and his wife were young, both families moved from Sierra Mojada, more than 100 miles to where they were then living. Both of their fathers worked at the wax plant then operating at Sierro Chino (across from Johnson's trading post). Before the wax plant moved away, the young couple decided to marry and make their home near the spring. The customary *Bodas de Camacho* was held, and nearly twenty years later both were still confident that some day they would be married by a priest. Those years had been happy years. All were contented; the oldest daughter, Marie, was soon to be married just as her mother was.

Both Juan and his wife had gone to school for a few years at their old home in Sierra Mojada. The mother taught her children to read and write. This family was one of the few in this region who had any schooling. This also was the hope and desire of all those people—that some day they would live where there was a school for their children. Until the early Twenties, the same conditions existed on the Texas side in many areas, after which schools were started in most places.

Juan's family was one of the many in Mexico that the trading posts served—by the traveling traders, or when some member of the family came to the store. It was the men who went to the store to make the purchases; but when the traders came to the homes it was the women who decided what was bought. Making a selection from the small variety of items was not the problem—either at the store or from what the traveling trader brought—it was deciding what was best to buy with the very small amount of spending money they had. There, the wife knew best.

Not often, but sometimes, the entire family came to the store together. This was when they had sufficient money to buy shoes and other items for the daughters. It was then that the wife of the trading post owner was called in to make the sales. Women's (fourteen years or older) curiosity when they were in the store made them want to look at everything feminine there. Mrs. Johnson, the trader's wife, spent hours showing them the stock, knowing that they could purchase only a few items. Ada Johnson was happy to be called into the store, for she, too, had very few women visitors to talk to.

Mrs. Johnson deserves much praise for all she did to better the lives of the Mexican children and women on both sides of the Rio Grande. It was she who, in 1928, invited all the children to her home to see for the first time an American Santa Claus and a Christmas tree. She, with the help of her cook, Marie, worked every afternoon for weeks preparing for this event. She had toys and gifts for every child and parent—the first they had ever received. Each child received enough candy, nuts, cookies and fruit to last them several days. She became famous for that Christmas Eve party.

Two years later, Mrs. Johnson again became famous as a hostess to army aviators when a landing field was established near the trading post. Hundreds of officers and enlisted men, many of whom are today famous men, used to spend weekends as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. General Nathan Twining, who was then a First Lieutenant, spent numerous weekends as their guest. All flyers who went there told others, and her fame spread to nearly every army field in the nation.

ANOTHER woman who made a reputation for herself with both Americans and Mexicans was Marie "Chata" Sada. She and her husband, Juan Sada, had a small store in the village of Boquillas, Texas, overlooking the Rio Grande; a village of the same name was across the river in Mexico. Both settlements depended on this store. It was managed by Chata during the day, as Juan had a silver mine on the Mexico side, and spent the nights on the Texas side. Chata's reputation stemmed from the meals she served on short notice to all travelers who came there. (The English translation of Chata is "pug nose.") Because of her turned-up nose and her good nature, her friends nicknamed her Chata, and as such she became affectionately known for the length of the Rio Grande.

There were not many travelers who

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ever went to this out-of-the-way place by automobile, but those who did surely were glad to sit at a table and enjoy a good meal, instead of preparing one for themselves over a campfire. It was a hard, all-day drive from Marathon to Boquillas, a good hundred miles.

When a car approached, but was still several miles away, Chata would hear it and start preparing a meal—never one that was not wanted. Those who had been there before knew there would be food waiting; the first-timers were surprised when they found a neat and clean dining room in such a place. A complete meal—more than one could eat—cost twenty-five cents. An added service, free, was a nice adobe house near the store where travelers could spend the night, or if they preferred, they could sleep under the arbor.

During those days, everyone carried a bed-roll and a chuck-box of food. At Boquillas your bed-roll was used, but no one used his chuck-box while there. Most of the travelers were law-enforcement officers, Boundary Commission engineers, mining men or geologists. This was the end of the road. About three miles down the river, Boquillas Canyon starts the series of canyons that prevent any traveling near the Rio Grande for over a hundred miles, except by air or boat. The country is very rough and the canyons are more than a thousand feet deep.

Besides all the good that Chata and Juan did for American travelers, they did much more for the Mexicans. Chata dispensed medicine, served as midwife, and acted as priest, judge and teacher. They were one of the few Mexican couples who had no children, but they took into their home at least six during the ten years that this writer knew them. These were children of families who could not provide as good a home for them as Juan and Chata could. They were not adopted, just borrowed (a Mexican custom), but they were raised to be fine men and women. They were near their real parents, but lived a much better life. Since Juan's death, Chata lives in Del Rio, Texas, with one of the boys she and her husband raised to be a good American citizen.

Today, most of the lower part of the Big Bend district is a National Park. Some of the old trading posts are there no more, but from Castolon up the Rio Grande, most of the old ones are still operating. With the splendid roads and the autos that the residents have, the stores depend mostly on customers from Mexico, for now trips to the inland towns can be made in one hour where it used to take a day.

Trading posts did their share in making the history of the Southwest. In all the settlements along the routes of oxen and mule-drawn freight wagons, they started their stores—small at first, but an effort was made to fill the needs of the people. They were prime targets for the Indians of the Seventies and Eighties who roamed the country robbing and killing. Later, when the country was beginning to get settled and quiet, Mexican bandits began their five years of terror—but the traders held out against them.

As long as the Mexicans continue to ride burros, the trading posts will hold out, but when those in Mexico trade their burros for autos and have good roads on the Mexican side as they now do on the Texas side, then the trading posts will join all the other early Western enterprises that have become only memories.

Juan Hinojo's family

Typical fur traders of Mexico at Johnson's trading post

A Sunday afternoon excursion about 1900 aboard the Manvel-Searchlight stage. John Brunk drives Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Hiberd, Miss Bucklen, Mr. and Mrs. Grundy, Edgar Brown and Mable Flint. From an old photo lent by James Fisk.

THE DESERTED NEW YORKS

SWINGING wide around the bleached skeleton of Ivanpah Dry Lake, my road cut through the small desert way-station of that same name and started up the long, alluvial fan that fringes the New York Mountains. My target for the day lay just under the summit of the New Yorks where I hoped to find two ghost towns I had never seen—Vanderbilt, a former gold-mining center, and Manvel, one-time railroad supply point. After booming in the closing years of the 19th Century, both towns had died and both had now been deserted for a long number of years.

The dessicated hills and canyons that spread around me didn't look as if they could have supported even one town—much less a brace of them. Situated in southeastern California, near the Nevada line, the New Yorks are typical of Mojave Desert mountains. Cold in winter and lashed by terrific heat in summer, even the most charitable day of springtime finds them grim and brown, wholly barren of brooks and forest glades and meadows. Scattered sparingly over their lower levels are thin-foliaged creosote bushes and spiny Mojave yuccas. With increased elevation, these typical lowland growths are replaced by Joshua trees and scrub junipers, and along with the junipers comes slightly cooler air and a sprightlier breeze. I suspected I'd find my old towns near this merging place of Joshuas and junipers.

Two miles south of Ivanpah a rutted trail branched left and close scrutiny of a peeling signboard revealed ghostly traces of lettering: "Vanderbilt Mines." Turning into this side trail I soon realized I was traveling on the old grade of Isaac Blake's California & Eastern Railroad—a short line built in 1902 from Vanderbilt to a borax-shipping point on Ivanpah Dry Lake. Stripped long before of its rails and cross-ties, the old grade was so narrow that meeting vehicles could have passed at only a few places along it, and where fills had sloughed away, the roadbed was barely wide enough to permit the passage of my wheels.

According to my topographic map, it couldn't be far from this turn-off to Vanderbilt. After halting a couple of times to sweep my binoculars over the nearby hills and desert, the old camp was spotted, its weathered brown shacks in perfect camouflage against the brown rocks of the mountainside half a mile to the south. Leading toward those brown remnants was a pair of badly eroded wheel tracks.

As I eased my car over the rocks and ruts of the ascending trail, there came into view the headframe of a mine—the concrete foundations of a large mill. Then, in quick succession, came tailing piles and waste dumps, a false-fronted building, crumbled foundations, leaning walls, caved cellars, rubble and rust and ruin—and the sun sparkling on broken shards of desert-purpled glass.

The false-fronted wooden shell had been described to me as the office of the Gold Bar Mine, whose shaft yawned open beside it. Walking around the hill to the west I found the hoist house of the rich Bonanza King—its site further marked by a collapsed headframe, a length of hoist cable, and a trio of heavy iron ore buckets; and from the top of a low ridge, east of the townsite, I looked down upon the skeletal remains of the shaft house and headframe that had served the Gold Bronze Mine. Here, my friend, the late Jim Fisk of San Bernardino, had been hoist-man sixty-odd years before.

One town lived for the gleam of gold and silver, the other for the whistle of a train and the crack of a bull whip. The only gleam now is from moonlight, and the only noise is the wind, seeking a valley

By NELL MURBARGER

Poker game in progress at Columbia Mining and Milling Company camp, not far from Vanderbilt and Manvel. The picture was made in 1902 by Erle D. Morton, using magnesium powder. From the Nell Murburger Collection.

It was Jim who had told me about Vanderbilt. He had come to the New York Mountains in 1890, soon after ore values had been spotted in the district by Bob Black, a Paiute Indian who had brought them to the attention of "Old Man" Beatty, then owner of a ranch at the present site of Beatty, Nevada. The several gold claims located by Beatty soon were purchased by A. G. ("Green") Campbell, who had accumulated a sizable stake during the boom at Silver Reef, Utah.

Naming his new California property the Boomerang, Campbell installed a ten-stamp mill brought from Utah, and in a few weeks' time a boom camp was taking form in the vicinity. As one of the wealthiest men of that day was Cornelius Vanderbilt II, founders of the new camp thought it would place their embryo city on a good, substantial foundation if they were to name it for the Eastern tycoon.

THE TOWN of Vanderbilt developed rapidly. All the surrounding hills were blanketed soon with mining claims, and several of these properties, including the Gold Bronze, Gold Bar, Boomerang and Bonanza King groups, were producing gold in substantial quantities. With other important developments rumored for the near future, the leading lights of Vanderbilt saw lack of a railroad as the only obstacle between their burg and metropolitan status. That any place so favored by Fortune should be hamstrung by the medieval transporation of stagecoach and mule-freight grew into a spectre that haunted the town by day and night.

It was Isaac E. Blake who provided the answer to Vanderbilt's prayer. Denver capitalist, Standard Oil Company executive, owner of a smelter at Needles and of mining interests in this same county of San Bernardino, Blake, in 1892, added yet another iron to his busy fire by launching the construction of a branch railroad to tap the financially-promising New York Mountains area.

Named the Nevada Southern, the line connected with the Atlantic & Pacific (later to be the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe) at Goffs, thirty miles northwest of Needles. From this point its rails traversed the length of Lanfair Valley to a point near the summit of the New York Range. Here, in 1893, the railterminal town of Manvel, named for Allen Manvel, then president of the A & P, came into existence. During the following year, another Blake-financed road, the California Eastern, was built from Manvel to Vanderbilt (and in 1902 would be extended to New Ivanpah).

Having acquired rail connection with the outside world, Vanderbilt's 3,000 citizens settled down to producing gold bullion and racking up history in the town's weekly newspaper, *The Shaft*, edited by Dan Jordan.

There were four restaurants and several boarding houses, half a dozen general stores and about the same number of saloons—at least two of which were open twenty-four hours a day in approved Wild West style. The Whist Club Saloon, housed in the town's only two-story building, was owned and operated by Virgil Earp, the one-armed brother of Wyatt. The upper floor of the building was used for lodge meetings and dances. The town supported an "orchestra" composed of a reed organ and a couple of fiddles, and a group of young blades and belles organized a theatrical company and periodically presented home-talent plays.

And, of course, there was a restricted district. The head madame was a character known variously as "Diamond Tooth Lil," "Tiger Lil," or "Death Valley Diane." A pleasant sort of person, Lil was unfailingly generous and kind to everyone down on his luck, and only Vanderbilt's *nice* women looked the other way when she passed by on the street.

Prowling about the Gold Bronze Mine and mill and the gray tailings dump

Freighting hay by twelve-mule team from Goffs to Ivanpah in the 1890s, prior to the construction of the Goffs to Ivanpah branch of the Santa Fe in 1893. Photo lent by James Fisk.

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Photos on these pages by Neil Mulbarger

One of the few rock-constructed homes in Vanderbilt was owned by Virgil Earp, proprietor of a Vanderbilt saloon and dance hall, and formerly deputy U.S. Marshal at Tombstone, Arizona.

below it, I found an old wooden bellows from some long-vanished blacksmith shop, the accordion-pleated leather that had formed its sides grown brittle with age. Down in the sandy wash below the tailings dump lay a steel vault, its door gaping open, its interior empty. This wash, leading back into the hills from the Gold Bronze, I had been told, was the original main street of Vanderbilt. Visible on both sides of its winding course were stone foundations and dugouts; and half-buried in sand and debris in its middle lay the false front of what had been a business building—likely a casualty of some long-ago flash flood. There was every kind of debris in the wash—old shovels and buckets and lanterns and stew pans. I even found two white ironstone butter dishes, made in England, and a blue rice bowl bearing Chinese characters.

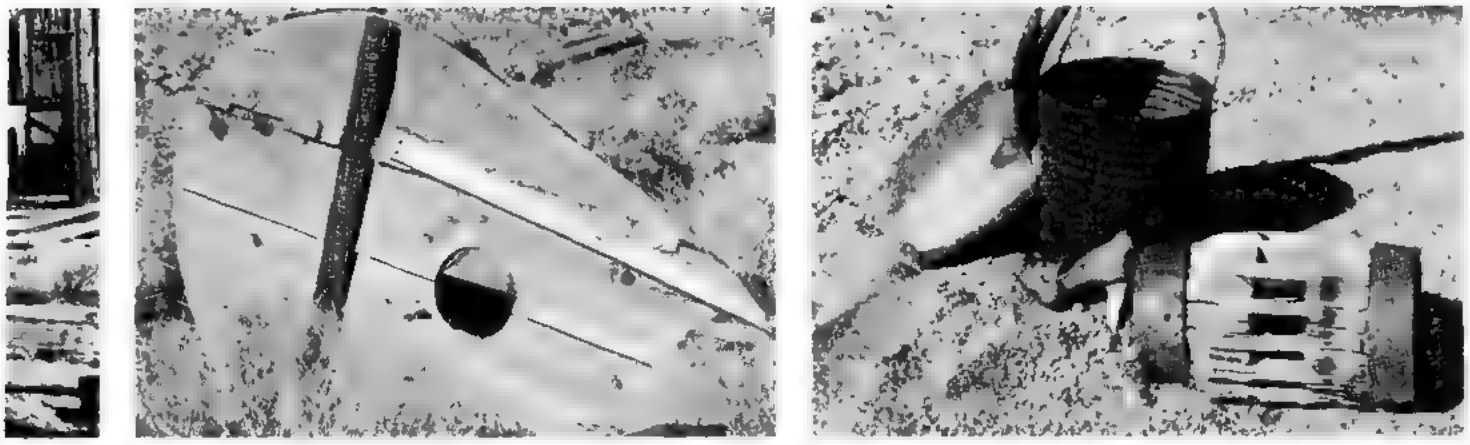
ABOUT a hundred yards above the Gold Bronze, I located the stone house Jim Fisk had described to me as the residence of Virgil Earp. This one-time "show place" of Vanderbilt now lay in jumbled chaos. Scratching through the debris I found a woman's high-heeled slipper, its once-dainty bands of leather dried and warped by the desert drought and heat. Such a slipper, I was certain, must have danced at the Whist Club, and I wondered on which occasion it had been worn for the last time? Somehow it seemed terribly incongruous to think of high-heeled slippers and theatrical companies, and dance orchestras and literary societies, in a desert boom town where water had been measured almost by the drop!

Vanderbilt's water supply, originally, had been packed on burros from Cuddeback Spring. When this source was found to contain arsenic (and already had made several consumers desperately ill), the camp's patronage was switched to Willow Spring, three miles from town. Later, one of the mine shafts developed potable water and the town was supplied from that source. Jim Fisk, for awhile, had hauled water from the mine to Vanderbilt at a consumer-cost of $1.00 per barrel, and in 1901 had started a small ice plant at Manvel where he made ice for both these towns and for Searchlight, Nevada. Inasmuch as the capacity of his plant was limited to one ton of ice every twenty-four hours, it had kept him jumping just to supply the saloon trade.

Before the new century was more than five years old, however, not many citizens of Vanderbilt were worrying about ice for their bar drinks. A spectre far more serious had risen to plague them. After producing several million dollars in gold and silver (A. G. Campbell's Boomerang and Bonanza King properties, alone, are claimed to have yielded $2,000,000), the mines and mills were beginning to close. It wasn't that the ore was exhausted; it simply had become impossible to work it successfully with the knowledge and equipment of that day.

"Vanderbilt was strictly a gold camp," Jim Fisk had explained to me. "It wasn't a high-grade camp, either, as compared to Goldfield, Bullfrog and many others. It had come to life when amalgamation was about the only process known for the treatment of gold ores, and amalgamation is effective only on so-called 'free gold'—that is, ore which has been thoroughly oxidized and the gold contained in its sulphides liberated.

"The oxidized zones at Vanderbilt did not extend to any great depth and soon as the ore had been extracted down to the sulphide zones, treatment by the



Extreme left, an iron ore bucket from Vanderbilt's Bonanza King Mine. The author found an old leather-fitted bellows (center) nestled in dry brush near the Gold Bronze Mine. The shovel, water bucket made from a powder can, wagon wheel hub and woman's high heeled slipper (right) are relics gathered by the author in a few minutes' search through Vanderbilt Wash.

amalgamation process ceased to be successful. Smelting, or concentration—or both—became necessary. Both mills at Vanderbilt tried to work the sulphides, but neither made much progress. At last, they simply gave it up as a bad job."

LEAVING Vanderbilt I drove on to Manvel—or Barnwell, as it eventually came to be known. Situated four miles to the south and 700 feet higher in elevation, Vanderbilt's sister town had been a fair-sized settlement with stores, saloons, hotels, and other business houses—but she had never been a mining town. During the first decade after her founding, especially before the California & Eastern had been built to Vanderbilt and New Ivanpah, Manvel was a busy place jammed with freight wagons and mule-skinners and all the bustle and ordered confusion and noise that marked a frontier railhead. Freight, brought in via Needles and Goffs, was unloaded at Manvel for wagon-freighting to the prosperous camps of Copper World and Hart, in California, as well as the Nevada towns of Searchlight, Goodsprings, Johnnie, El Dorado, Nelson, and a host of smaller camps in both states. Even Las Vegas and the new boom towns of Bullfrog and Rhyolite were supplied, for a short time, from this railhead.

The town was still booming when a sixteen-year-old Iowa tenderfoot arrived. He was R. A. Gibson, an embryo telegrapher who later became a *ranchero* on the Argentine pampas and is now the venerable, sparkling-eyed Captain Gibson of Palm Springs, Laguna Beach, and Honolulu.

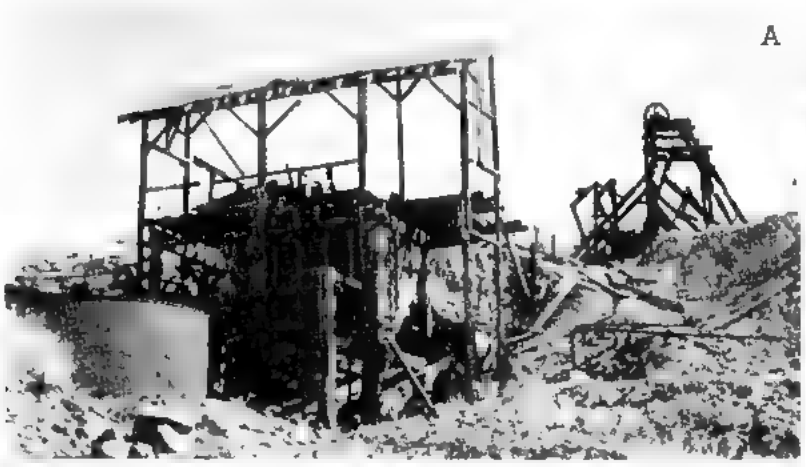
"Manvel was a well-behaved little burg," said Captain Gibson when I called on him half a century later at his Palm

(Continued on page 68)

(A) Shaft house and headframe of the Gold Bronze Mine. (B) An abandoned railroad trestle between Manvel, California, and Searchlight, Nevada. (C) Old cabins at Vanderbilt. (D) One of the deserted cabins at Manvel.

C

A



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That someone had been in the cave was proved by the remains of an earlier explorer.

Someone had been there before. Whoever he was had looked for a fortune and found a tomb

By WAYNE WINTERS

Photos Courtesy Author

TERROR in the TREASURE CAVE

IT ALL started back in 1946 when I purchased a weekly newspaper business in Douglas, Wyoming. Right away I started listening to the old-timers spinning their yarns of the past. Within a few months I'd learned of the Spanish Diggings, Sawmill Canyon, Slade (and his fleshy watch-fob), George Pike (the Wyoming Robin Hood), Poison Lake, the Burned Wagon Train, the Oregon Trail, Bill Carlisle and other places and people.

It was Kenny Cook who first told me of the stolen army payroll which supposedly was hidden in a cave somewhere near the town of Glenrock, twenty-five miles to the west. The tale has been told and retold, written and rewritten, how, shortly after the Civil War, a band of renegades held up an army paymaster on his way to Fort Fetterman, and fled into the mountains south of Glenrock. The paymaster's chest contained $40,000 (the figure varies somewhat). Soon afterward the robbers were tracked down by a detachment of cavalry, and in the ensuing fight all were killed. Before his death, one of the wounded men supposedly related how, following the hold-up, the band had ridden far up Deer Creek and camped near a cave where they cached the loot before riding back to Glenrock for supplies.

According to Cook, many people had searched for the cave and its treasure, but none had ever discovered such a place. Kenny had run across what appeared to be a big cave in the right locality, some forty miles south of Glenrock and close to the canyon wall that dropped into Deer Creek. All we had to do was to crawl in, look around and find the treasure—if this happened to be the right cave.

Our first trip to the cavern showed us that we had bitten off a pretty big chunk. To begin with, the entrance was at the bottom of a sink hole which dropped some forty feet right in the midst of a mesa. It wasn't difficult to climb down that far, but right there was the end of the easy going. The cave itself began with a passageway so small we had to crawl on our hands and knees. A few yards of this and we arrived at a drop-off of some fifteen feet; we walked along a smooth, narrow tunnel for several minutes. Another twenty- or thirty-foot hole had to be dropped down more carefully, and after a couple more minutes on hands and knees we arrived at a ten-foot hole and the passageway pinched off to an end.

At this point Cook lay down flat and looked around to try to locate further passages. From my perch above the spot where the cave seemed to stop, I saw him slide sideways under a rock a few inches above the bottom, then heard him call out for me to follow. After what

The cave provided a home for thousands of bats. The group at right is at rest, hanging upside down from the ceiling of the cave.

seemed like ages of sliding along on our bellies, we entered a room much larger than anything yet seen in the cave.

It was almost immediately that we spotted an ancient windlass in one corner. We stepped over to the old hoist, then peered into the fissure that opened downward from the floor of the room in which we stood. Kenny picked up a small stone from the floor, tossed it into a hole, and we listened for what seemed like minutes before it struck bottom.

The windlass was constructed of logs, set upon rough-sawed boards and held together with old-fashioned, hand-made square nails. Two iron rods had been driven through the log which had originally held the rope and served as handles with which to turn the hoist. An old piece of rope encircled the log, but was broken off close to the drum. So rotten with age was the hemp that a nudge with a finger caused it to shred and fall into the hole below.

Our attention was next drawn to several names and dates scratched into the rock walls close to the windlass. Time and moisture had made them unreadable.

Breaking out a length of string, my partner tied on a rock and we lowered it to the bottom—it measured 127 feet from the spot where we stood to the floor of the cavern below us.

After examining the ancient windlass, we decided it was still sturdy enough to use; then, shooting a few pictures for my records, we crawled out.

A FEW DAYS later, armed with rope, flashlights, a gasoline lantern and the camera, Kenny and I were back at the windlass in what we had dubbed the "Teepee Room of Cook's Cave." Wrapping a length of rope around the log that served as a drum for the hoist, we flipped my "lucky" counterfeit dollar to see who would have the dubious honor of making the first drop into the black cavity. I won and was soon wishing I hadn't.

Stepping into space over a black hole in the bottom of a cave was something I hadn't quite bargained for, but I was younger then and in pretty fair shape physically.

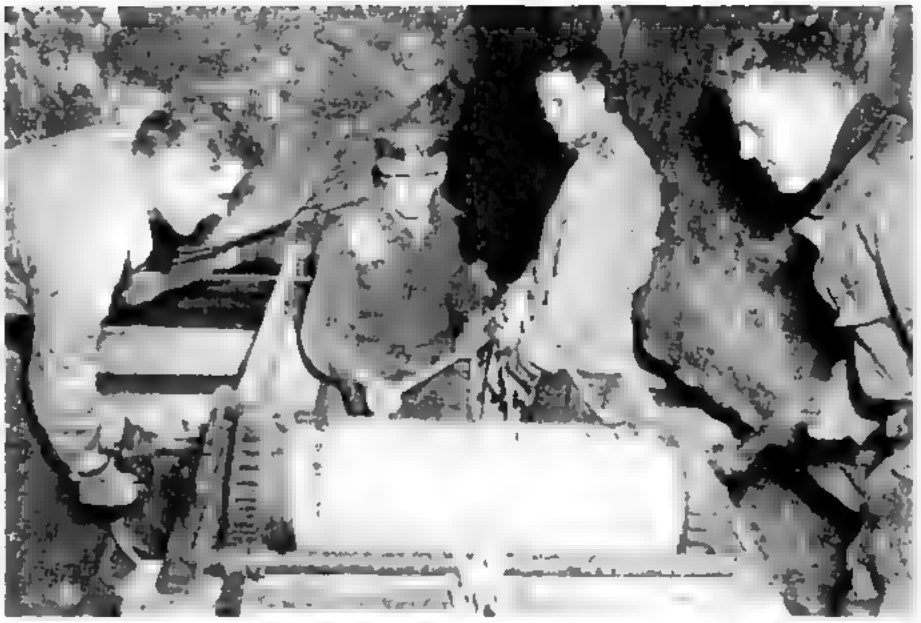
The rope tightened and it was as if a huge, dull instrument were slamming into my groin—God, how it hurt! The rope in which I had carelessly formed a loop, through which I thrust one leg, was doing its damnedest to split me right up the middle, and I felt I'd soon pass out and fall the one hundred feet or so down the hole.

Moments must have magnified into hours, for while every inch of rope played out from above brought a jerk that added to the pain, I knew that in reality I had only begun the journey to the bottom of the pit and the riches which might even then be directly below my feet.

Just as the maddening fire that raged between my legs built up to the point where I felt I must spill out of the loop, my feet bumped against rock. The tension left the line that was my sole connection with the world above, and the pain subsided as my body came to rest on a two-foot side ledge of rough rock.

I crouched, then gagged and retched, high up on a slimy ledge in a damp and dark cave. Soon the worst of the pain went away, leaving only a dull ache coursing through my body. It was then that I yelled to Kenny to tell him I was all right and, after a rest, would be ready to drop down the balance of the 127 feet to the floor of the cave.

(Continued on page 65)



A new hoist was set up—a comfortable board seat attached to a stout rope—

and the treasure hunters dropped deep into the cave where they made their discoveries

Pawnee Scouts

By BILL JUDGE

Photos Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Pawnee Scouts

Unparalleled fighters—because the man who led them never said, "Go!" but always "Come on!"

LATE ONE evening in February, 1865, Captain Gillette, the commanding officer of Fort Kearney, Nebraska, set out on a personal errand to the sutler's store outside the limits of the fort. (In those early days, the sutler furnished, at a price, necessities and luxuries which were not obtainable through the quartermaster. Some of those articles were prohibited in army posts. As a consequence, the stores were located outside the official areas.)

Suddenly, Captain Gillette was confronted by a nondescript figure clad in an ill fitting and carelessly assembled cavalryman's uniform. Holding his muzzle-loading musket at the ready, the badly dressed figure cried, "Halt!"

This was one of the Pawnee scouts Gillette had put on sentry duty around the post, and the captain explained in English that he was the commanding officer there and sharply ordered the Pawnee to move out of his way.

The Pawnee grinned amiably, although he understood not one word that was spoken. In exasperation the captain detoured to pass around, but again was halted by the sentry.

The employment of Indians as scouts and fighters against their hereditary enemies was still a new experiment on the frontier. Captain Gillette was one of the uninformed who could not visualize their true worth. Earlier he had tried to train them to fight as a unit of disciplined infantry. The attempt had failed, for the Pawnees understood no English words. They were horsemen and warriors who could fight superbly in their own way, but the life of organized infantry was not for them. Captain Gillette then ordered them posted as night guards around the fort, and instructions were given to halt any and all persons attempting to leave or enter. The Pawnees, at this stage in their experience understood only one word of English—"Halt!"

Captain Gillette saw that he was making no impression on the sentry, and knowing that he was barred from further progress toward the sutler's store, about faced to return to his quarters. Again he froze in his tracks to the third gutteral command of "Halt!" This time it was reinforced by the sharply metallic click of the hammer as it was drawn to the full-cock position.

The crisp evening air turned blue with the phosphorescent oaths of the embarrassed officer. Interspersed at irregular intervals, rose his shouts for the presence of Captain Frank North, the officer in charge of the Pawnee scouts. The enthusiastic but amiable expression upon the sentry's face never changed!

Captain North appeared and released the post commander from the enthusiastic attention of the Indian guard. That was the last night the Pawnees served as sentries, and they were also relieved from the complex extra duties that were beyond their understanding.

The incident involving Gillette occurred during the second year of the scouts' organization. They were to prove, during the following years, to be of invaluable assistance to the Indian fighting armies of the Old West. They also accounted for hundreds of lives among their ancient enemies while losing only one man to that same foe. It was a remarkable record, unequaled among the records of any army—ancient or modern.

GENERAL SAMUEL R. CURTIS in 1864 had authorized the use of twenty-seven Pawnee warriors who had been enlisted with the promised pay of cavalrymen plus an additional sum for the use of their horses. Frank North, assistant agent at the Pawnee Indian Agency, and a man by the name of McFadden, an interpreter, had enrolled the Pawnees. It was soon obvious that Frank North retained a much firmer control over the scouts than McFadden. The latter had been in command of them, mainly because he had had experience in fighting the Sioux and Cheyenne under General Harney at Ash Hollow.

After that first year, Frank North remained solely responsible and in top command of the Pawnee scouts throughout the entire length of their service with the Army.

Four Brothers of the Pawnee Confederation. The standing figure is Baptiste Bayhylle, U.S. Interpreter

George Bird Grinnell, noted historian, naturalist and writer, who knew Frank North intimately, had this to say about his qualities of leadership: "The secret of Major North's success in commanding the Pawnees, who loved him as much as they respected him, lay in the unwavering firmness, justice, patience and kindness with which he treated them. He never demanded anything unreasonable; but when he gave an order, even though obedience involved great peril or appeared to mean certain death, it must be carried out.

"Their commander was at the same time their brother and their friend. Above all, he was their leader.

"Going into battle, he never said 'Go,' but always 'Come on!' Little wonder that the devotion felt for him by all the Pawnees, and especially by the men who served under him, was steadfast and touching."

The testimonial explains much of the fidelity and affection held by the Pawnees toward both the North brothers—Major Frank and Captain Luther.

The scouts' services were requested and commended by all of the high ranking brass connected with the Indian wars, including Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Crook, Mackenzie, Dodge, Augur, Connor, Curtis, Carr and Mitchell. Yet it is said by those in authority that it would have been impossible to have enlisted their services under the command of any man other than Frank North. That their confidence was justified is revealed in their high record of achievement and in their low casualty list. The Pawnees were never present during any of the disastrous defeats of the frontier armies.

Frank North had the confidence of his superiors, as well as his men, in every campaign. Despite the jealousy of fellow officers and their attempts to gain control of the Indian unit, Frank North always retained the backing of those in top command.

THE contribution of the Pawnees to the success of a campaign first came to light during the Powder River Expedition, under the command of General Patrick C. Connor.

Previous to the year, 1865, Army policy on the western Plains, because of the lack of men, had been one of defense. Soldiers were stationed at frequent intervals along the Oregon and Overland Trails but little could be done about driving the hostile Indians away from those important routes of travel. Consequently, there was heavy loss of life.

In 1865, General Connor, of Bear River fame, assumed command of the District of the Platte. With the assumption of that office, he was to implement the plan to drive the warriors northward, away from the arteries of travel to the western coast. The plan resembled much of the later and more widely known 1876 campaign of Crook, Gibbons and the ill-fated Custer.

Colonels Cole and Walker had command of the two eastern branches of the trio of driving columns. General Connor had personal charge of the third or western column. The overall strategy was to crush the Sioux and Cheyennes in a pincer movement.

Captain Frank North had been authorized to enlist a hundred Pawnee scouts. These scouts were assigned to the command of General Connor, for his was the smallest in numbers of the three offensive arms of the expedition.

In the campaign that followed, due to the presence of the Pawnees, Connor's men were never in the slightest danger. One participant stated that he did not believe that there was a single hostile who came within full view of the column who did not pay the extreme penalty at the hands of the Pawnee scouts.

In contrast, the columns of Cole and Walker were in continual danger from the country, the weather, and the attacks of the Cheyenne and Sioux. Only through their rescue by the Pawnees did they, by the narrowest of margins, miss becoming a tragedy that would have made the Custer disaster appear a minor skirmish.

The Connor command, on their journey north, soon discovered that large numbers of hostiles were withdrawing to the north, away from the Oregon Trail. Word was received after their departure from Ft. Laramie that the Cheyennes and Sioux had defeated a white contingent of soldiers at the Platte Bridge with a consequent loss to the whites of some twenty-five men.

The Pawnees wiped out a group of twenty-seven Cheyennes who had engaged in this fight. In their possession were mules, scalps, and articles of clothing that had been part of the spoils. The only loss to the Pawnees were four horses. It was after this battle that the Pawnees changed Frank North's Indian name from "White Wolf" to "Pawnee Chief." This was an honor said to be shared by only one other man in the history of their nation—General Fremont.

In the pursuit of their foes, it was frequently remarked by eye-witnesses that it was a wonderful sight to see the Pawnees, riding at top speed, discard their saddles, blankets, pieces of clothing, or any article not necessary in the forthcoming battle. On their return they would stop to regain possession of their prairie-scattered possessions.

In the Connor expedition, the Pawnees served as advance scouts and as flanking guards. They were constantly looking for a fight and in one way or another were repeatedly bringing in scalps as proof of their victories.

One man, writing of the Pawnees said: "The Pawnees had a number of phenomenal trailers, whom I have known to follow the trail of a band of Sioux for hours after night, overtake them and

(Continued on page 50)

Crooked Hand

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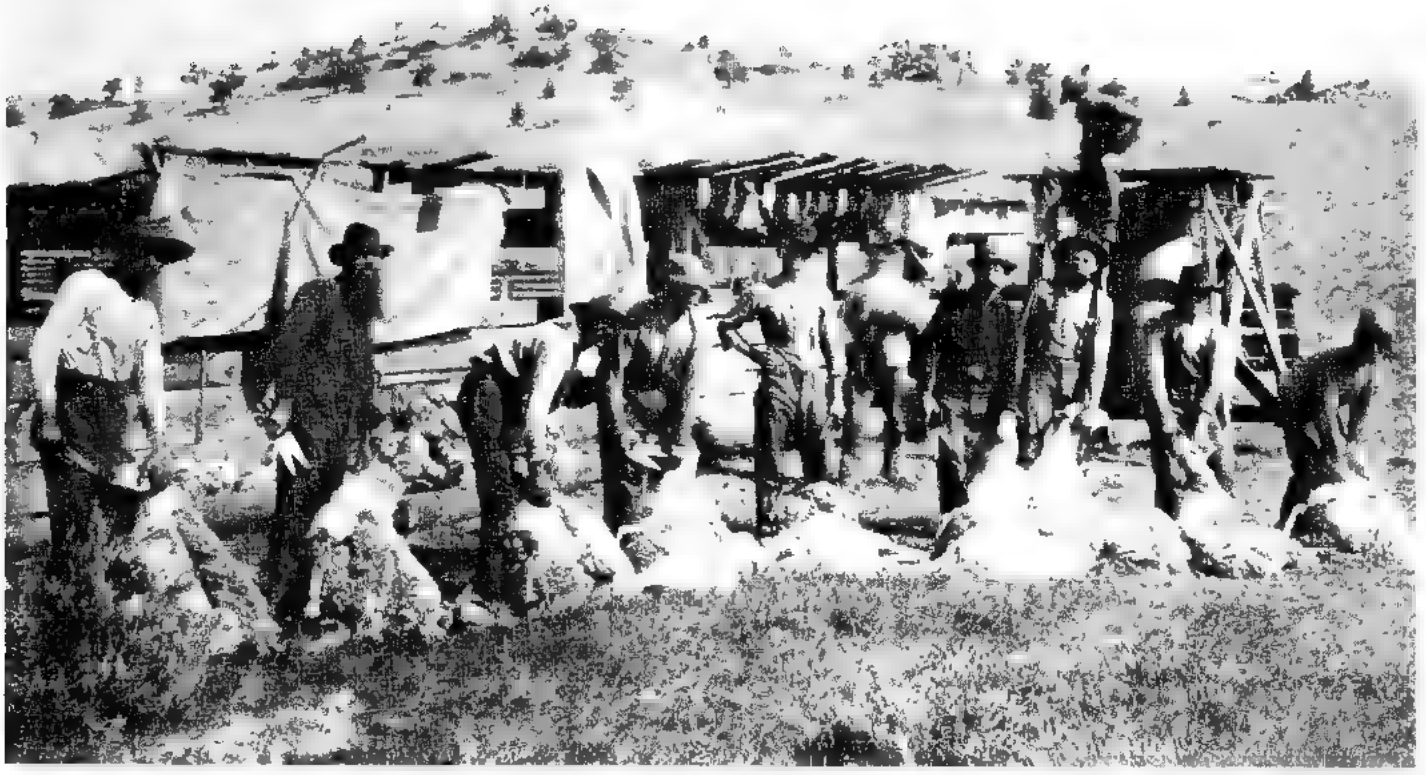

Photos Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Sheep shearing in Umatilla County, Oregon

Oregon

ABOUT the turn of the century the competition for forage on the western ranges between the owners of sheep and cattle had reached such desperate proportions that violence broke out in many places. By 1904, thousands of sheep had been slaughtered by masked riders in the night, and homicides were not uncommon. The situation seemed to be beyond control by officers of the law. People having knowledge of the guilt of persons involved feared for their lives and were careful not to divulge what they knew. Widespread bloodshed undoubtedly was averted by the creation of national forests in 1905, which included most of the public domain used by stockmen for summer grazing privileges, thereby placing these lands under the administration of the Federal Government.

At the time of the breaking out of the range wars only thirty years had elapsed since the first stock had been driven to this part of Oregon where the tall, rich grasses and other forage plants were so abundant that it was almost unbelievable that there could ever be a shortage. Yet many of the ranges had become overstocked, not only because of the excessive number of animals but also by bad range management.

According to *An Illustrated History of Central Oregon* (Spokane, 1905), the first all-out slaughter of sheep occurred in Lake County. The killing took place in the "desert country far from the inhabited portion of the county" in an area known as Christmas Lake about twenty five or thirty miles northeast of Silver Lake, a community with a post office and stores. The Christmas Lake area is a rough, sagebrush plain covered with scrub juniper and rimrocks. There are valleys where some shelter from wind and storms can be found. It was in this locality that a band of sheep belonging to the Benham brothers was being driven on the evening of February 3, 1904.

"No sooner had the herder corralled the sheep than five masked men rode up to him on horseback and compelled him to stand with his arms up and his back to them while they placed a sack over his face and tied his hands.

"He was compelled to stand by a juniper tree while, with rifles, pistols, knives and clubs, the men proceeded to slaughter sheep." There were about 3,000 in the flock and the men continued with the slaughter nearly all night. Twenty-two hundred were killed; the remaining animals escaped to open range to fall prey to coyotes. When the masked riders had completed their job, they returned to the herder and warned him that any sheep found "on certain ranges" would be treated the same way—it was death to all sheep crossing the "dead line." The riders advised against "talking too much" and left.

The herder started for Silver Lake, where he arrived the next day and telephoned to Lakeview, the County Seat, 100 miles away. It was three days before officers reached the spot and, of course, no trace of the sheep slayers could be found.

"A QUIET investigation was carried on for some time. Men, who were thought to be in possession of evidence, received letters and warnings in various ways, cautioning them about talking. One morning, when one of the merchants of Silver Lake went to open his store, he found a piece of rope tied to the doorknob and a note advising him to 'keep quiet.'

"All these warnings came from mysterious sources. Some of the letters were mailed at distant post offices, and no clue could be successfully traced. In this area it had been generally believed that the sheepmen and cattlemen were on good terms." To most local people, it was surprising to find that the range war which had broken out in other parts of the western ranges had suddenly struck Lake County.

Some time later, J. C. Conn, a Silver Lake merchant, lost some valuable freight wagons by fire. Mr. Conn, while reluctant to discuss the matter, showed evidence of his belief that the sheep slayers considered him to be in possession of evidence of their guilt. Mr. Conn went to Lakeview and remained a few days and, upon his return, it was noticed that he appeared to be very nervous and uncommunicative.

"On Friday morning, March 4, 1904, he went to the store and, after speaking to the clerk about the mail, walked out. He was seen about a mile from the town later in the morning. Mr. Conn did not return."

Searching parties were unable to find any trace of him. More men joined the search and, after every foot of the surrounding country had been covered, the mystery grew deeper.

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A picture of the savagery of which man is capable when there suddenly isn't "enough to go around"

By GROVER C. BLAKE

RANGE WARS

"Six weeks after Mr. Conn's disappearance, on April 25, a rider found his body lying in a field about a mile from the town and a quarter of a mile from the road leading northwest from Silver Lake." Two bullet holes were in his breast and one in his back. His gun was nearby. A coroner's jury brought in a verdict of suicide, but many believed it to be murder. The body was found face up with arms outstretched.

"On the 29th of April, 1904, another band of sheep was raided some twenty or thirty miles from the slaughter of February 3, but on the same range. Out of a band of 2,700 sheep, only 300 to 400 could be found alive after the slaughter.

"Several sheepmen who had wintered their flocks on the desert had driven their ewe bands to the valley for lambing purposes and, for convenience and economy, had put their wethers all together and left a Mr. Wilcox in charge of the band. Wilcox, in relating the story said: 'About four o'clock on the evening of April 29, nine men on horseback came up to me when I was heading the sheep for the corrals. The men were all heavily armed and masked. They said unless I removed the sheep in two hours they would kill them, and then they left me. It was then nearly time for the sheep to bed and it was absolutely out of the question to move them that day, so I proceeded to corral them, thinking they would probably not molest me that night.

" 'My expectations were not to be realized, however, for in two hours the men came back and, after placing a sack over my face and tying my hands, they told me they had come to kill the sheep and if officers came to arrest them, they would treat the officers the same way—also, if anyone offered a reward for their arrest they would kill the parties offering the reward. They were very deliberate in their work and went about it just as if it were an everyday occurrence."

Wilcox went as quickly as possible to Silver Lake and reported the killing of the sheep. Men were sent out to investigate, but the results were the same as in the previous case. The Governor of Oregon finally offered a reward of "two thousand dollars for the murderer of J. C. Conn. The sheepmen of the county got together and formed an organization offering two thousand dollars for the conviction of any party guilty of maliciously killing sheep belonging to any member of the organization. The county court also offered a reward for the capture of parties who killed the sheep. No arrests were made although information was filed against several parties."

The State Legislature of 1904-05 passed a bill appropriating "ten thousand dollars for the Governor to use in apprehending and punishing persons guilty of maliciously killing stock belonging to others." It will be noted that the so-called range war was being waged only by cattlemen. The sheepmen had not yet fired back.

OVER in Crook County, sheepmen were having trouble of their own. About fifteen miles northeast of Prineville, assault was made upon a band of sheep belonging to Allie Jones and a number were killed by the night riders. During June, 1904, 1,000 sheep belonging to Morrow and Keenan were slaughtered on a high mountain area known as Little Summit Prairie, about forty miles east of Prineville.

Over in Wheeler County Tom Fitzgerald lost about 100 sheep when riders, on a moonlight night and without warning, opened up a bombardment into the animals as they lay on the bedground. In this case the herder, Dick Bradshaw, was neither tied nor blindfolded. In fact, he knew nothing of the attack until awakened by gunfire. He dashed for cover and remained behind the shelter of a creek bank until the sheep shooters had departed. (At a later date the writer visited the scene of this slaughter while the dead sheep were still in evidence.)

It was about this time that the large shearing plant owned by J. N. Williamson of Prineville was burned. On January 1, 1905, 500 sheep belonging to Fred Smith of Paulina were killed almost at his door, and another 500 were scattered over the range to become prey for predatory animals.

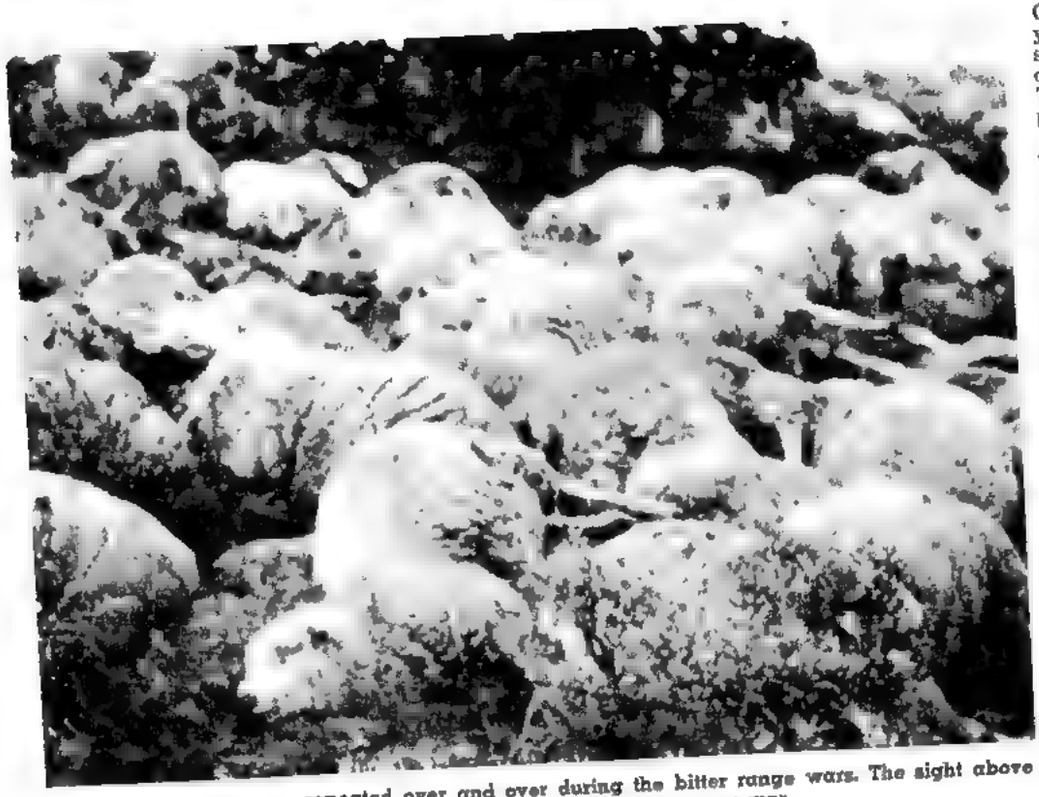
The perpetrators of all this lawlessness showed little or no fear of reprisal and boldly spread the word that continuation of the sheep killing could be expected. Many communications were sent to newspapers to that effect. They called themselves the "Crook County Sheep Shooting Association of Eastern Oregon" and so signed their letters, but the following letter was unsigned.

Prineville, Oregon
June 17, 1904

The Dalles Times Mountaineer,
The Dalles, Oregon.

Conflicting range territory in Crook County led to the first open slaughter of sheep last Monday (June 18) when masked men shot and killed sixty-five head belonging to Allie Jones, a sheep-owner residing about fifteen miles east of this city. The killing occurred on Mill Creek in the vicinity of the dead

Oregon sheepherder's camp



This scene was repeated over and over during the bitter range wars. The sight above is a result of the Lake County range war.

lines, the men threatening a greater slaughter if the herds were not removed instantly from the district. . . . The first outbreak in the sheep industry in the county recalls vividly the wanton slaughter which has recently occurred in Lake County, and marks the first steps in the range difficulties which are likely to be encountered during the coming season. The scene of the killing is in the territory where an effort was made a short time ago to establish lines for the sheep and cattle. Three weeks ago the district was visited by a party of sheep owners from Antelope and a meeting was arranged between them and the cattlemen in the southeastern part of the county. The matter of ranging stock in the Blue Mountains was gone over thoroughly, but a decision relative to the establishment of limits failed to be reached. The sheep men went home and the slaughter of this week is a result of their futile efforts to come to an understanding.

While it is not believed that open hostilities will break out between sheep and cattle owners in this territory during the summer ranging months, it is asserted that an encroachment upon this disputed region by nomadic sheep will be a signal for forcible resistance. The dead lines of last year will be strictly enforced, which means that stockmen will not be occupying a peaceable neighborhood.

Another example:

Sheep Shooters' Headquarters,
Crook County, Oregon
December 29, 1904

Morning Oregonian,
Portland, Oregon.
Mr. Editor:

Seeing that you are giving quite a bit of publicity to the Sheep Shooters of Crook County, I thought I would lend you some assistance by giving you a short synopsis of the proceedings of the organization during the past year. . . . Therefore, if space will permit, please publish the following report:

"Sheep Shooters' Headquarters, Crook County, Oregon. December 29, 1904—Editor *Oregonian*: I am authorized by the association (The Inland Sheep Shooters) to notify the *Oregonian* to desist from publishing matter derogatory to the reputation of sheep shooters of Eastern Oregon. We claim to have the banner county of Oregon on the progressive lines of sheep shooting, and it is my pleasure to inform you that we have a little government of our own in Crook County, and we would thank the *Oregonian* and the Governor to attend strictly to their business and not meddle with the settlement of the range question in our province.

"We are the direct and effective means of controlling the range in our jurisdiction. If we want more range we simply fence it in and live up to the maxim of the golden rule that possession represents nine points of the law. If fencing is too expensive for the protection of the range, dead lines are most effective substitutes and readily manufactured. When sheepmen fail to observe these peaceable obstructions, we delegate a committee to notify offenders, sometimes by putting notices on a tent or cabin and sometimes by publication in one of the leading newspapers of the county, as follows: 'You are hereby notified to move this camp within twenty-four hours or take the consequences. Signed: Committee.'

"These mild and peaceful means are usually effective, but in cases where they are not, our executive committee takes the matter in hand, and being men of high ideals as well as good shots by moonlight, they promptly enforce the edicts of the association. Our annual report shows that we have slaughtered between 8,000 and 10,000 head during the last shooting season and we expect to increase this respectable showing during the next season providing the sheep hold out and the Governor and *Oregonian* observe the customary laws of neutrality. . . . In some instances the wool growers of Eastern Oregon have been so unwise as to offer rewards for the arrest and conviction of sheep shooters and for assaults on herders. We have therefore warned them by publication of the dan-

(Continued on page 62)

FEUD in EAGLE VALLEY

By MONTANA RICKARDS

Photo Courtesy Author

A young parson preached peace in a valley where blood spilled over dry land, and cattle by the hundreds died overnight from poison on the salt they licked

Frank Hopkins, frontier preacher, and wife Mary

Editor's Note:
As a sidelight to the foregoing article, "Oregon Range Wars," we present Frank Hopkins' version of the trouble. Readers of *True West* and *Frontier Times* will remember him from "Preachers and Gunmen," *Frontier Times*, May, 1964. Other names in this account are fictitious at the author's request.

FRANK HOPKINS was a "fighting" parson, handy with his fists, who toted a gun and took no nonsense from any man. He was a straight shooter, preached with fire and action, rode his circuit, was shot at and beaten by desperadoes and helped bring peace to eastern Oregon. I know; he was my father.

A few years ago, at the age of seventy-one, in retirement in Imbler, Oregon, he looked back at a time in Oregon when hatred between cattlemen and sheepmen was so intense they declared open warfare. He remembered his part in it.

Range war in Oregon between 1880 and 1915 was more tragic than romantic. In 1914, shots still rang through the night as the two factions fought on the streets of a country town to avenge their wrongs.

Frank Hopkins, a young Methodist pastor in Butte, Montana, left for eastern Oregon to try to bring peace where the frontier was making its last stand. He saw Eagle Valley as part of the Oregon desert between the Cascades and the Snake River, a grazing land of rich, hilly, rolling acres covered with old lava flow.

Citizens of Richland demanded a preacher with some hell-fire and brimstone to persuade Jim Hankins and his crowd of sheepmen that if they didn't stop their warfare and killing they'd have God to reckon with on Judgment Day.

Cattleman Lewis Jeffers told my father when he first came to Eagle Valley that cattlemen were losing all their fine herds. Cattle died by the hundreds every day. Jeffers knew Hankins poisoned the salt, but no one could catch him in the act.

Jim Hankins and his band of sheepmen were undisciplined killers who terrorized the valley, had run every sheriff and parson out of town, and ran Richland "wide open." They wanted no preacher, no order.

"To understand this situation," said Jeffers to my father, "you have to look back a few years to the early 1880s when Oregonians formed stock associations to rid the country of cattle and horse thieves. It was just too bad that some sheepherders sneaked in and brought their friends."

"Did that complicate things?" Father asked.

Jeffers explained that sheepmen in control became thieves and desperadoes with branches in eastern Oregon to protect them from arrest and to spy out the best times to rob ranches. He pointed out that people knew who the robbers were but they figured it was better to lose cattle than have ranch buildings burned or cattlemen lose their lives.

"So it went," said Jeffers, "for a long time, with sheepmen ruling by force. Finally, cattlemen got fed up. They organized the Inland Sheep Shooters—masked men—killers of sheep."

"Yes," said my father, "I heard someone say that after shooting as many as 1,500 to 2,000 sheep in one night's work, they boasted that they were men of high ideals as well as good shots by moonlight."

Jeffers said it wasn't anything for the cattlemen to boast about, but they did. "In 1904, a sheep shooter wrote the editor of the Portland *Oregonian*: 'We have slaughtered between 8,000 and 10,000 head during this last shooting season, and we are expecting to increase this respectable showing next season, providing the sheep hold out.'"

"You see, Hopkins," said Jeffers, "we brought all this trouble on ourselves, in a way. The sheepmen couldn't forget what we did to them. We almost wrecked the sheep industry in Oregon."

"And now," observed Father, "they retaliate by poisoning your cattle."

FRANK HOPKINS, in Richland, preached love of friend and foe while Hankins added another sport to his activities: he shot at the young minister through the window. Father learned the folly of not having a gun next to his Bible on the pulpit after a few bullets whizzed by his head. He learned, too, not to depart by the front door: he was a perfect target.

One Sunday evening everyone had left the frame church building after service but my father. He blew the lamps out and felt to see if his six-shooter was at his side before he opened the back door of the church.

His hand began to turn the doorknob, then suddenly it stopped. What was wrong? He eased the knob back around and stepped back. No chances tonight. My mother was next door in the parsonage with the children, waiting for him.

Pushing up a side window, cautiously he looked out. The evening breeze was still. There was nothing but the black night. Quickly Father leaped over the sill, landing lightly on the ground.

(Continued on page 67)

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Dan Dunn's OUTFIT

Illustrations by Frederic Remington

In the old railroad camps, a man would break his back for a full stomach, a blanket, a pipe—and a dollar for drifting on when he got restless.

AT REVELSTOKE, 380 miles from the Pacific Ocean, in British Columbia, a small white steamboat built on the spot, and exposing a single great paddle-wheel at her stern, was waiting to make another of her still few trips through a wilderness that, but for her presence, would be as completely primitive as almost any in North America.

Her route lay down the Columbia River a distance of about 130 miles, to a point called Sproat's Landing, where some rapids interrupt navigation. The main load upon the steamer's deck was of steel rails for a line that was building into a new mining region in what is called the Kootenay District, just north of our Washington and Idaho. The sister range to the Rockies, called the Selkirks, was to be crossed by the new highway, which would then connect the valley of the Columbia with the Kootenay River. This required railroad building where that science finds its most formidable problems. And around and through all that was being done, pressed a new population made up of many of the elements that produced our old-time border life, and gave birth to some of the most picturesque and exciting chapters in American history.

It should be understood that British Columbia has been but partially explored, and that here in its very heart only the watercourses have been traveled, and there was neither a settlement nor a house along the Columbia in that great reach of its valley between our border and the Canadian Pacific Railway except at the landing at which this boat stopped.

Over all the varying scene, as the boat ploughed along, hung a mighty silence; for almost the only life on the deep wooded sides of the mountains was that of stealthy game. At only two points were any human beings lodged, and these were woodchoppers who supplied the fuel for the steamer—a Chinaman in one place, and two or three white men farther on. In this part of its magnificent valley the Columbia broadens in two long loops, called the Arrow Lakes, each more than two miles wide and twenty to thirty miles in length. Their prodigious towering walls are densely wooded, and in places are snow-capped in midsummer. The forest growth is primeval, and its own luxuriance crowds it beyond the edge of the grand stream in the fretwork of fallen trunks and bushes, whose roots are bedded in the soft mass of centuries of forest debris.

Early in the journey the clerk of the steamer told me that wild animals were frequently seen crossing the river ahead of the vessel; bear, he said, and deer and elk and porcupine. When I left him to go to my stateroom and dress for the rough journey ahead of me, he came to my door, calling in excited tones for me to come out on the deck.

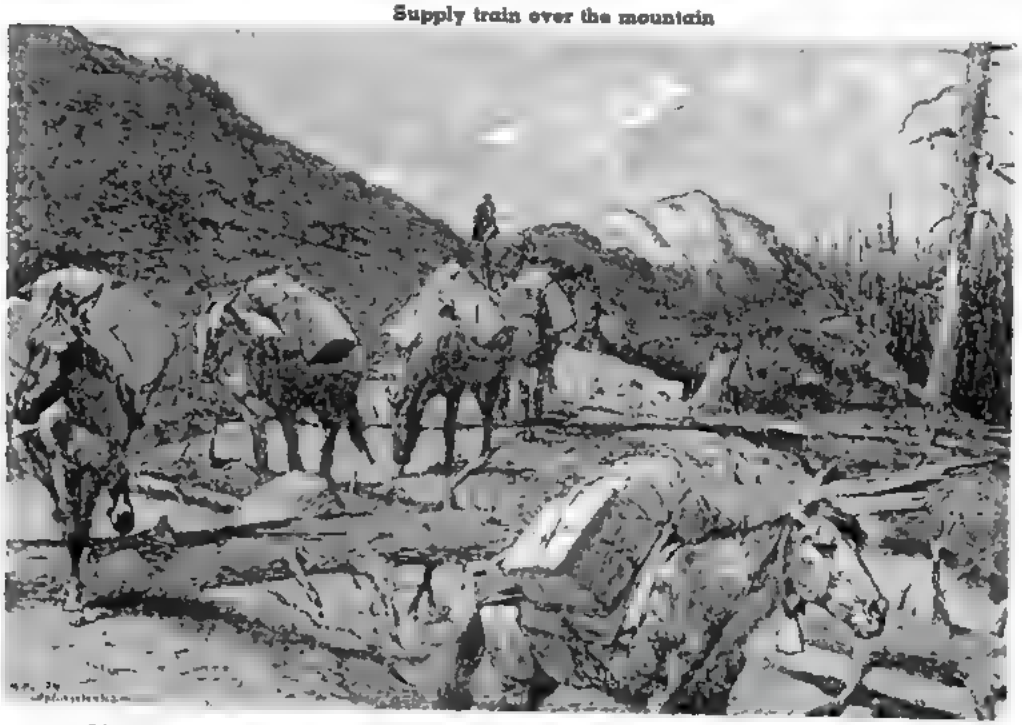
"There's a big bear ahead!" he cried, and as he spoke I saw the black head of the animal cleaving the quiet water close to the nearer shore. Presently Bruin's feet touched the bottom, and he bounded into the bush and disappeared.

"They gained erection by slow jolts."

The scenery was superb all the day, but at sundown nature began to revel in a series of the most splendid and spectacular effects. For an hour a haze had clothed the more distant mountains as with a transparent veil, rendering the view dream-like and soft beyond description. But as the sun sank to the summit of the uplifted horizon, it began to lavish the most intense colors upon all the objects in view. The snowy peaks turned to gaudy prisms as of crystal, the wooded summits became empurpled, the nearer hills turned a deep green, and the tranquil lake assumed a bright pea-color. Above all else, the sky was gorgeous. Around its western edge it took on a rose-red blush that blended at the zenith with a deep blue, in which were floating little clouds of amber and of flame-lit pearl.

A moonless night soon closed around the boat, and in the morning we were at Sproat's Landing, a place two months old. The village consisted of a tiny clutter of frame houses and tents perched on the edge of the steep bank of the Columbia. One building was the office and storehouse of the projected railroad, two others were general trading stores, one was the hotel, and the other habitations were mainly tents.

Supply train over the mountain



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By
JULIAN RALPH

Submitted By
WILLIAM D. WITTLIFF

The mess tent at night

I FIRMLY believe there never was a hotel like the hostelry there. In a general way its design was an adaptation of the plan of a hen-coop. Possibly a box made of gridirons suggests more clearly the principle of its construction. It was two stories high, and contained about a baker's dozen of rooms, the main one being the bar-room, of course. After the framework had been finished, there was perhaps half enough "slab" lumber to sheath the outside of the house, and this had been made to serve for exterior and interior walls, and the floors and ceilings besides. The consequence was that a flock of gigantic canaries might have been kept in it with propriety, but as a place of abode for human beings it compared closely with the Brooklyn Bridge.

There was a barber pole in front of the house, set up by a "prospector" who had run out of funds (and everything else except hope), and who, like all his kind, had stopped to "make a few dollars" wherewith to outfit again and continue his search for gold. He noted the local need of a barber, and instantly became one by purchasing a razor on credit, and painting a pole while waiting for customers. He was a jocular fellow—a born New Yorker, by the way.

"Don't shave me close," said I.

"Close?" he repeated. "You'll be the luckiest victim I've slashed yet if I get off any of your beard at all. How's the razor?"

"All right."

"Oh, no, it ain't," said he. "You're setting your nerves to stand it, so's not to be called a tenderfoot. I'm no barber. I expected to 'tend bar when I bumped up agin this place. If you could see the blood streaming down your face you'd faint."

In spite of his self-depreciation, he performed as artistic and painless an operation as I ever sat through.

In Sproat's Landing we saw the nucleus of a railroad terminal point. The queer hotel was but little more peculiar than many of the people who gathered on the single street on pay-day to spend their hand-earned money upon a great deal of illicit whiskey and a few rude necessaries from the limited stock in the stores. There never had been any grave disorder there, yet the floating population was as motley a collection of the riff-raff of the border as one could imagine, and there was only one policeman to enforce the law in a territory the size of Rhode Island.

He was quite as remarkable in his way as any other development of that embryonic civilization. His name was Jack Kirkup, and all who knew him spoke of him as being physically the most superb example of manhood in the Dominion. Six feet and three inches in height, with the chest, neck, and limbs of a giant, his 300 pounds of weight were so exactly his complement as to give him the symmetry of an Apollo. He was good-looking, with the beauty of a round-faced, good natured boy, and his thick hair fell in a cluster of ringlets over his forehead and upon his neck.

He was as neat as a dandy. He wore high boots and corduroy knickerbockers, a flannel shirt and a sack-coat, and rode his big bay horse with ease and grace. He smoked like a fire of green brush, but had never tasted liquor in his life. In a dozen years he had slept more frequently in the open air, upon pebble beds or in trenches in the snow, than upon ordinary bedding; and he exhibited, in his graceful movements, his sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, his massive frame and his imperturbable good nature, a degree of health and vigor that would seem insolent to the average New Yorker.

Now that the railroad was building,

Engineer on the preliminary survey

he kept ever on the trail, along what was called the "right of way"—going from camp to camp to "jump" whiskey peddlers and gamblers and to quell disorder—except on pay-day, once a month, when he stayed at Sproat's Landing.

The echoes of his fearless behavior and lively adventures rang in every gathering. The general tenor of the stories was to the effect that he usually gave one warning to evil-doers, and if they did not heed that he "cleaned them out." He carried a revolver, but never had used it. Even when the most notorious gambler on our border had crossed over into Jack's bailiwick, the policeman depended upon his fists. He had met the gambler and had "advised" him to take the cars next day. The gambler, in reply, had suggested that both would get along more quietly if each minded his own affairs, whereupon Kirkup had said, "You hear me. Take the cars out of here tomorrow."

The little community (it was Donald, B.C., a very rough place at the time) held its breath for twenty-four hours, and at the approach of train time was on tiptoe with strained anxiety. At twenty minutes before the hour the policeman, amiable and easy going as ever in appearance, began a tour of the houses. It was in a tavern that he found the gambler.

"You must take the train," said he.

"You can't make me," replied the gambler.

There were no more words. In two minutes the giant was carrying the limp body of the ruffian to a wagon, in which he drove him to the jail. There he washed the blood off the gambler's face and tidied his collar and scarf. From there the couple walked to the cars, where they parted amicably.

"I had to be a little rough," said Kirkup to the loungers at the station, "because he was armed like a pincushion, and I didn't want to have to kill him."

"You're setting your nerves to stand it."

WE MADE the journey from Sproat's Landing to the Kootenay River upon a sorry quartet of pack horses that were at other times employed to carry provisions and material to the construction camps. They were the kind of horses known all over the West as "cayuses," because of a humorous fancy begotten of their wildness, and suggesting that they are only part horses and part coyotes. But all the wildness and the characteristic "bucking" had long since been "packed" out of these poor creatures, and they needed the whip frequently to urge them upon a slow progress.

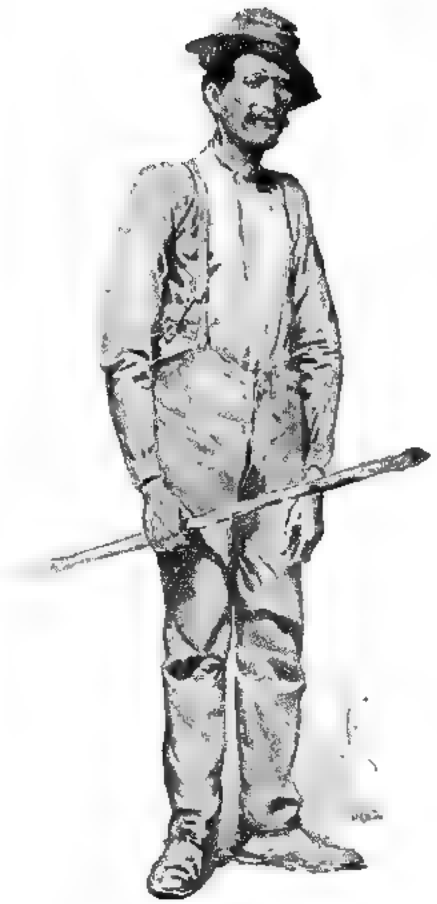
Kirkup was going his rounds, and accompanied us on our journey of less than twenty miles to the Kootenay River. On the way one saw every stage in the construction of a railway. The process of development was reversed as we traveled, because the work had been pushed well along where we started, and was but at its commencement where we ended our trip. At the landing, half a mile or more of the railroad had been completed, even to the addition of locomotive and two gondola cars. Beyond the little strip of rails was a long reach of graded roadbed, and so the progress of the work dwindled, until at last there was little more than the trail-cutters' path to mark what had been determined as the right of way.

For the sake of clearness, I will first explain the steps that are taken at the outset in building a railroad. I have mentioned that one of the houses at the landing was the railroad company's storehouse, and that nearby were the tents of the surveyors or civil engineers. The road was to be a branch of the Canadian Pacific system, and these engineers were the first men sent into the country, with instructions to survey a line to the new mining region, into which men were pouring from the older parts of Canada and from our country. It was understood by them that they were to hit upon the most direct and, at the same time, the least expensive route for the railroad to take. They went to the scene of their labor by canoe, and carried tents, blankets, instruments, and what they called their "grub-stakes," which is to say, their food.

Then they traveled over the ground between their two terminal points, and back by another route, and back again by still another route, and so back and forth perhaps four and possibly six times. In that way alone were they enabled to select the line which offered the shortest length and the least obstacles in number and degree for the workmen who were to come after them.

At Sproat's Landing I met an engineer, Mr. B. C. Stewart, who is famous in his profession as the most tireless and intrepid exponent of its difficulties in the Dominion. The young men account it a misfortune to be detailed to go on one of his journeys with him. It is his custom to start out with a blanket, some bacon and meal and a coffee-pot, and to be gone for weeks, and even for months. There scarcely can have been a hardier Scotchman, one of more simple tastes and requirements, or one possessing in any higher degree the quality called endurance. He has spent years in the mountains of British Columbia, finding and exploring the various passes, the most direct and feasible routes to and from them, the valleys between the ranges, and the characteristics of each section of the country.

In a vast country that has not otherwise been one-third explored he has made himself familiar with the full southern



Dan Dunn on his works

half. He has not known what it was to enjoy a home, nor has he seen an apple growing upon a tree in many years. During his long and close-succeeding trips he has run the whole gamut of the adventures incident to the lives of hunters or explorers, suffering hunger, exposure, peril from wild beasts, and all the hair-breadth escapes from frost and storm and flood that Nature unvanquished visits upon those who first brave her depths. Such is the work and such are the men that figure in the foremost preliminaries to railroad building.

Whoever has left the beaten path of travel or gone beyond a well-settled region can form a more or less just estimate of that which one of these professional pioneers encounters in prospecting for a railroad. I had several "tastes," as the Irish express it, of that very Kootenay Valley. I can say conscientiously that I never was in a wilder region. In going only a few yards from the railroad right of way the difficulties of an experienced pedestrianism like my own instantly became tremendous.

There was a particularly choice spot for fishing three-quarters of a mile from Dan Dunn's outfit, and I traveled the road to it half a dozen times. Bunyan would have strengthened the *Pilgrim's Progress* had he known of such conditions with which to surround his hero.

Between rocks the size of a city mansion and unsteady boulders no larger than a man's head the ground was all but covered. Among this wreckage trees grew in wild abundance, and countless trunks of dead ones lay rotting between them. A jungle as dense as any I ever saw was formed of softwood saplings and bushes, so that it was next to im-

(Continued on page 42)

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The Sibley Stove

By LES BEITZ

Another in the series "Frontier Relics, Their Scarcity and Value," dealing with one of the scarcest items of Frontier Americana

Genl Henry H. Sibley

The winter camp at Pine Ridge (below) shows stacks of Sibley stoves protruding from tops of tent quarters. The remarkable old photo at the bottom depicts interior of officer's tent with stove, tripod and suspended pot; the complete Sibley stove and tent unit.

Photos Courtesy Austin McKown

IN MY article "Frontier Relics" (TRUE WEST, October, 1964), I touched briefly on the Sibley stove as a scarce item of Frontier Americana. But there's such an interesting background and significance to that homely little bed-tent heater that it surely deserves broader recognition.

This unique stove was invented by an old-time Dragoon officer, Major Henry Hopkins Sibley, as an accessory to his campaign tent—the Sibley tent—for use by military detachments in the field.

Sibley, a West Pointer (Class of 1838), had accompanied Fremont on one of his expeditions in the West and had noted the advantages of the Plains Indian's tepee. One could hardly credit the Major with exercising great ingenuity or resourcefulness in developing his tent design since it was nothing more than a canvas adaptation of the wigwam. However, the old boy came up with something special when he devised the little cone-shaped tent warmer. Nothing could have been more simple to construct, more practical to use, or lighter to transport than the bottomless sheet-iron stove which he patented in 1857.

The Sibley stove was an airtight cylinder thirty inches tall with an eighteen-inch base diameter. A small, semi-circular opening at the bottom served to provide draft and, when the draft required checking, the trooper merely kicked a little pile of dirt in front of the draft hole.

A hinged or slide door (depending upon the contracting metalsmith's whim) was provided for admitting fuel. This door was eight inches high, six inches wide and eighteen inches from the bottom. The stovepipe connected to the top of the stove consisted of five sections, tapering down from five to four inches. The entire unit was placed beneath the tripod supporting the tent, with a chain and hook suspended from the fork of the tripod on which a kettle could be hung.

The stove weighed thirty pounds; patent data discloses that there were specifications for a twenty-five- and also an eighteen-pound model but I have never seen an example smaller than the standard model depicted in the illustrations accompanying this article.

During the course of the Civil War, about 16,000 Sibley stoves were delivered to the U. S. Quartermaster Department for issue to organizations in the field. This certainly isn't a very large inventory in comparison with the hundreds of thousands of rifles, pistols, saddles, sabers and various other items of equipment that were supplied. However, it must be remembered that the Sibley stove was not a product of machine manufacture. Rather, they were hand-fashioned by metalsmiths in foundries and shops with little or no mechanization to speed production.

The unattractive, nondescript characteristics of the Sibley have undoubtedly contributed measurably to its present scarcity. There was simply nothing about the design of this military-frontier relic to induce preservation by those who have come upon them in the one hundred years since their introduction.

A GOOD friend of mine who probes around old battlefield and fort sites unearthed one a couple of years ago but

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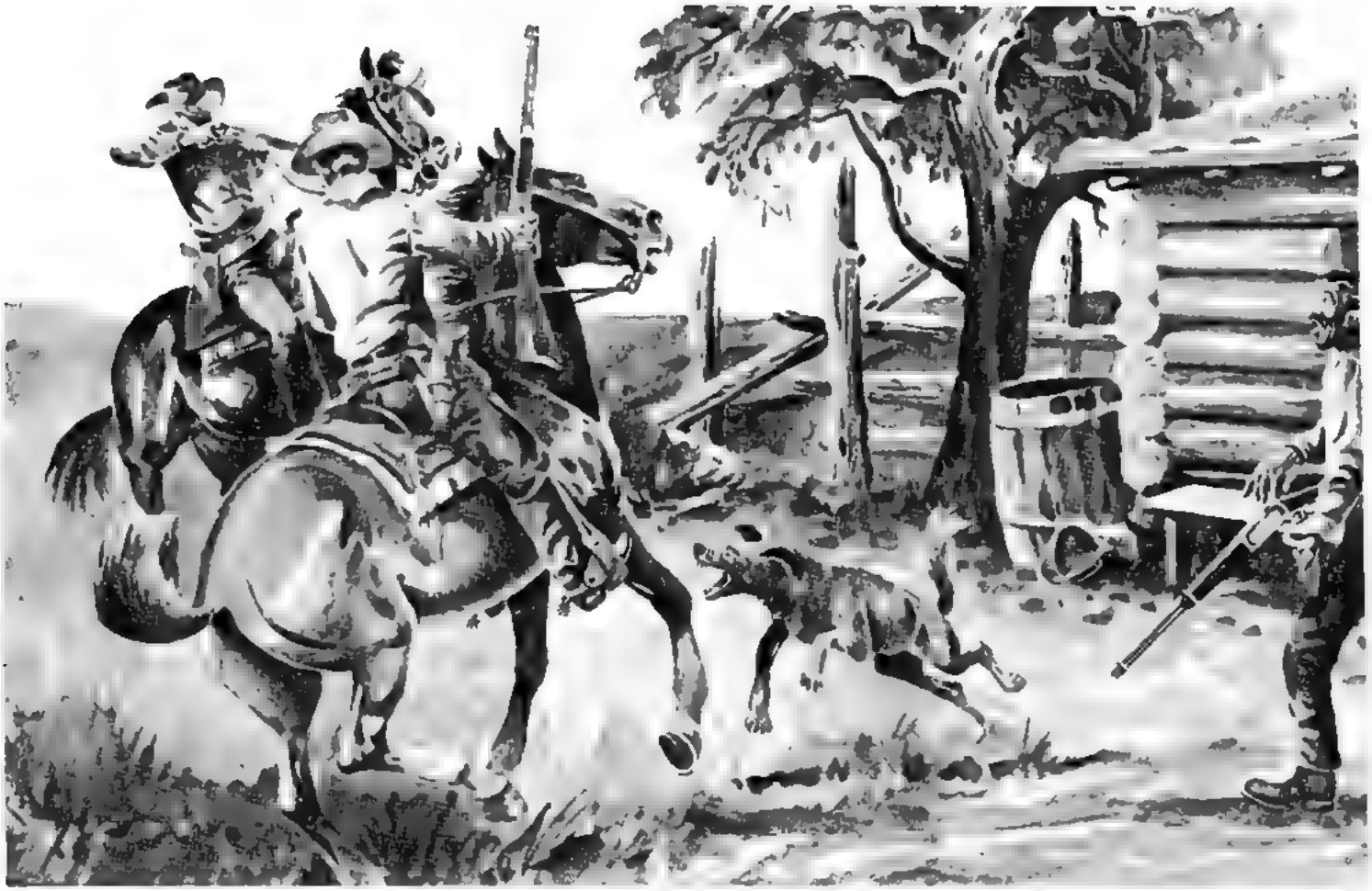

AS I RECALL, it must have been about September, 1894. We had just finished breakfast when the dog barked; a man had pulled up in the yard. He was dressed in a nice business suit but his hat and high-heeled boots, fancily stitched in colors, identified him as a man of the cattle area of South Dakota. To say the least, his mode of travel was unique. He was driving a two-year-old mare, a bright bay, hitched to a rubber-tired trotting sulky.

My brother and I listened in on the conversation between the stranger and my father. We learned that his name was Sam Strayer and that he lived four miles west of us. He called Mother out and gave each of us a card, stating that he was seeking the office of sheriff. In the course of the visit, he told us about his horse. He said he was keeping her in training and that she was fast. He had bought her from the Tom Goddard race horse ranch for $40. Mr. Strayer had tried her out and she could really pace. She had pacing hopples, weighted shoes, a beautiful harness and the fine looking sulky. All this worked us boys into quite a dither. He called her Matty Paterson II.

Father knew Sam Strayer slightly. He was a good-looking man, with a nice, well modulated voice. I remember he used several words that Mother was not quite sure of, as later she looked them up in the dictionary. He told us where he lived and said he had a wife but no children of his own; however, he had adopted his wife's niece and nephew.

We had just moved in and Mr. Strayer said he hoped we would get better acquainted and said we and his adopted children would, no doubt, be in the same school.

In October, Sam took his mare to Minneapolis, Minnesota, to the fair. She took first in everything in the harness and big race meet. After the events he sold her for $1,600, plus his winnings. When Father heard the news he told Mother, "If Sam can get out of Minneapolis without getting drunk and blowing his roll, I will give him the benefit of the doubt and vote for him."

Sam returned home with his money intact. He won the election, served two years, was re-elected and served two more years. Later he got an appointmnt as U. S. Marshal.

SAM had been the only child of a wagon box manufacturer at South Bend, Indiana. During his high school years, he learned his father's trade as an apprentice; then he completed four years of college. Before his student days were over, he became a middleweight fighter, drank heavily, and got into trouble mostly in saloon and dancehall brawls. Drunk or sober, he was never whipped. He never danced but went to dances to stir up trouble and fight. Sam's father let him serve some time, which the boy resented, and so their quarrel grew. In fact, he served several jail terms.

Sam told me years later that he woke up one morning in some Indiana town. He was lying in the gutter and his memory told him he had killed a man. He said he could see the man crumpled up dead with one eye knocked out. The eye had popped out onto his cheek. Sam finally learned that the man didn't die but did lose the eye.

Though badly beaten up himself, he had sneaked away. He told me he got out of the ditch and made it to the railroad tracks, climbed into an empty car, and lay down to think things over. An inventory showed $37.00 in cash, no hat, and good clothes clotted with blood and dirt.

A few hours later, the car was bumped out on the main line. Sam Strayer was traveling—he knew not where. Hours seemed like days. He was switched out at Tracy, Minnesota. At a stock water trough, he cleaned up the best he could, then got something to eat and a cheap room. A boy was sent out with his clothes to be cleaned, and Sam had a new shirt and underclothes and socks brought in. When his suit came back, he patronized a barber and bought a new hat. Altogether Sam had spent about $12.00. He promised himself to stay out of bars, no more whiskey.

While he was eating at a cafe, a man and woman came in and sat at the same table with him. Conversation started and he found the man was shipping an emigrant car to Pierre, Dakota Territory. By mutual consent, Sam boarded the car as caretaker for a team, cow, dog and chickens. It was a long, tedious trip but eventually he arrived in Pierre.

Fate was both for and against Sam. He got a ranch job with a man who was a brute when drunk—which was often. This man had a wife and two children. His sister, Caroline (hereafter called "Cal"), a single girl, lived with them. John, Sam's employer, was forty pounds heavier than Sam and always telling about the men he had whipped. Sam had

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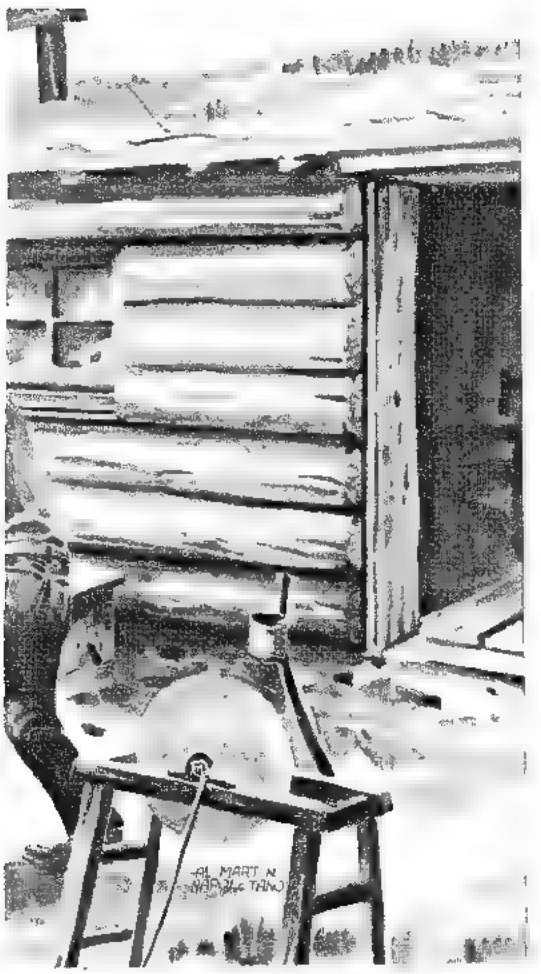

The TWO FACES OF Sam Strayer

By FRED H. ROOT

Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

Fate was both for and against Sam: seems like he could stand only so much good fortune— then he had to pull the cork

really had a lesson, so he kept his mouth shut.

One night Cal rushed to the bunkhouse and called Sam to come quickly as John was beating his wife. When Sam got to the house, John was like a wild man. His wife lay on the floor moaning. A few minutes later, John was lying out in the yard moaning and his wife had been placed on the bed. But she never recovered and died with the baby at childbirth.

Later, Sam homesteaded nine miles north of Pierre and he and Cal were married. That was when they adopted the boy Jessie, seven years old and the girl Matie, ten years old.

Cal was of a very religious nature and she dedicated her life to the two children. Sam stayed on the water wagon about three years. He corresponded with his family in Indiana but never went back. He did fall heir to some money but was very bitter at the meagerness of his inheritance.

When Sam started to drink again, he spent all his cash, sold off the livestock, and even tried to sell the homestead. Cal balked on that idea and refused to sign a deed. Matie and Jess had some livestock in their own names which he couldn't touch.

Sam took in the dances in Pierre and neighboring towns. He didn't dance but started trouble and fights and whipped every man he came up against. Then he started downhill, as he hadn't drawn a sober breath in eighteen months. Finally, he was completely down with delirium tremens.

A conference was held and money was raised to send Sam, in the care of a deputy sheriff, to Minneapolis for treatment. Upon his release, he came home with a slogan: "Water is good enough for me."

Sam then settled down to re-establishing himself in the community and rebuilding his almost depleted ranch. Surprisingly, he accomplished this rapidly.

IT WAS three or four years later that he drove into our yard to ask for our votes as sheriff. Following his election he moved to Pierre and put Matie and Jess through high school. Matie went to State Teachers College, taught for a year or two, and married a very substantial rancher. They became wealthy. Jess became a passenger conductor out of Denver. But Sam was dissatisfied with both of the children. He hated Matie's husband and wanted Jess to be a prize fighter.

Sam told me when drunk, that he wouldn't kick either of their bodies out of the way, he would just walk over them.

Pierre and its vicinity was a tough area to hold down. There had been one lynching prior to Sam's regime as sheriff. There were several saloons and a licensed red-light district set up, controlled and operated by Big Joe LaPine. Ft. Pierre, just across the river, was a haven for horse thieves and tough halfbreeds. To make it worse, if a criminal could make it across the river, he was out of Sam's jurisdiction.

At the expiration of Sam's second term, he got a Federal appointment as U. S. Marshal. This gave him supervision on both sides of the river.

Sam continued in harness horse racing, also, and made money for a time. Then all of a sudden, his luck changed. He lost heavily on horses; his term as marshal ran out. A change in national politics precluded his reappointment.

Sam once more hit the bottle but everything he did was overlooked, for he had many friends in high places. This went on almost a year.

By that time he had taken on the job of campaign manager for a congressman. It was a booze campaign but it worked, and Sam put his man in office. Strayer was a wreck when it was over, but another trip to Minneapolis did the trick as it had before. Back home, he promoted a stake and bought out a sheep man west of Ft. Pierre.

For two years Sam stayed sober. Then again, he was called in to campaign for a state office seeker. Again his man won. Cal, though in ill health, kept the ranch going with two helpers.

Three months later, Sam came home drunk, with a good supply of whiskey to keep him going. They were eighty miles from town but the stage brought him whiskey once a week. Sam Strayer rarely sobered up. Cal took care of him like a baby and he was never mean to her—physically.

Time passed, another two years, then it was election time again. Top Bar, eighty miles from the railroad, was the post office. Several small ranchers had about a thousand cattle, and there were

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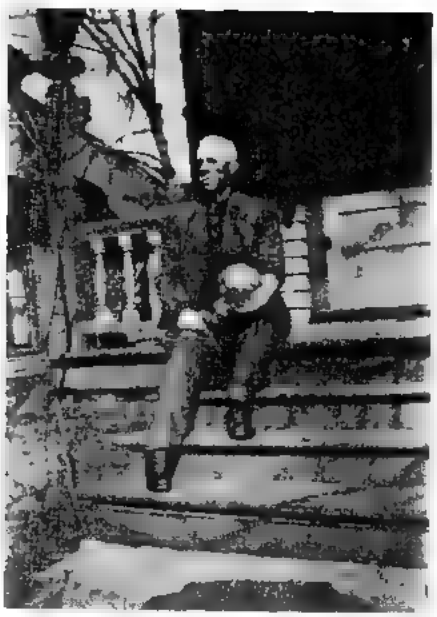

Sam Strayer at about eighty years of age.

some two thousand sheep to be trailed to the railhead at Pierre. A big dance and supper was staged at Top Bar. Plenty of election whiskey had made Sam drunk, but he could still walk and ride.

About 2:00 a.m., Harry Kazel, one of Sam's hands, burst into the dance and shouted, "Jupiter—he shot me!" When questioned, he showed a bullet hole in his coat. "Jupiter knock," he said, "I go to door, and 'bang,' just like that. He thought he kill me, then he run to his horse and rode away." (Later he admitted in court that he shot the hole in his coat himself and came over to start trouble just for fun.)

Sam immediately suspected that it was he rather than Kazel that Jupiter wanted. Jupiter, a sheep man, was not liked. Sam was also a sheep man but he ran a strong bluff and the cattlemen accepted him because they were afraid of him. Jupiter was German and spoke with a broken accent. His wife didn't speak English at all, but once while her husband was away for supplies, she had walked over to Strayer's. Cal could converse in German.

Mrs. Jupiter showed every indication of a severe beating and Mrs. Strayer wrote to the Catholic priest who came out to the ranch and it was later rumored that a warrant would be served on Jupiter as soon as he got to Ft. Pierre with his sheep for shipment.

Sam said it was up to him and any other red-blooded men in the hall to arrest Jupiter and deliver him to Ft. Pierre officers by a citizen's arrest. Harry Graham was well liquored up and helped push the idea. Just about daylight some ten men were on a hill a hundred yards from Jupiter's shack. They all waited while Sam and Graham rode down to the house. A dog in the house barked; Jupiter stepped outside with a rifle in his hand. Almost instantly a single shot rang out and Jupiter fell with a 30-30 bullet through his abdomen. It was Graham who fired the shot.

The other men rushed down and Jupiter was carried in. The holes, fore and aft, were plugged with handkerchiefs. He was loaded into a wagon, placed on a round-up bed and was trailed to Ft. Pierre. His sheep, already cut out, were thrown in with Sam's and delivered at the same time.

The trip took three days but Jupiter survived. Men were tough in those days.

Sam and Graham turned themselves in. In the trial that followed, Graham claimed Jupiter raised his gun but, "I beat him to it."

Sam said he had a bead on Jupiter but he went down just too quick for him to pull the trigger. Graham got six months in jail and a $500 fine. Sam got thirty days and a $500 fine. The other men on the hill didn't testify as to Jupiter's raising the gun; they said the sun was in their eyes. This incident happened in the fall of 1904.

Sam served his time in Pierre where Sam Logan, the jailer, was also sheriff of the county. He had once been Sam's deputy—the irony of the situation is apparent.

Sam was released on a Sunday morning. My father drove down in the buggy, picked him up, and brought him home to dinner. He didn't want to show up around town so stayed until the next morning.

Sam and Mother had a talk. She went downtown and, though it was Sunday, did some shopping for Cal. Sam left the next day on the old strap-hung stagecoach to Top Bar.

ONE YEAR after Sam's visit, my father and I made a hunting trip west of the river that culminated in Father's filing on a homestead about seventy miles west of Ft. Pierre. On the trip we trained two setter pups. Father received $50 each for this service.

We made our location but on the way home we ran into a cold rain. Father caught cold, developed pneumonia, and passed away, leaving a family of Mother, myself nineteen, a sister fifteen, a brother thirteen, and a six-weeks-old brother. Our income was a $16 soldiers' pension. The rest seemed to be up to me.

As soon as things were settled, Mother filed on a quarter of land adjoining Father's and I filed as head of a family on a third quarter. We had a limited credit rating at the bank, some ranch equipment, about twenty head of horses, ten head of cattle and a freight outfit. The family was ready to move.

On an April morning, we crossed the Missouri River on a ferry boat. Frank, my little brother, had crossed the day before and headed west on the old Deadwood Trail with the cattle. We overtook him the second day out, about fifty miles from Ft. Pierre. That night we stayed with friends at a road ranch established for an expected big rush of homesteaders. The third day we had only twenty miles to make. There was no road or trail to follow, only our rough map of predominating hills and vales. Occasionally we picked up our tracks of the fall before.

We pulled in on our land about 6:00 p.m. I had made a second trip west just after Father's funeral with a load of lumber and had built a rough shack, 12' x 18'.

The sky was black with an approaching storm. Frank pulled his saddle, then helped me strip the harness from my four horses. Mother's buggy team was also turned loose. I picketed my saddle horse which I had been leading alongside. Sister milked the cow. That was all-important, with the baby along.

Mother and Angie carried a bucket of water from the creek, fed the crate of chickens, leaving the crate open so they could go back inside. They then started unloading.

Frank and I climbed to the roof and rolled on heavy paper, called "Rub-o-roid." This we nailed down with big-headed nails. We had covered about half the roof when rain and darkness stopped us. The heavy range cook stove was put in place and we built a good fire, lighted the lamps, and hung a blanket for a door. After a substantial supper, we spread our beds under the dry part of the roof and slept the sleep of the weary to the sound of rain pouring through the unpapered part of the roof.

The morning of May 2, 1907, broke cold and grey of sky, with dazzling white earth. We were twenty miles from the nearest inhabitant as far as we knew. My saddle horse stood head down, like a ghost, with six inches of wet snow on his back. It had stopped snowing and there was no wind; always something to be thankful for.

I swept the snow from Dewey's back and gave him a little corn; we shoveled off a space and the hens came out for feed. All our livestock had disappeared, except Dewey.

I decided not to ride that day. We cleared the roof of snow and busied ourselves by putting in two windows and hanging a door. Tin strips were nailed over all the holes in the floor which would admit rattlesnakes, then we covered the floor with linoleum, underlaid with heavy paper. After dinner we again tackled our roof and covered the walls with a heavy paper secured with shingle nails threaded through a tin tag about one inch in diameter. This paper was a resin-red color on one side and sky-blue on the others. We chose sky-blue for the ceiling and the resin-red for the walls. That night we were really comfortable. We had three sacks of coal so were not too bad off for heat.

The next day I rode off. I didn't find or see a horse, cow or human being and returned about dark on a very tired horse. I decided I had struck too far east of south, so the second day I tried nearly due south. The horses were located about ten miles out, but no cattle. The next day Frank went with me.

Cattle were showing up out of the Big Plum Creek brakes, and we split up and rode from bunch to bunch. About 2:00 p.m. we found all our cattle on a little creek meadow with the exception of two unbranded winter calves. We moved the cattle out onto a high divide and milked the cow as she was nearly dried up. Then, riding hard, we tried to find the two calves. An hour or so later we gave up and started back toward home with the bunch. Soon Frank caught sight of two riders, the first we had seen in five days.

The riders spotted us and wheeled around to intercept our course of travel. As they drew nearer I said to Frank, "Sam Strayer, or I will eat my hat!" A minute later I said, "And Harry Graham." I was right.

In the course of our conversation, I acquainted them of Father's death, the arrival of a new brother and our move to the area. They had discovered our shack but didn't know who put it there. Sam said Cal was fine and they would come over to see us.

We moved the cattle along for about a mile, then Sam said, pointing to two buttes about one-half mile apart, "There's a wagon trail between those hills. I live on Cottonwood Creek about a mile west of those hills. All roads lead to Sam's place."

Then he asked if we had found all our cattle. He had let the cat out of the bag. When they took leave and headed toward the hills, I told Frank that Sam had our calves.

Sam and Graham rode about two hun-

(Continued on page 55)

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THEY BURIED HIM Twice!

The camp was in turmoil as terrified Indians watched the brave they had buried two days before, slowly descend from the Hill of the Dead!

By SAM KNAPP

HO-TAH-MOIE (Roaring Thunder), the walking ghost of the Tall Chief Band of the Osage Nation, became known to the tribe and to the palefaces as "John Stink."

Ho-tah-moie was born somewhere along the Arkansas River in southwest Kansas in 1863. He spent his boyhood there until the tribe's removal into Oklahoma Territory on land first allotted to the Cherokees who didn't like the Plains and were later moved to the eastern part of the Territory.

The Osages were happy in their new homeland with its abundance of game and fish, and more trees than the wide prairies of their old home afforded. Sometime in the early life of Ho-tah-moie, his father and mother died and little Roaring Thunder grew into a fine young brave who liked to hunt and fish and ride his ponies. There must have been some Indian maid in his life—but who knows?

Ho-tah-moie's early days are unrecorded and there is no date given for the catastrophe that befell him. When yet a young man, Ho-tah-moie became sick and the medicine man could not cure him. He was thought dead when he went into a deep coma and could not be awakened. The tribe prepared him for burial in the Osage way, dressed in his best blanket. With his face painted, he was carried to the "Hill of the Dead" and placed in a rock cairn in a sitting position facing the west.

After doing all things possible for assurance of a safe journey to the Happy Hunting Ground, the tribe mournfully went back to camp and the head men of the tribe distributed all of Ho-tah-moie's goods among his nearest friends.

ns after the entombment of Ho-
he Indian camp became a bed-
ked their tails and scurried
s and the young to hide
The old men and the
aled under their coppery
ng sun, peeping up over

Courtesy Boston Stamp Stud o

Ho-tah-moie—Roaring Thunder—John Stink

the Hill of the Dead, shone on the figure of Roaring Thunder coming down the trail with his dogs at his heels.

"He is dead!" they cried. "Go back, Roaring Thunder!" But Ho-tah-moie came slowly on as the elders and the braves retreated into their tepees and pulled the flaps tight.

Ho-tah-moie pleaded and explained to his concealed brothers. "I am alive! I was in a deep sleep! My dogs dug me out!" But there was no answer.

Ho-tah-moie knew that he would always be shunned as a ghost so, taking his dogs, he slowly departed to the hills and creeks toward the far part of the Osage Nation.

AT THAT time he must have contacted "Kings' Evil" (tuberculosis of the lymphatic glands) from his weakened state and undue exposure. This ailment produced a disagreeable odor and Ho-tah-moie became known as John Stink.

John foraged up and down Bird Creek from the camp of the Chiefs to the eastern part of the Nation. Traders and travelers occasionally gave him a handout. The outdoor life—or the Great Spirit—cured John of his obnoxious ailment but he was still shunned by the tribe as a ghost, so he drifted to the town of the agency. There he and his dogs lived from Government payments; John also received an allotment of land south of Pawhuska, which was fast growing into a thriving little city for the ground around it was spouting forth "Black Gold Wampum." The Osages were becoming extremely rich—including our Indian pariah.

John's guardian had a sturdy log house built in keeping with John's good fortune and persuaded him to spend his nights at the new log home instead of sleeping with his dogs on the sidewalk at the general store. But John wouldn't stay in

(Continued on page 58)

COWBOY

Charley Siringo

By
RAYMOND W.
THORP

Photos
Courtesy
Author

This photo of Siringo, personally autographed for the author, was made in 1922. Charley was already suffering from the disease which eventually caused his death.

HE WAS slight and wiry in construction and modest in demeanor, yet for twenty-two years he lived with and outgeneraled the wildest outlaws the West ever knew. Before that he had been a classic Texas cowboy, beginning when the trail drives ended in Missouri. No other man ever lived who rode as many miles as he on horseback; a thousand-mile trip through wintry mountains or baking deserts was nothing to this man who claimed he lived only to "Whoop her up, Liza Jane!"

He wore star-topped boots to show his origin—boots made by Billy Breit of Coffeyville, who also shod a thousand other Texas men such as Shanghai Pierce, John Wesley Hardin and Clay Allison. Billy was known as "Old Coffeyville Boots," and cowboys rode from as far as Colorado to secure them.

"I had a No. 6 foot," Charley told me, "and, of course, always ordered No. 5 footwear, as cowboys had a pride in small feet. I should have been born a China girl, and had my feet bound up from birth. Make-believe cowboys of a later date had no such pride; they went in for comfort. Billy Breit made boots only for riders—not for walkers."

John Hays Hammond, great mining engineer of the West, hired Charley out of the Denver office of the Pinkertons to trail down the dynamiters in the Coeur d'Alene labor riots in Idaho. He wrote in *Scribner's Magazine*, "When he came into our employ he was a slender, wiry man, dark-eyed, dark-mustached. He was the most interesting, resourceful and courageous man I ever met, afraid of nothing."

Emerson Hough, certainly a man who knew all about writing, proclaimed Charley's books superior Western history. "I asked him once," Mr. Hough wrote me, "if he had ever been afraid, and he said 'Not of a man—I was never afraid of a man, but I almost gave up the ghost once when a herd of buffalo ran over me. I was hiding under a bank, and the bank kept caving, and I thought those beasts would never stop coming.'"

When Mr. Hough wrote *North of 36*, he got most of his information from Charley. Mrs. Amanda Burks of Cotulla, Texas, who was reportedly the only woman who ever rode up the Chisholm Trail with a herd of cattle, was Mr. Hough's heroine. Actually, Mrs. Burks was no young, beribboned filly, but a woman well up in her thirties when she made the trip in 1876.

This wonderful old lady wrote m
she was in her late eighties,
to a question about Charley, "
about twenty herds lined u
Red River; the water was
and nothing could move.
waiting, other herds arriv
ing to Mr. W. B. Grime

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in the rain three young men rode into our camp and we gave them coffee and flapjacks. Mr. Siringo was one of them."

I asked Charley about this and he recalled it readily, as she was the only woman he had ever seen on a cattle drive. "She made the best coffee I ever had on the trail," he said. "I believe she was with a herd belonging to Cattle King George Littlefield."

Actually, I later learned that Mrs. Burks was along on the drive because the herd belonged to her husband. She wrote me, "I don't get about much anymore. We used to own a lot of land here, but it has been cut up so many times I now have only 40,000 acres."

IF Charley Siringo laughed through life at everything and everyone, he also laughed at himself. At one time a phrenologist examined his head, and pronounced him as stubborn as a mule. He said, "I told him he should take a look at 'Shang' Pierce. The only man who ever brought Pierce around to his way of thinking was Wesley Hardin. Shang loaned Wes 300 steers to fill out a herd once, the understanding being pay up when the herd was sold. Wes didn't pay—he had always been against paying unless pushed. After Shang had written him several hot and insulting letters, the two met one day in Wichita. Placing his hand on the butt of his pistol, Hardin asked him, 'Do you want those steers now, Shang?' Pierce smelled blood in the air, and laughed and said, 'Forget the steers, Wes; that was just a friendly gift between friends.'"

According to Charley, Shanghai Pierce couldn't enjoy setting his teeth into beef that belonged to himself. It was the custom when cowboys were hungry to kill the first fat steer they could find. Charley said, "On one occasion I was with him when he rode into a cow camp just in time for supper. The cook gave him a fine steak, but just as he was about to set his teeth into it he saw, hanging by the cook tent, two fresh hides with his brand on them. He almost lost his appetite, but a few minutes later in a loud voice said to me, 'The time will come, whether or not we live to see it, when every man will have to slaughter his own beef.' This was in spite of the fact that he owned 100,000 head on his Rancho Grande."

Charley was born in Matagorda County in 1855, where lads were wild and carefree. "Two of the toughest we had were the Pumphrey boys," he said, "and one day they killed a prominent citizen and had to leave the country. When I rode with the Hole-In-The-Wall Gang for the Pinkertons, this knowledge saved my life. One of the men kept sizing me up, and I was certain that he felt he knew me. Finally one day he said, 'Haven't I seen you somewhere—maybe Texas?'

"I acted as if I had been caught, placed my fingers to my lips to signify that he shut up, and called him to one side. 'Ever hear of the Pumphrey boys?' I asked him, and he slapped me on the back and exclaimed, 'So that's it—I knew d—n well I'd seen you! You're all right, and I was certain you were a d—d Pinkerton!'"

Charley took a fair view of all men. He tells in *A Lone Star Cowboy* of the time Clay Allison, although as drunk as a hoot owl, treed the marshals at Dodge City. He also tells of meeting Clay years later, when the latter had taken a fourteen-year-old milk-fed girl as a wife, and of eating a meal served up by the new bride.

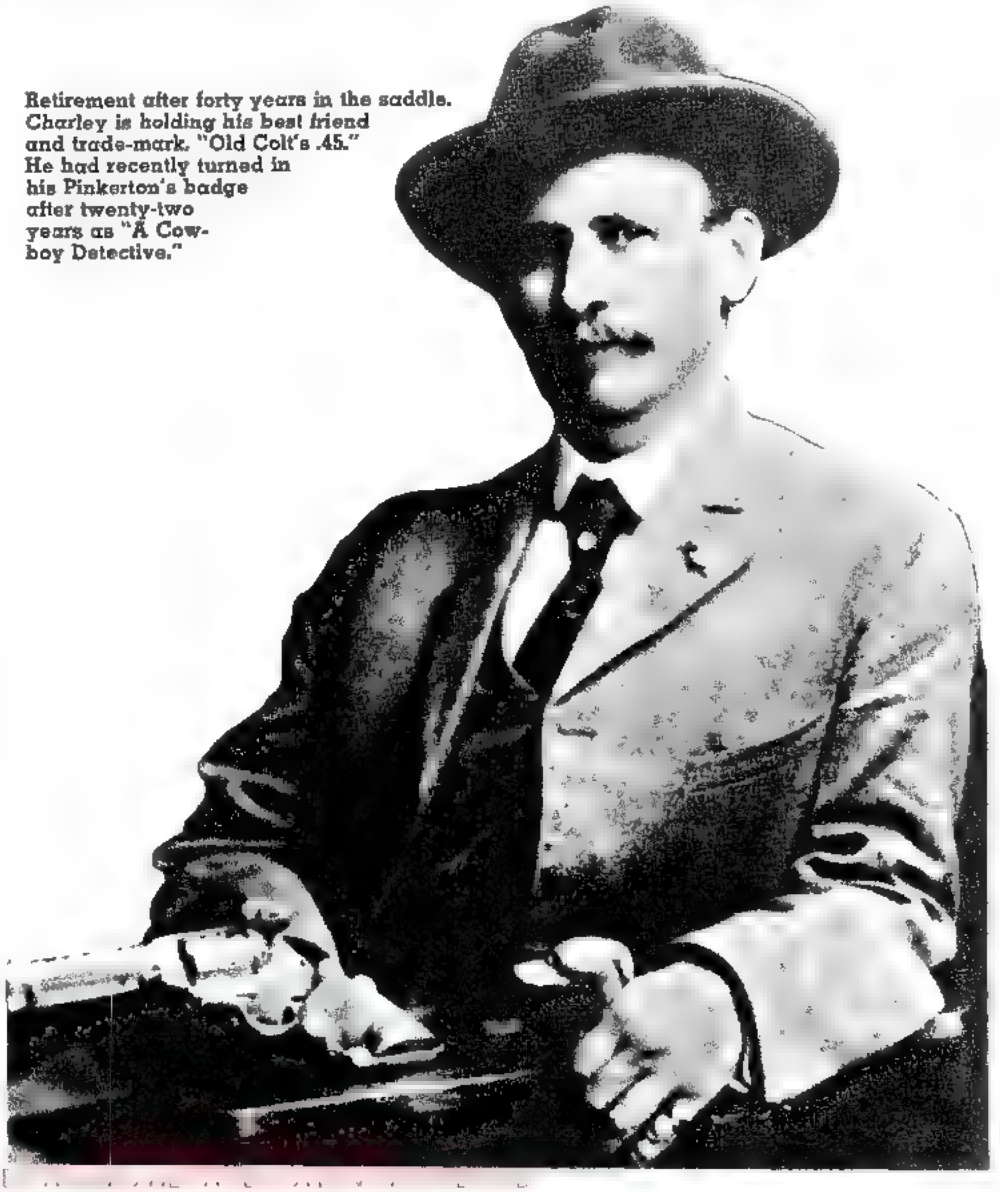
"I don't doubt that most of the men he killed needed killing," said Charley, "and the old saw about 'living by the gun and dying that way' didn't work with him. He got a broken neck by falling off a wagon and the wheels running over him, just like a farm boy would."

Orrie S. Clark, vice-president of a bank in Attica, Indiana, knew more about Allison than anyone else, and wrote his history. Clark had been a Texas cowboy, and wrote me concerning Siringo, "Charley was modest about himself and beat around the bush once when I asked him how many men he had killed. But I knew things about him that he never suspected, and recalled that a marshal in the Indian Territory had told me what became of two horse thieves that Charley trailed."

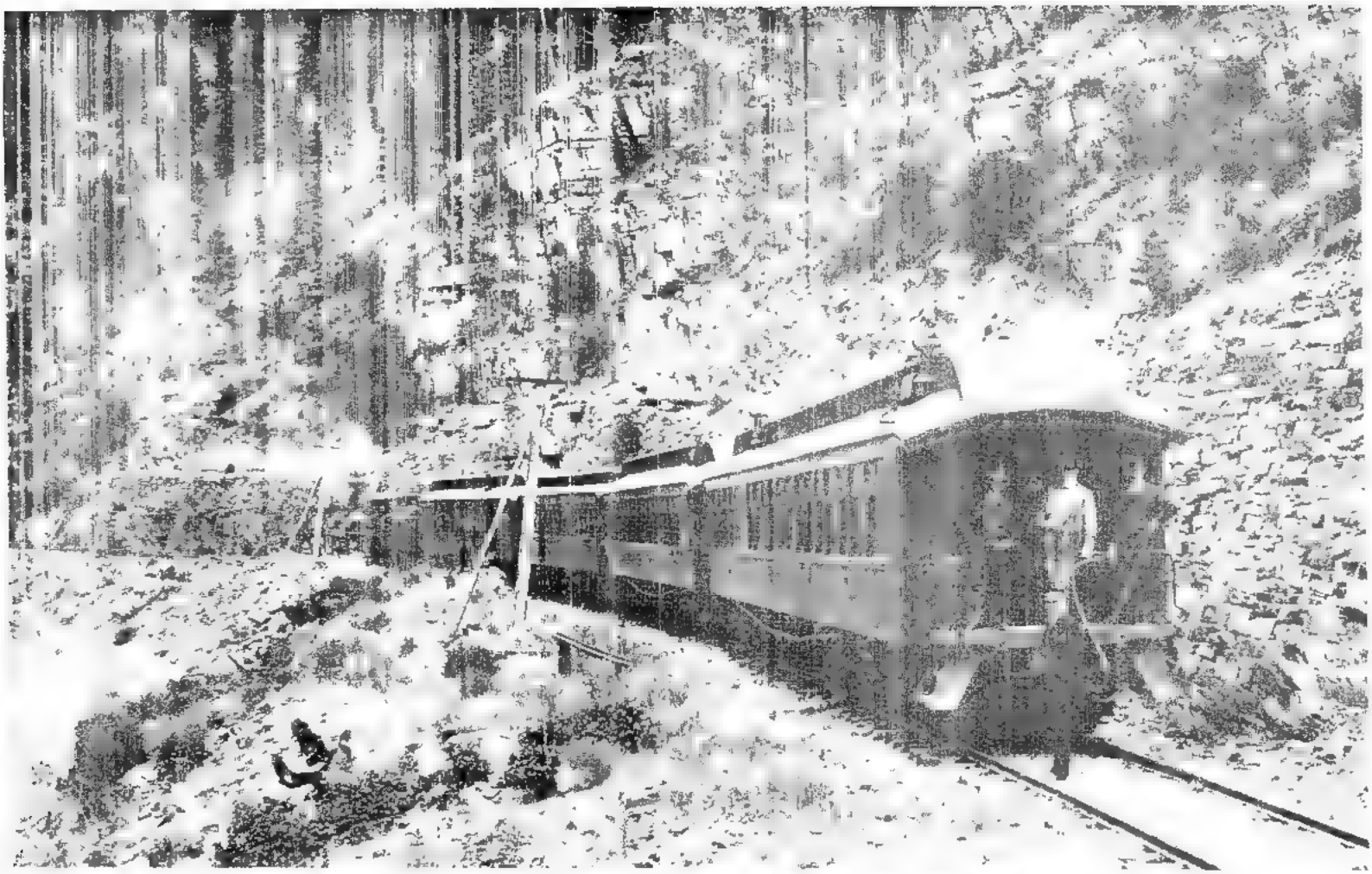
I FIRST met Charley Siringo in the Union Station at Kansas City in the fall of 1916. He was headed for a stock show at Omaha, where he had entered some pure-bred bulls for a friend. I presume he had on his famous star-topped boots, but they were hidden under a blue pair of trousers and, as it was cold, he also wore an overcoat. I had just divorced myself from Missouri River steamboats, my home for the past five years, and was headed west to go east. That is, I was doing railroad building work out of St. Louis, and in order to get to the job—and use the Rock Island passes—the crew had to take the long thousand-mile horseshoe to Stuttgart, Arkansas, via the whole State of Missouri, part of Kansas and Oklahoma, and all of Arkansas to reach this destination, actually only a short distance from St. Louis.

Even Charley laughed at that, after we had been introduced by old Rufe Aulgur, who had known him forty years earlier. Charley said, "You're lucky; I've

(Continued on page 59)



Retirement after forty years in the saddle. Charley is holding his best friend and trade-mark, "Old Colt's .45." He had recently turned in his Pinkerton's badge after twenty-two years as "A Cowboy Detective."



An early passenger train of the late 1880s or '90s, thought to have been photographed between Great Falls and Butte on the line of the Montana Central, which later became a part of Great Northern Railway.

TO THE BIG G

IN 1912, the Great Northern Railroad completed the building of its new depot in Butte. I was raised on the wrong side of the Big G tracks, and I can say without sentimental exaggeration that if the mining company was the great patriarch of the needy immigrant families in my neighborhood, the railroad was our mother.

She was aloof and undemonstrative in the beginning—a high red fence ringed her round on all sides. But eventually this barrier was breached at the dead-end of numerous shortcut footpaths, and it came down to be used for firewood by the poor folk one winter when Butte was the coldest place in the nation and most of the mines were down. All that remained were patches here and there where the fence had crossed the edge of a yard and the family had used it as one wall of a lean-to or tumbledown shed.

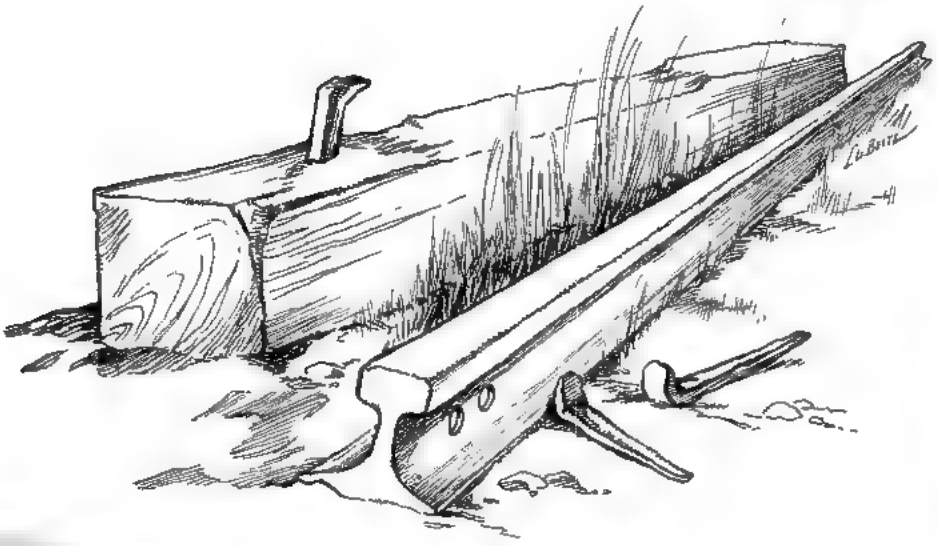
To the affluent—those who had good clothes, and treasured them, and who walked to town and church and school in the conventional way, crossing at the crossings—the railroad was a nuisance. More often than not long slow freights blocked the streets and when they stopped —seemingly for hours—gentlefolk had to go *over*, *under* or *around* them. The black soot and cinders from the engines soiled their skin and clothes. The slamming and banging of cars, the bursting steam jets, the shrieking whistles, the grinding brakes, disturbed their sleep by night and set their teeth on edge by day.

But to her progeny, Mother G could do no wrong. The marks of her smeared kiss on the faces of the poor stayed usually until bedtime, when they came off quite readily with brown soap and cold water. Their clothes were denim overalls or drab hand-me-downs that had, like as not, been worn out two or three times before they got them. And their too-large shoes had the toes turned up like Turkish slippers from walking the ties, because they scorned crossing at the crossings and "went over the tracks" to town and church and school.

THE GIFTS of the matriarch were many and varied: food, wood, coal, ice—and the feeling of being looked after and loved by her was not the least of them. Food which supplemented their meagre diet was gotten quite readily

For years she cared for her own—providing them with many necessities and a few little luxuries. Today, Mother G is forlorn and ignored . . . barely tolerated by her ungrateful children

By JAY MERNS



with love

from the cook car. This was the kitchen of a string of cars on a siding that provided board and bunks for the itinerant repair crews.

If the "Cookie" happened to be a good sort, a stop by yielded what was called a "loaf of punk and a ring of red." This was a great coarse sandwich of bologna or cheese or roast. Or the largess might be a slab of pie or cake, huge greasy doughnuts or crumbling jelly tarts big as flapjacks.

"Rustling coal" was always an adventure. In those days two colored men shoveled it from the coal cars into gigantic iron buckets, which were then picked up by a crane and swung out over the tender to be emptied. This was a wasteful operation at best, but with the colored shovelers purposely missing the buckets on, say, every fifth or sixth shovelful—when the kids were around with their gunny sacks—and the bucket emptier emptying part inside and part outside the rim of the tender, the kids were as necessary to the appearance of the area as cockroaches to the kitchen of a sloppy cafe.

Cheek by jowl with the coal car siding was the sand house. Here, in a steel girdle that was cinched around the pot belly of a big heater, sand was dried out for use on the brakes of the rolling stock. Into this warm cozy haven the ill-clad and ill-shod ducked to thaw out frost-nipped faces, fingers and toes.

Wood was plentiful during the summer months. When the gandy dancers replaced the old ties under the rails, these old ties were doled out to the kids who waited around for them. The best of these discards were used by home owners or home renters to shore up the crumbling foundations of their shanties. And here, too, the railroad gave a hand. The big jacks for these projects were borrowed from the section foreman or straw boss. And they were wheeled down and back in a sturdy metal railroad wheelbarrow. Advice and know-how were provided by neighbors who worked on the railroad instead of in the mines.

Ice in the summer was easily come by, too. Except for trespassing on railroad property and climbing aboard the rolling stock—which was true of all scrounging—it was there for the taking, at the bottom of the cubicles on both ends of the empty refrigerator cars.

MOST of Mother G's children turned out to be as mediocre as the children of most large families. They graduated from scrounging when they were old enough to get jobs on the railroad, or down the mines, or at any task that paid enough to seal up the deficit in the family budget.

However, there was Mark—this was not his real name. He scrounged at the buckets, too, but he sold the coal. Later he climbed aboard the coal cars of "good" coal on slow-moving freights and kicked off all the peaks to the rim. (When gathered and sacked, this was a good haul, usually.) In the yards he stole tools and sold them to a fence. Then he got a length of pipe and, with one dexterous twist, began breaking into sealed boxcars. He went to reform school for this.

When he came out, he got himself another length of pipe and this he kept hidden in a folded newspaper or magazine while he loitered around the streets and alleys. When the coast was clear, he used the same dexterous twist to break the locks on motor cars. He went to prison for this.

Hugh scrounged for coal and wood and ice, too, but he never "presumed" to sell these. He traded them to the neighborhood bootleggers for the dregs of their wine barrels. Some years back Hugh died in one of the back wards of the state mental hospital with a wet brain.

Sid, though, was Mother G's favorite immigrant boy. He scrounged *overtime* to even his odds with the native-born and the affluent in this land of opportunity. The old ties, for example, most families just split with iron wedges and chopped up willy-nilly. If they were too long to fit the firebox on the stove, they stuck out until they burned to size. Not Sid's ties, though. He measured them to a meticulous firebox length and then sawed and chopped them into planned pieces—shavings, tinder and kindling. Then all were piled neatly according to size in his shed.

He kept a sharp eye out, too, for the suitably sized shinny lump of coal—which was the best kind. During the long, bitter cold afternoons and evenings of the school term he was able to have a fire in his own room and to read and study and daydream in solitude and comfort away from the crowded kitchen stove. He was an "A" student always and became a highly successful professional man.

Bit by little bit now the Big G is passing from the scene in Butte. Mining is in a deep slump. Mother G is a nuisance to *all* now because, by our standards, all today are affluent. The second and third generation kids in the old neighborhood now have decent suitable clothes, gas-heated insulated homes and they drive or are driven to town or church or school. The freights are shorter and sweeter now, so to speak—they break them if they are going to block a crossing for any length of time.

Today, coal is long gone, having been replaced by oil. Old ties are stacked and burned. Ice melts and drips languidly in the bottom of the empty refrigerator cars. Who needs it? Except for some employees, most people along the tracks wouldn't care a damn if they woke up tomorrow and all the rolling stock and rails, too, were gone.

We weathered slow times, tough times and hard times. We had slumps, panics, crises, depressions, recessions, downturns and disasters and winter temperatures that sank occasionally to sixty below—and this is no special plea for a return to the bad old days. God forbid! But if Mother G had at any time packed up and left us stranded, it would have been the end of our world.

And so I say farewell—with love and kisses—Old Mother. Old Matriarch—always and ever, in those days, you stood us in good stead!

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The most exclusive "club" in the West was the rendezvous. There was no way to be a member unless you could outfight a grizzly, outdrink an alligator, outrun Indian trouble, and live off your own hide . . .

"Carson And Trappers In Camp" by Darley

"SO YOU want to be a trapper, sonny?" the fur company recruiter asked young Jim Walker, a farm boy with an over-sized pistol in his belt during that beaver-mad year of 1810. "Can you handle a rifle? Have you had any experience in the woods? Are you willing to fight Indians?"

"No," replied the youth, "but I can lay a trap with the best of 'em and I know the private habits of all the animals."

"Sonny, we can teach you that. What we want to know is if you can survive in the wilderness, beat off the Indians, and bring the pelts back to us."

"Yes, sir," the boy grinned weakly. "I can take care of myself."

"Good. You'll start packing tomorrow with the rest of the outfit. I better warn you: there are no maps west of the Missouri. You'll be traveling like a bird. But there's money out there in beaver skin and we aim to get it."

The outfit of fifty men started out with laughter and wit, but the company became hushed when less than a day out of St. Louis, while riding through a valley, they suddenly saw a thin column of smoke snake skyward. Soon another appeared across the valley. At every rustle of the bushes they flipped their rifles level. For two days they felt eyes on their backs.

"If we let them alone, maybe they'll let us alone," said Jim hopefully through dry lips.

"Maybe," an old-timer barked. "Depends on what experience they've had with other trappers. Some white men shoot the Injuns on sight just like wild game. Even raid villages, shoot up the whole camp, and take squaws. They even scalp the Injuns. If these warriors had that kind of trouble, we're in for it."

The next morning the trappers came upon a deserted camp. They found what remained of the trapper; Indians had cut the body into quarters. The head with the hat still on was stuck on a stake, full of arrows. The white men gathered the parts and buried him.

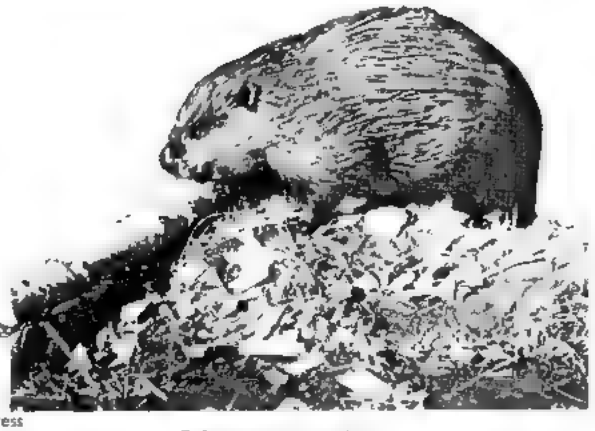
Deeper and deeper into the wilderness the mountain men penetrated to lay their steel traps on every stream that trickled down every hill, but always with one eye on the ridges and one hand on their gun. The Indians were forever present, stalking silently in the bush wherever the trappers turned. From the territory of the Crow the trappers passed into the land of the Sioux, the Arikara, the Shoshone, and the merciless Blackfeet.

THERE were other dangers, too, in the unexplored West. The giant grizzly

"The Trappers Last Shot" by T. D. Booth

The TRAPPERS

By OTTO WOLFGANG



Photos courtesy Library of Congress

A beaver emerging from the water

bears, for instance, as yet unfrightened by a rifle, were a constant menace. Powerful brutes of 1,000 pounds, they could crush a man's head with one swipe.

"We fought them often in the woods," one biographer wrote. "One grizzly strayed into our camp and scattered the three of us like kindling. We got to one gun and put a slug in the beast but he still pummelled us. We took turns thrusting our hunting knives into him until he dropped dead. George had his scalp lifted, which we carefully sewed back."

These reckless men were tenacious of life. One who was "mangled by a grizzly crawled a hundred miles on his belly to reach a fort." All this danger and hardship was endured because, of all things, European hat manufacturers needed the fur for the Beau Brummel style beaver high hat so popular among the dandy set around 1799. Europe and the eastern United States had been hunted out, so the search turned to the virgin West. It seems odd that profit should induce these rugged outdoor men to risk death for the most effete of indoor men.

No area was inaccessible to these early trappers who never got lost—"bewildered" perhaps, but never lost. "Not a hole or corner in the vast wilderness of the far West has not been ransacked by these hardy men," wrote a historian in 1848. "From the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado, from the frozen regions of the North to the Gila in Mexico, the beaver hunter has set his traps in every creek and stream. All this vast country but for the daring enterprise of these men, would be even now unknown to geographers."

The country west of the Missouri was practically unknown to Americans around 1780. It was an open stretch of uncharted wilderness ruled by savage Indians. When the famous trapper Jedediah Smith blazed the trail over mountains and desert to California it was considered one of the great feats in history.

Extraordinary courage was required to penetrate this land, but courage was something the trapper had in abundance. He enjoyed the fierce combat with nature and savage, being part warrior and part beaver himself. He loved the mountains and streams, and the forest was his home. He could not live otherwise.

A trapper seldom retired; he died on the trail he opened. Here he fought his ferocious battles, frolicked at the riotous "rendezvous" and left his bleaching bones.

Out of his courage came the trails and the fur trading posts that turned into the great cities and highways of our day. Men such as Jim Bridger, Daniel Boone, Jedediah Smith and Kit Carson and countless others were always 1,000 miles ahead of the army, the priests, and the gold hungry pioneers.

A trapper was a distinct breed and he dressed like one. As one historian described him: "He wears clothes of fringed buckskin and buffalo moccasins. His hair comes to his shoulders, topped by a low-crowned wool hat. A powder horn hangs from his neck to which is also attached a bullet mould, ball-screw, wiper and awl. He is shoemaker, tailor and butcher." The smarter one draped himself in a hardened deerskin overcoat to repel Indian arrows.

With civilization left behind, a trapper's companions were few or none until rendezvous time. Often these men became as barbarous as the Indians and beasts of the woods, and lost their desire for any other kind of life. They took Indian wives, if any at all.

SOME historians insisted that "all trappers were not drunkards . . . many were intelligent and religious . . . and carried books of Shakespeare, Byron, Scott and the Bible." But, in truth, the trapper was a rugged, uncouth man who became as wily as the savage he fought in the woods. He had to if he wanted to survive. He was skilled in rough and tumble and could gouge out an eye or bite off a nose or ear with ease. When chased across the desert by Indians, he ate his horse and later survived on rattlesnakes and his own urine. Without food for days on end, the trapper could forage with the best. When a lone buffalo was finally brought down, he sat like a lion at the carcass all night, eating and sleeping and waking to gorge again until his strength returned. If need be, he could cut a buffalo's throat and drink the thick blood, and make soup out of the bone marrow.

Yet he did not really survive; three-fourths of all trappers were finally killed by Indians. Even the rugged Jedediah Smith got a tomahawk in the back of his skull when he leaned over a brook.

Trapping was a short-lived profession. It flourished perhaps forty years at the most until 1840, when the demand for beaver skin diminished. The trapper just vanished, leaving little trace of his many historic battles. But the West will never forget him.

The contribution of the trapper to America was immense. He fought his way through the wilderness with recklessness, song and laughter, and his legend will live always in the white peaks and green valleys and silver streams he loved so well, for he was an immortal aspect of our own restless American nature. His rugged individualism was the hallmark of the West.

W. M. Cary's sketch of fur traders being attacked by Indians.

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GUNFIGHT AT IRON

Bullets from twenty-three guns were whistling through the air—and one of them had Curly Bill's name on it!

This old shell with a copper casing bearing the date 1880, and two hand-forged square nails, were found at the scene of the battle.

DID Wyatt Earp kill Curly Bill Brocius in a shotgun duel to avenge the murder of his brother, Morgan? I recently visited the scene of the reputed gunfight that occurred about twenty-five miles northwest of Tombstone in the rugged, barren Whetstone Mountains of southern Arizona. I found graves, old brass and copper cartridges, and fragments of purple glass.

A quick count, and I investigated only a small part of the old battleground, showed that thirteen persons were buried in rock-covered graves. None is believed to have died as the result of the Earp-Brocius shootout, since Wyatt said only one person was killed then—and that was Curly Bill himself.

Rather, I believe the graves contain the remains of soldiers from nearby Ft. Huachuca who were ambushed by Apache Indians. Or some of the graves might have been filled by settlers or travelers who stopped at the springs for water or rest.

They were known in Earp's day as Iron Springs. Today they bear a different name. The modern name of the springs won't be told in this article because the ranch owner on whose land the battle took place has asked that it not be published for fear grave robbers and souvenir hunters will dig up the site. But I can describe the place as it appears today.

It lies in a valley ringed by low rocky hills overlooking Tombstone and the dry riverbed of the San Pedro. The springs are now bone dry—the result of a widespread drop in the water table. A thick grove of mesquite trees has grown up in the past eighty-two years since the fight. Inside the mesquites is the remains of a stone building. Pieces of pottery, purple glass, hand-forged square nails and cartridges litter the ground.

I had no trouble at all in picking up a handful of the empty, brass and copper black powder cartridges. One old shell, with a copper casing, bore the date of 1880. Some of the shells had been flattened by the hoofs of cattle.

The graves are in no sense a cemetery. They lie scattered about the rocky hillsides and appear to have been dug at random. Most of the graves are single ones. Some are in clumps of twos and threes. None has a headstone of any sort.

A mile downstream from the springs is the well preserved ruins of a stone stage depot. A faint stage road leads from the depot to the springs and beyond. Both the road and the stage stop were built after the Curly Bill killing.

The gunfight has long been a matter of controversy among buffs of the Old West. While the subject of strong rumors, the fight has been pooh-poohed because no one—that is, no one who could be called a non-combatant—saw the body of Curly Bill.

Probably the reason that the gunfight was little talked about was because the outlaws were reluctant to admit their leader was killed by Earp. And Earp was never voluble about the subject because he was already under a murder indictment at the time—the killing of Frank Stillwell in front of the Southern Pacific depot in Tucson, Arizona.

Now, new information turned up by John D. Gilchriese, a field historian for the University of Arizona at Tucson, has given us a different look at the case. Gilchriese, whose research into the Earp family covers twenty years, says: "I have no doubt that Wyatt killed Curly Bill."

He has some potent material to back him up.

"I have in my possession Wyatt's own words describing the gunfight," states Gilchriese, "and I have his hand-drawn maps of the area and of the immediate vicinity of the fight, showing the rustlers' camp and where Curly Bill was killed.

"In addition, I can name—and I will in my book coming out next year—the name of every outlaw who was there and give their versions of the fight."

THE BATTLE, which occurred March 21, 1882, saw twenty-three men exchanging lead. But, as I said previously, only Curly Bill gave up the ghost. It was a ghost that was hard put to be laid to rest.

After the fight, many people reported seeing Curly Bill alive. Gilchriese painstakingly tracked down each report and

Old stage road, faintly seen in the foreground where it crosses the wash, leads directly to Iron Springs. The road is just as it was when the last stage rumbled over it from Tombstone to Greaterville.

PRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By ROBERT L. THOMAS

Photos Courtesy the Author

SPRINGS

found they were either hearsay or were from persons who had never actually seen Curly Bill in the flesh.

He was able to obtain Wyatt's own version of the fight from relatives of the Earps. With Gilchriese's permission, I was able to use quotes directly from Wyatt's handwritten account of the Iron Springs battle.

"It was a cold day when we rode out of Tombstone for Iron Springs. There was a trace of winter in the air and we were dressed in warm clothing. I wore my heavy (black) overcoat," Wyatt wrote in 1906

That day of March 21, 1882, was the last time Wyatt was to ride out of Tombstone. He never went back to the scene of his greatest fame again.

Wyatt was on a mission of revenge. He had been given a tip that Curly Bill and his gang had a hideout in Iron Springs and Wyatt was going to flush him out or die trying.

For the Earps, it was a time of frustration and hatred. Public opinion had turned against them in Tombstone. Virgil had been ambushed while walking in the street, and was crippled for life when someone shot him in the left arm with two loads of 00 buckshot.

Next, Morgan Earp was slain March 17, 1882, shot in the back with a pistol bullet while playing pool in Hatch and Campbell's Billiard Parlor and Saloon. He died in Wyatt's arms, his spine smashed by the heavy bullet.

The Earps (there were five brothers plus a half-brother who never visited Tombstone), shipped Morgan's body to the family home in Colton, California. Virgil accompanied the body to Colton, and Wyatt rode the train as far as Tucson.

During the night time stop in Tucson there was a try by Wyatt's enemies to kill him. In front of the Southern Pacific depot, Wyatt gunned down Frank Stillwell. Nearby was Ike Clanton, but he melted back into the shadows. He knew first-hand of Wyatt's prowess with a six-gun. His brother, Billy Clanton and the McLowery brothers, Frank and Tom, were killed by the Earps and Doc Holliday in the famous OK Corral gunfight.

Wyatt was pretty sure that the killers of Morgan were Stillwell, Clanton, a cowboy named Pete Spence, the cool and deadly gunman Johnny Ringo, and Curly Bill. Curly Bill Brocius was the recognized leader of Earp's enemies, a hulking heavy faced man whose own friends used to take away his guns (for their own protection) when he was drunk.

WHEN Wyatt left Tombstone for Iron Springs that chilly March day, he hoped to bag the rest of his brother's killers in one fell swoop and then leave Arizona

With him were such redoubtable gunslingers as the tubercular dentist, Doc Holliday, Warren Earp, Turkey Creek Jack Johnson, Sherman McMasters, Dan Tipton and Texas Jack Vermillion.

But let Wyatt tell it.

"We were riding beside the wash, a narrow course with steep sides about ten to fifteen feet deep. I was riding in advance and, as we approached the brink of the wash, about fifty feet away, I suddenly felt an invisible warning to myself

"'Hold,' I said to my men, 'there's something wrong here.'

"Then I saw a row of tents and out of one of them Curly Bill came running, a shotgun in his hands."

Wyatt instantly dismounted, pulling his own double-barreled shotgun from his saddle scabbard on the right side of the saddle horn.

"I drew down on him, pulled both triggers and ended his career," Wyatt reported succinctly.

Curly Bill sank to the ground, about a dozen feet from Earp. His shotgun flew forward, landing between himself and Earp's horse.

The sudden booming blast from Earp's shotgun apparently caused consternation on both sides. Earp's men were half dozing, tired from being in the saddle almost constantly since Morgan's death. They weren't as alert as they should have been and the sudden confrontation and shooting completely disorganized them.

Curly Bill's gang were relaxed too, lying in their tents or resting in a nearby grove of trees, never suspecting that Earp would hunt them out right in their own stronghold.

Both sides drew their guns "and the firing quickly became general," Wyatt wrote. Curly Bill's gang of fifteen men took shelter in the mesquite trees. Wyatt's men, caught out in the open and hampered by pitching, bucking horses, had to retreat.

Earp, on foot, was left all alone for a brief time. His horse was bucking furiously. And to compound his troubles, his holster belt, which he had loosened during the ride, slid down around his knees.

Trying to hold his excited horse, draw his six-gun, and keep from stumbling over the belt around his knees, Wyatt became the target of all the outlaw's guns. Miraculously, Earp wasn't hit, although his overcoat was pierced by several bullets. In later years Earp displayed the riddled coat to friends and writers.

Wyatt finally managed to remount and join his men who had ridden down the wash, out of range. He chided the men a bit for abandoning him. They, wanting to correct their lapse, wished to fan out and continue the gunfight.

"Gentlemen," Wyatt said, "Don't you think we've had enough for one day?"

The only casualty on Wyatt's side was Texas Jack Vermillion's horse, which was shot out from under him and killed. If there were any wounded among Curly Bill's gang it wasn't known. Later the outlaws withdrew from Iron Springs, taking Curly Bill's body with them and burying it on a nearby ranch.

Earp and his gang split up then, Wyatt traveling to Gunnison, Colorado, where he set up his gambling house again. All of Morgan Earp's suspected killers met violent ends except for Spence, who escaped into Mexico. Clanton was killed on the Blue River in 1887 in a gunfight with a deputy sheriff named L. V. Brighton. Ringo was found dead the next summer, shot in the head in Arizona's Chiricahua Mountains.

Warren Earp, the youngest of the brothers, was shot and killed in Willcox, Arizona, in 1900. Virgil, perhaps weakened by his gun wounds, died of pneumonia in Goldfield, Nevada, in 1905. Only Wyatt lived out his years, dying with his boots off in Los Angeles January 13, 1929, at the age of eighty.

Author, Robert L. Thomas holds a wagon rim found in front of an old stage depot in the mountains overlooking Tombstone, Arizona. The undressed stone in the rock walls was cemented with adobe.

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By SAM KINDRICK

Photos Courtesy San Antonio Express

IT WAS a hot, dry morning last August 24 as Frank Luna and C. A. Ruppel worked digging a pipeline ditch ten miles south of New Braunfels, Texas, along the right-of-way of Farm Road 1103. Taking a respite from the heat, Luna stepped into the scant shade of a mesquite bush and almost stumbled over the tarnished, dirt-encrusted edge of a partially buried iron chest.

Puzzled, Luna called to Ruppel, his foreman. As the two men dislodged the aged metal box from its resting place, Rupple warned, half in jest: "Careful, hombre. There might be a bomb in that thing."

A bomb, indeed, would not have caused more commotion in the Central Texas community of New Braunfels than the contents of that weather-worn little chest. When the two men pried open the container, their eyes fell upon rows of yellowish coin.

"Gold." Ruppel let the word slip from his lips. Luna speaks little English. On hands and knees, however, he had little difficulty reading the Spanish lettering on the coins—"Luis The First, By Grace of God, 1724, King of Spain."

The men stood together for a time in silence, each sensing the enormity of vast treasure lying at their feet. Neither had any comprehension of the chest's possible value. After making a pact to share their trove equally, Luna and Ruppel walked to a nearby ranch house where Ruppel called Comal County Sheriff Walter Fellers in New Braunfels.

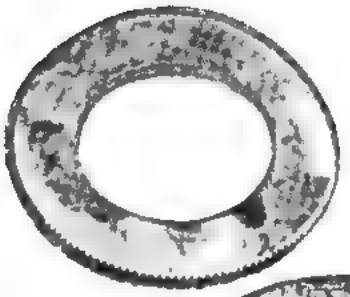
"I just told the sheriff we thought we had found a treasure chest," Ruppel said. "I told him we didn't know if it was worth anything, but we wanted the sheriff to have a look at it."

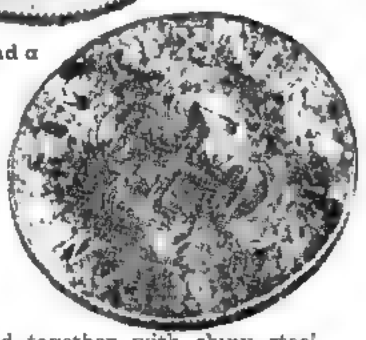
A skeptical Sheriff Fellers dispatched a deputy to pick up the chest. Later, back at the courthouse, Fellers' skepticism turned to controlled excitement when he saw the corroded iron box with its mysterious contents.

"It reminded me of something straight out of a Robert Louis Stevenson novel," the sheriff mused. "I know there are a lot of old Spanish trails, and it occurred to me that the Spanish might have buried treasures in these parts."

News of Spanish bullion spread like rising wind through New Braunfels and the surrounding area. Gold! Buried treasure! The enchantment of untold fortunes from an age past! By mid-morning the gold fever had bewitched the people of Comal County, and hundreds were elbowing into the courthouse, per-

So what if it's a fake? For a little while it might have been a king's ransom, and the men who found it are still not ready to give it up





A washer and a counterfeit escudo

spiring and pushing, each eager to see the Spanish coins.

Meanwhile, Ruppel and Luna—employes of McHone Construction Company of Fredericksburg—took leave from their work to stand, seemingly in a dazed state, near their find in the courthouse.

Some 600 persons jammed the courthouse during the day. About 200 others, inflamed by the prospect of sudden riches, dropped whatever they were doing and rushed to the construction site where they proceeded to dig up the farm road right-of-way. Ranchmen near the site posted guards to keep prospectors from encroaching upon their pastures with spade and pick.

Television camera men, radio announcers and newspaper reporters from San Antonio, Austin and the smaller surrounding cities converged upon the courthouse to chronicle the event.

RECOVERING their wits, Sheriff Fellers and his deputies conducted a minute examination of the find about noon—and the first hint that the treasure might not be authentic became evident. Beneath the coins, Fellers discovered rows of washers which appeared to be made of the same type metal. Arranged in tiers, there were 2,436 discs, each with a hole in the center. The rows of washers were covered by 84 of the coins, each bearing the name of the Spanish king. Edges of both coins and washers were milled, or grooved, and the arrangement left an appearance of stacked rows of coins. The washers, topped by the coins, were corroded together.

Ruppel, forty-four, and Luna, fifty-four, looked on blankly as Fellers announced his discovery. Neither workman seemed ready to believe he could be a victim of so cruel a hoax. The crowd, too, chose to believe in the treasure, dismissing any possibility of fakery. The iron chest was obviously old. Both coins and washers bore the marks of age. But why would the Spanish bury a chest of washers, covered by golden coins?

Fellers resolved to solve the mystery and clear his crowded courthouse. He telephoned Dr. William Burns, director of Witte Museum in San Antonio, and described the treasure.

Burns told Fellers his description of the coins fitted escudo pieces of King Luis I of Spain. The museum director was unable to contain his excitement. If the coins were authentic, Burns said, they would be worth nearly $3,000 each. And, yes, Burns admitted the washers might also be gold. Burns grabbed his hat and headed for New Braunfels, about thirty miles distant, for a personal inspection. The treasure might be worth more than a million dollars. The crowd in the courthouse received Burns' words with jubilation.

Basking in a flood of television camera the wordly Ruppel and Luna exclaimed over

Two apparent good fortune and they

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young braves p arrival of the coin expert

skin as the morn io, he quipped philosoph-

ically but without much conviction: "Well, the treasure may or may not be real. At any rate, we haven't lost anything."

The foreman voiced no specific plans for his wealth, but indicated he would put the gold to good use. Luna, a $1.50 an hour laborer, talked softly through an interpreter. He would remodel his modest home in New Braunfels with his share. The rest, he said, would be salted away for future needs after he paid off some bills.

In the middle of the afternoon, Burns arrived. He shouldered his way through the crowd, which had not diminished, and bent to the task of evaluating the chest and its contents. The crowd—even the ogling children—lapsed into silence as the museum official hefted the chest and fingered through coins and washers. Although Burns remained noncommittal throughout his investigation, the practiced eye of the expert was methodically ferreting out obvious flaws in what must be the most spectacular and inexplicable hoax of modern times.

Burns wagged his head in bewilderment. The coins appeared authentic. Later, Burns said they were obviously made by a genius. But when the museum curator lifted the chest, he knew it was much too light to be filled with gold. And he quickly noted that the iron chest, though caked with rust and greenish corrosion, was fastened together with shiny steel machine screws—mechanical aids not available to Spanish smithies of the Seventeenth Century.

Burns borrowed a coin and a washer, politely explaining he would have them tested in San Antonio and notify the sheriff of his findings by nightfall. Later in the evening, the two samples were checked with nitric acid at Hertzberg's Jewelry Store in San Antonio. Both proved to be brass, virtually worthless.

"Both tested brass," Burns told Fellers by telephone. "We tested both a coin and a washer and they both came out pitted with brass."

Sheriff Fellers was in a quandary. The gold seekers of Comal County were not

(Continued on page 54)

Frank Luna (right) and C. A. Ruppel survey their find

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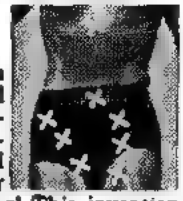

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Dan Dunn's Outfit

(Continued from page 28)

possible to move a yard in any direction. It was out of the question for any one to see three yards ahead, and there was often no telling when a foot was put down whether it was going through a rotten trunk or upon a spinning boulder, or whether the black shadows here and there were a foot deep or were the mouths of fissures that reached to China.

I fished too long one night, and was obliged to make that journey after dark. After ten minutes crowded with falls and false steps, the task seemed so hopelessly impossible that I could easily have been induced to turn back and risk a night on the rocks at the edge of the tide.

THE FIRST men to follow the engineers, after specifications have been drawn up and the contracts signed, are the right of way men. These are partly trail-makers and party laborers at the heavier work of actually clearing the wilderness for the roadbed. The trail-cutters are guided by the long line of stakes with which the engineers have marked the course the road is to take. The trail-men are sent out to cut what, in general parlance, would be called a path, over which supplies are to be thereafter carried to the workmen's camps.

The path they cut must therefore be sufficiently wide for a mule and his load. As a mule's load will sometimes consist of the framework of a kitchen range, or the end boards of a bedstead, a five-foot swath through the forest is a trail of serviceable width. The trail-cutters fell the trees to right and left, and drag the fallen trunks out of the path as they go along, traveling and working between a mile and two miles each day, and moving their tents and provisions on pack horses as they advance. They keep reasonably close to the projected line of the railway, but the path they cut is apt to be a winding one that avoids the larger rocks and the smaller ravines. Great distortions, such as hills or gullies, which the railroad must pass through or over, the trail men pay no heed to; neither do the pack horses, whose tastes are not consulted, and who can cling to a rock at almost any angle, like flies of larger growth.

This trail, when finished, leads from the company's storehouse all along the line; and from that storehouse, on the backs of the pack animals, come all the food and tools and clothing, powder, dynamite, tents, and living utensils to be used by the workmen, their bosses, and the engineers.

Slowly, behind the trail-cutters, follow the right of way men. These are axe-men also. All that they do is to cut the trees down and drag them out of the way. It is when the axe-men have cleared the right of way that the first view of the railroad in embryo is obtainable. And very queer it looks. It is a wide avenue through the forest, to be sure, yet it is little like any forest drive that we are accustomed to in the realms of civilization.

Every succeeding stage of the work leads toward the production of an even and level thoroughfare, without protuberance or depression, and in the course of our ride to Dan Dunn's camp on the Kootenay we saw the rapidly developing railroad in each phase of its evolution from the rough surface of the wilderness.

Now we would come upon a long reach of finished roadbed on comparatively level ground all ready for the rails, with carpenters at work in little gullies which they were spanning with timber trestles. Next we would see a battalion of men and dump carts cutting into a hill of dirt and carting its substance to a neighboring valley, wherein they were slowly heaping a long and symmetrical wall of earthwork, with sloping sides and level top, to bridge the gap between hill and hill. Again, we came upon places where men ran toward us shouting that a "blast" was to be fired. Here was what was called "rockwork" where some granite rib of a mountain or huge rocky knoll was being blown to flinders with dynamite.

AND SO, through all these scenes upon the pack trail, we came at last to a white camp of tents hidden in the lush greenery of a forest, and nestling beside a rushing mountain torrent of green water. It was Dunn's headquarters—the construction camp. Evening was falling, and the men were clambering down the hillside trails from their work. There was no order in the disposition of the tents, nor had the forest been prepared for them. Their white sides rose here and there wherever there was space between the trees, as if so many great white moths had settled in a garden. Huge trees had been felled and thrown across ravines to serve as aerial footpaths from point to point, and at the river's edge two or three tents seemed to have been pushed over the steep bluff to find lodgement on the sandy beach beside the turbulent stream.

There were other camps on the line, and it is worth while to add a word about their management and the system under which they were maintained. In the first place, each camp is apt to be the outfit of a contractor. The whole work of building a railroad is let out in contracts for portions of five, ten, or fifteen miles. Even when great jobs of 70 or 100 miles are contracted for in one piece, it is customary for the contractor to divide his task and sublet it. But a fairly representative bit of mountain work is that which I found Dan Dunn superintending, as the factotum of the contractor who undertook it.

If a contractor acts as "boss" himself, he stays upon the ground; but in this case the contractor had other undertakings in hand; hence, the presence of Dan Dunn, his walking boss or general foreman. Dunn is a man of means, and is himself a contractor by profession, who has worked his way up from a laborer.

The camp to which we came was a portable city, complete except for its lack of women. It had its artisans, its professional men, its store and workshops, its seat of government and officers, and its policeman, its amusement hall, its work-a-day and social sides. Its main peculiarity was that its boss (for it was like an American city in the possession of that functionary also) had announced that he was going to move it a couple of miles away on the following Sunday.

One tent was the stableman's, with a capacious corral fenced in nearby for the pack horses and mules. His corps of assistants was a large one; for, besides the pack horses that connected the camp with the outer world, he had the keeping of all the "grade horses," so-called—those which draw the stone and dirt carts and the little dump cars on the false tracks set up on the levels near where filling or cutting is to be done.

Another tent was the blacksmith's. He had a helper, and was a busy man,

(Continued on page 44)

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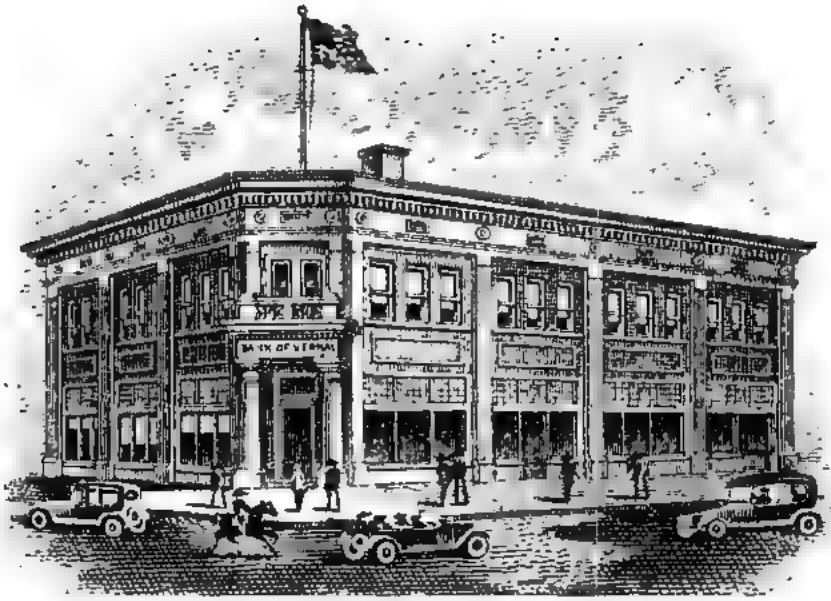

By VIRGINIA C. HOUSTON

PARCEL POST Bank

Vernal needed a bank but the prospects of getting one were slight . . . until an enterprising young businessman ordered one through the mail!

DURING the heyday of the cowboy-outlaws, Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch were only a day's ride from their favorite hideout in Brown's Hole to Vernal, a beautiful, prosperous little frontier town in eastern Utah. Vernal lay in a lovely valley with Diamond Mountain, Blue Mountain and Green River Gorge around it. There was a lot of money being made there in ranching, mining, honey production, and in the town's stores and saloons.

Butch and his men used to ride boldly down the street with their six-shooters gleaming in the sun. They would laugh and joke with each other as they passed the old frame bank and then would look back at it enviously. The outlaws would buy their supplies and ride out of town again, and no one dared to stop them.

Vernal folks were worried about the vulnerable state of their bank building, but it was 1916 before anyone did anything about it.

W. H. Coltharp, a prominent young businessman of the time, had a lot of pioneer shrewdness about him. He was a good-looking fellow, with a Will Rogers flair for living. Besides that, he was the best single-handed talker I have ever seen.

W. H. went to the bank directors and told them that the Coltharp family wanted to build a memorial to their father, W. P. Coltharp, and offered to build a two-story brick building, letting the front corner be used for a new bank.

The nearest brick kiln was 135 miles away over hard going roads and freighters demanded 15c a brick or $7,500 in all. There was no railroad into Vernal.

Prospects for the new building were fading like a desert mirage, when W. H. made the joyous discovery that the bricks could be mailed for 7c apiece. Vernal, being less than 150 air miles between the two points, took second zone postage although mail actually traveled 407 miles by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad to Mack, Colorado, then by narrow gauge to Watson, and finally to Vernal in a Star Route wagon. As postal regulations limited the weight of a package to fifty pounds, W. H. carefully figured 10 bricks to a package and ordered 5,000 packages!

On his way home from Salt Lake City where he had just ordered a building by mail, W. H. rode the old Denver and Rio Grande. This train so seldom had a passenger to be let off at Mack, Colorado, that they refused to stop the train completely. The train would slow down and the passenger had to jump off the still moving car. That way the train would not lose its momentum.

As W. H. jumped off the train this particular night, he fell and got his

(Continued on page 70)

Above left, the "Parcel Post Bank," ordered by W. H. Coltharp, above. Freight wagons pull into town (below left) and the original site of the bank structure appears on the right below.

DRIVES FISH STRIKE CRAZY!

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charged with all the tool sharpening, the care of all the horses' feet, and the repairing of all the ironwork of the wagons, cars, and dirt scrapers. Nearby was the harness man's tent, the shop of the leather-mender. In the center of the camp, like a low citadel, rose a mound of logs and earth bearing on a sign the single word "Powder," but containing within its great sunken chamber a considerable store of various explosives—giant, black, and Judson powder and dynamite.

More tremendous force is used in railroad blasting than most persons imagine. In order to perform a quick job of removing a section of solid mountain, the drillmen, after making a bore (say, twenty feet in depth), begin what they call "springing" it by exploding little cartridges in the bottom of the drill hole until they have produced a considerable chamber there. The average amount of explosive for which they thus prepare a place is forty or fifty kegs of giant powder and ten kegs of black powder; but Dunn told me he had seen 280 kegs of black powder and 500 pounds of dynamite used in a single blast in mountain work.

Another tent was that of the timekeeper. He journeyed twice a day all over the work, five miles up and five down. On one journey he noted what men were at labor in the forenoon, and on his return he tallied those who were entitled to pay for the second half of the day. Such an official knows the name of every laborer, and, moreover, he knows the pecuniary rating of each man, so that when the workmen stop him to order shoes or trousers, blankets, shirts, tobacco, pen knives, or what not, he decides upon his own responsibility whether they have sufficient money coming to them to meet the accommodation.

The "store" was simply another tent. In it was kept a fair supply of the articles in constant demand—a supply brought from the headquarters store at the other end of the trail, and constantly replenished by the pack horses. This trading place was in charge of a man called the bookkeeper, and he had two or three clerks to assist him.

The stock was precisely like that of a crossroads country store in one of our older states. Its goods included simple medicines, boots, shoes, clothing, cutlery, tobacco, cigars, pipes, hats and caps, blankets, thread and needles, and several hundred other necessities of a modern laborer's life.

The only legal tender received there took the shape of orders written by the timekeeper, for the man in charge of the store was not required to know the ratings of the men upon the payroll.

THE DOCTOR'S tent was among the rest, but his office might aptly have been said to be "in the saddle." He was nominally employed by the company, but each man was "docked" seventy-five cents a month for medical services whether he ever needed a doctor or not. When I was in the camp there was only one sick man—a rheumatic. He had a tent all to himself, and his meals were regularly carried to him. Though he was a stranger to every man there, and had worked only one day before he surrendered to sickness, a purse of about $40 had been raised for him among the men, and he was to be "packed" to Sproat's Landing on a mule at the company's expense whenever the doctor decreed it wise to move him. Of course, invalidism of a more serious nature is not infrequent where men work in the paths of sliding rocks, beneath caving earth, amid falling forest trees, around giant blasts, and with heavy tools.

Another one of the tents was that of the boss packer. He superintended the transportation of supplies on the pack trail. This "job of 200 men" as Dunn styled his camp, employed thirty pack horses and mules. The pack trains consisted of a bell horse and boy, and six horses following.

Another official habitation was the store-man's tent. As a rule there is a store-man to every ten miles of construction work; often every camp has one. The store-man keeps account of the distribution of the supplies of food. He issues requisitions upon the head storehouse of the company, and makes out orders for each day's rations from the camp store. The cooks are therefore under him, and this fact suggests a mention of the principal building in the camp—the mess hall, or "grub tent."

This structure was of a size to accommodate 200 men at once. Two tables ran the length of the unbroken interior—tables made roughly of the slabs or outside boards from a sawmill. The benches were huge tree trunks spiked fast upon stumps. There was a bench on either side of each table, and the place for the men were each set with a tin cup and a tin pie plate. The bread was heaped high on wooden platters, and all the condiments—catsup, vinegar, mustard, pepper, and salt—were in cans that had once held condensed milk. The cooks worked in an open-ended extension at the rear of the great room. The rule is to have one cook and two "cookees" to each sixty men.

While I was a new arrival just undergoing introduction, the men, who had come in from work and "washed up" in the little creeks and at the riverbank, began to assemble in the grub tent for supper. They were especially interesting to me because there was every reason to believe that they formed an assembly as typical of the human flotsam of the border as ever was gathered on the continent.

Very few were what might be called born laborers; on the contrary, they were mainly men of higher origin who had failed in older civilizations; outlaws from the States; men who had hoped for a gold mine until hope was all but dead; men in the first flush of the gold fever; ne'er-do-wells; and here and there a working man by training. They ate with great rapidity, little etiquette, and just enough unselfishness to pass each other the bread. It was noticeable that they seemed to have no time for talking. Certainly they had earned the right to be hungry, and the food was good and plentiful.

Dan Dunn's tent was just in front of the mess tent, a few feet away on the edge of the river bluff. It was a little "A" tent, with a single cot on one side, a wooden chest on the other, and a small table between the two at the farther end, opposite the door.

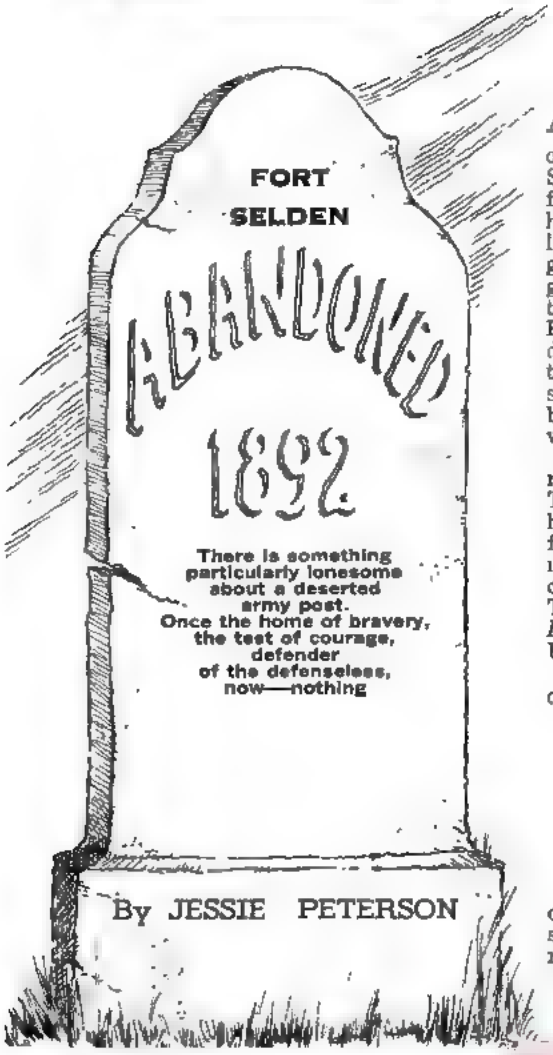
"Are ye looking at my wolverines?" said he. "There's good men among them, and some that ain't so good, and many that's worse. But railroading is good enough for most of 'em. It ain't too rich for any man's blood, I assure ye."

Over six feet in height, broad-chested, athletic, and carrying not an ounce of flesh that could be spared, Dan Dunn was a striking figure even where physical strength was the most common characteristic of every man. From never having given his personal appearance a thought—except during a brief period of

(Continued on page 48)

LICENSED TO UNZ OF
CTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sad evidence of what wind, rain and time have done to Fort Selden


FORT
SELDEN
ABANDONED
1892
There is something particularly lonesome about a deserted army post.
Once the home of bravery, the test of courage, defender of the defenseless, now—nothing

By JESSIE PETERSON

ALL THE old forts of the Southwest which were made of adobe (and most of them were) are facing oblivion. Fort Selden, in New Mexico, is one of those fading away landmarks. Every day the hot southwestern sun bakes the defenseless walls. Boisterous winds pick up gravel and rock from the ancient parade grounds and the wide, vacant streets of the fort and hurl them against the walls. Rains and often violent cloudbursts drench the adobes. Each attack of nature takes it inexorable toll. Soon the walls still standing will have melted away, back into the earth from which they were fashioned.

Fort Selden's ruins are sixteen miles northwest of Las Cruces on Highway 85. Tourists in fast cars, not knowing of the historical spot, whiz past the crumbling fort over the same route that the Spanish conquerors followed when they claimed the country for Spain in 1598 This stretch of Highway 85 (*Camino Real*) is part of the oldest road in the United States.

A marker at the side road that turns off to the crumbling outpost reads:

> **Fort Selden, Built in 1865 to protect both settlers and the post road. Abandoned 1879. Reoccupied in 1881 during the Apache uprising. Finally abandoned 1892.**

The Apache Indians, the most reluctant of the tribes to bend to the will and superior numbers of the white man, roamed this country which had always been their home. So the site for Fort Selden was selected with care. It was on the banks of the Rio Grande, thus assuring plenty of water at all times. On a high hill, it overlooked the valley in every direction.

Selden was a haven for wagontrains as well as the solitary horseback traveler. Soldiers and their families, hungry for news of what was happening "back home," welcomed strangers; just their presence was an excuse for a gala day for the post.

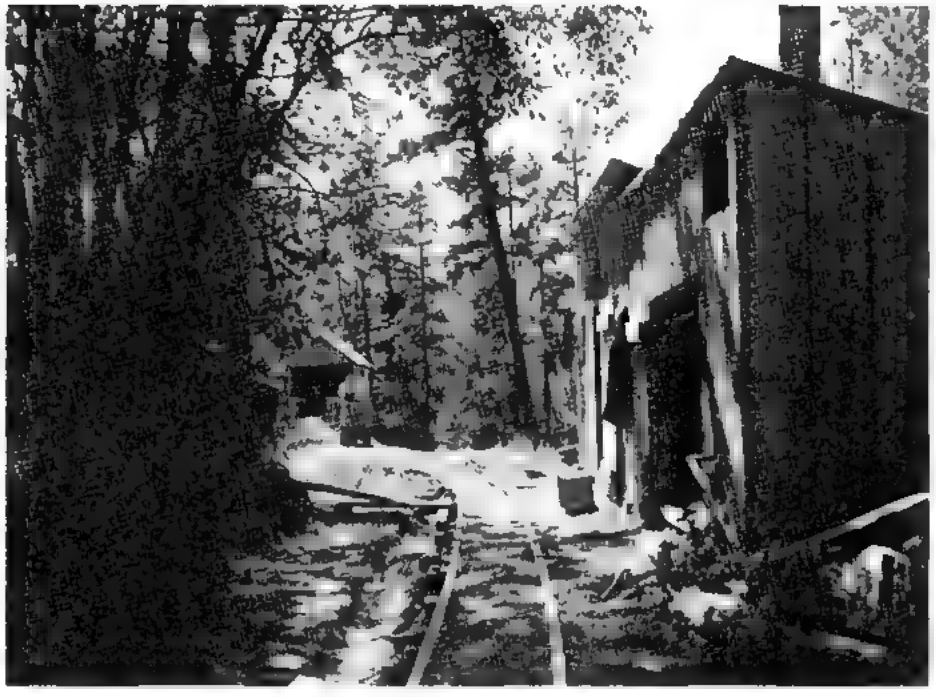
Fort Selden had a large parade ground completely surrounded on all four sides with comfortable barracks for the enlisted men, very livable houses for the officers and their families, ample corrals for the horses and equipment, a ten-bed hospital, a workshop and a bakery. Just outside the walls, enlisted men had taken advantage of the waters of the Rio Grande and had a very good garden that produced enough vegetables for the entire personnel. Some of the soldiers' wives had flocks of chickens and a few kept cows. One lady, hungry for real country butter and buttermilk, persuaded a soldier to make a dasher and top for a large stone jar she had brought from the South. Probably that makeshift churn became a much "borrowed" item.

Fort Selden was on the most traveled route west, for a bit to the north was another road which led through the Caballo Mountains. The latter was shorter but more dangerous; so dangerous, in fact, that it became known as the *Jornado Del Muerta*—the road of death or journey

(Continued on page 69)

Wild Old Days!

Photos Courtesy Authors



Returning the ore cart to the Little York claim, staked in 1890. Toolshed and compressor house are on the right.

LIBERTY GOLD
By H. D. Wernex

THE INDIAN was still after the white man's scalp when Liberty, in Washington Territory, was started. It happened when a couple of trappers being chased by redskins took refuge under some fir trees that had been uprooted. What they found while scratching in the dirt waiting for their pursuers to clear out changed their mode of living.

When word got out, a small boom was on. Miners from the California rush floated in, others came from working the gravels of the Columbia River. They put up log huts in the canyons and took out several million in the yellow metal, but like most mining camps, when greener pastures in the Yukon Territory beckoned, Liberty all but became deserted. Soon Chinese miners moved in and honeycombed the area with tunnels.

No mining is done today but a few old-timers still call Liberty home. Clarence Jordon, who was there when it all started, will proudly show you rare specimens of wire gold with its beautiful fern-like patterns. One he found weighed better than five pounds. His "Ace of Diamonds" claim brought Jordon around $100,000. Another old-timer who now operates a small roadside cafe within the shadows of his old diggings will show you a pan of floor sweepings under a microscope. Tiny particles of gold show up. Gravels along the creek beds near Liberty still assay at $1.00 a yard.

Though Liberty, as a town, is dead, each summer "hobby miners" from the city arrive in late model cars, and work a few pans of gravel from their claims doing enough to keep up their assessment work.

DARN THAT PESKY NAG
By B. J. Richardson

THEY WERE a lot alike, Gramps and old Jim, a hardy, determined pair. Gramps was old, yet he retained an appearance of a much younger man. The grizzled mustache and hair, white since his teens, enhanced the dignity, not the age, of his face. Unclouded blue eyes belied any senility of the mind, and a wiry body proclaimed his physical endurance. Gramps could toil day after day from sun to sun on his beloved ranch in the backwoods of northern Idaho and never seem to falter.

John Wesley Snyder was an incredible man and, by the same measure, Jim was an incredible horse. An over-sized, dappled grey, Jim, too, was a tireless worker. He could out-pull any mate Gramps put under harness with him but a streak of devil pulsed beneath his tough hide, and he could send his high-spirited owner into terrible fits of rage.

Jim was born on the ranch and grew up under the stern hand of Gramps, a hand often applied to Jim's rump in reprehension. Of course, Jim was not one to be easily mastered and he continued to plague Gramps until their relationship became a sort of battle of wits. Almost from colthood Jim was an expert with his lips. He could unlatch any door on the ranch with the exclusion of the one to the house and he even came close to that.

It was one of those cloudless, October nights and Jim was restless. Pasture grass was plentiful, but Jim's appetite yearned for a different diet. He went to the small gate beside the woodshed and tested the lock. It was solid but the gate was not, and one push with his mighty chest sent the barrier to the ground. Jim stopped long enough to nibble at the raspberry bushes before he wandered into the back yard and began to investigate the screen door on the back porch. It presented no problem and Jim squeezed inside. To his delight he found a box of apples Gramp had delayed carrying to the cellar, and several sacks of potatoes stacked against the wall. Jim ate to his heart's content and what he didn't want, he scattered about the porch.

Bored at last, Jim attempted to turn around on the narrow porch and in his clumsy way he toppled a table loaded with fruit jars. The sudden confusion unnerved him and in his haste to escape he put one of his huge hoofs through the floor.

Gramps, aroused by the commotion, came upon the scene as Jim struggled to free his foot. Gramps could not have contained his anger had he not been so concerned for Jim's leg. Gramps spoke in quiet tones as he sawed away the boards and got the horse off the porch, safely.

ONE MIGHT think after such an experience Jim would be inclined to live a normal life but Jim was not an ordinary beast. He had a passion for doors, especially the barn door, and no matter what obstacle Gramps would rig up to prevent his invasions, Jim could overcome it.

Winter was Jim's favorite season to apply his talents. After all, the weather left much to be desired and his meals were spaced too far apart; besides, Jim knew that Gramps always filled the mangers with hay when he cleaned the barn in the mornings. At least a dozen times a winter, Jim would open the way for the less tricky members of the corral set.

If Gramps were fortunate enough to happen along in time he might find nothing worse than empty mangers and a big mess. Otherwise he could expect half of the walls to be torn loose where one cow had tried to horn another through them.

Usually Gramps was alerted by the ruckus and he would run to the feed room in front of the mangers, shouting violent threats and waving his arms. Then, as so often in the past, Gramps was likely to forget the low beam and gouge a new furrow in his bald spot. At this point 175 pounds of humanity would simply explode into tantrums.

If Gramps hadn't loved animals like they were children he could have never tolerated Jim's latch lifting and all the extra work it caused—to say nothing of the expense involved. Jim's raids on the feed shed alone were quite an item, what

with all the chicken mash he devoured or wasted. And in the summer Jim always had his big nose stuck over the top board of the hay loft, munching at the winter's food supply.

Basically, Jim was not hungry, he just believed the grass was greener on the other side of the fence. That is meant literally, for no matter how lush the grass grew in the pasture Jim would stretch his long neck over the top pole and reach, reach, reach until the rail snapped under his weight. This bit of nonsense kept the pasture fences in need of constant repair but provided one of the few occasions when Jim had to make retribution for his antics. Gramps chopped all the poles from the timber on the place, and Jim had to drag them in bundles to the woodshed.

A good example of Jim's fickle nature occurred one afternoon after Gramps had hitched the team to an old hack and driven to the general store for feed. Gramps loaded the grain and went back inside the store to chat with grocer. There was seldom time to visit and Gramps decided to wait for the train to bring in the mail—more as an excuse to exchange conversation than anything else.

Outside, the horses stood at ease and, even as the passenger train rounded a curve and made the long trip across the meadow and halted at the depot, Jim appeared to be unconcerned. Then as the train began to chug out of the station, Jim suddenly threw up his head, snorted a signal to his mate, and leaped into action. The ancient wagon rattled on its iron wheels and sacks of feed bounced about uncertainly as Jim lit out for the ranch.

Gramps saw the team as they flashed past the front of the store and he fled out the door, shouting, "Whoa! Whoa!"

Neither his entreaties to stop nor his fearsome oaths caused the runaways to slacken their speed, and Gramps was left to walk the mile back to the ranch, expecting at every turn in the road to find the scattered ruins of his wagon.

Luckily for Jim the hack stayed in one piece and the grain remained intact when Gramps found them grazing below the chicken house. Gramps was ready to strip the hide off Jim but the long hike and the sight of the wagon unharmed cooled most of his wrath.

All in all, Jim had a good life and, like Gramps, he spent his last days on the ranch. They are both gone now, these pioneers of another age. They died peacefully—no pain, no fuss, their spirits just slipping away in the night.

A Sunday School picnic at Horsemound schoolhouse in 1906.

OLD SOD SCHOOLHOUSE

By Morris N. Adams

HORSEMOUND Schoolhouse, in southeastern Cheyenne County, Colorado, was built around 1905 or '06. A group of what might be called deluxe sod shanties were being built in the vicinity at that time. The sod was laid in mortar made from the sticky, yellow clay sub-soil common to that area; the interior was plastered with a mixture of sand and a whitish, clay-like material which the homesteaders called native lime.

The rafters ran lengthwise the building and the roof sheathing ran up and down the slope of the roof, from a wall plate to the ridge rafter. Tar-paper was laid over the sheathing and covered with the same type of sods which were used in the walls, laid with the grass side down.

Although hailstorms ruined nearly every other type roof which was used in the neighborhood, I never knew one of these sod roofs to leak during the fifteen or twenty years that the buildings remained standing.

The name "Horsemound" dates back to the late 19th Century, when two young cowboys, following in the wake of the western push of the railroads, picked that spot for a wild horse trapping venture.

The schoolhouse was built at the base of a wide knoll which covered 300 acres or more, and rose almost a hundred feet above the surrounding landscape. At the top of this knoll the young men built a tower of sod to gain a still better view of the surrounding prairie.

On the western side of the knoll a short draw started near the highest point and ran nearly due north for a mile or so and joined what was locally known as Sand Creek.

Just above the mouth of the draw, on the south bank of Sand Creek, was a chalk rock outcrop which formed a semicircular pocket of a half acre or more with sheer walls on three sides.

THE HORSE hunters filled in the gaps in the natural wall, built an obstruction across the open side of the enclosure, and extended it for some distance along the edge of the creek bed. This, with the high bank above, formed a funnel.

At the mouth of the funnel they built a sturdy gate which, when open, was concealed behind the curve of the corral wall. There was no unfamiliar object, left visible, to frighten an approaching wild horse

An indispensable part of the horse hunting venture was a little mare. Some say she was grey, others say she was a buckskin, but all agree no horse on the Plains could pass her when she was runing free.

Each day, as the men built their corral and lookout, they would lead this mare out onto the prairie, free her and drive her back to the corral at a run. Once inside she was given a feed of grain. In a very short time she would bolt for the corral the moment she was released.

When all was ready, the men mounted their lookout and scanned the plains for bands of wild horses. They had chosen their location well, for in any direction they could take cover in a dry creek bed and circle around any herd within driving distance.

A scant half-mile southwest of their tower, the North Fork of the White Woman made a sharp turn along the base

(Continued on page 62)

Jim was hard at work in the picture below.

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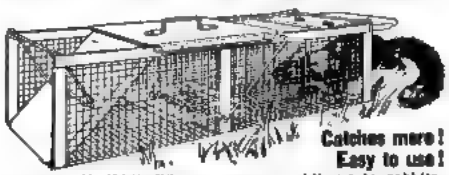

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Dan Dunn's Outfit

(Continued from page 44)

courtship antecedent to the establishment of a home in old Ontario—he had so accustomed himself to unrestraint that his habitual attitude was that of a long-bladed jackknife not fully opened.

His long spare arms swung limberly from a long spare body set upon long spare legs. His costume was one that is never described in the advertisements of city clothiers. It consisted of a dust-coated slouch felt hat, which a dealer once sold for black, of a flannel shirt, of homespun trousers, of socks, and of heavy brogans. In all, his dress was what might aptly be termed a symphony in dust.

Yet Dan Dunn was distinctly a cleanly man, fond of frequent splashing in the camp toilet basins—the Kootenay River and its little rushing tributaries. He was not shaven. (As a rule he is not, and yet at times he is, as it happens.) On Sundays, when there was nothing to do except to go fishing, or to walk over to the engineer's camp for intellectual society, he felt the unconscious impulse of a forgotten training, and put on a coat. He even tied a black silk ribbon under his collar on such occasions, and if no one had given him a good cigar during the week, he took out his best pipe (which had been locked up, because whatever was not under lock and key was certain to be stolen in half an hour). Then he felt fitted, as he would say, "for a hard day's work at loafing."

IF YOU came upon Dan Dunn on Broadway, he would look as awkward as any other animal removed from its element; yet on a forest trail not even Davy Crockett was handsomer or more picturesque. His face is reddish-brown and as hardskinned as the top of a drum, befitting a man who has lived out of doors all his life. But it is a finely moulded face, reflecting good nature and some gentleness.

The witchery of quick Irish humor lurks often in his eyes, but can quickly give place on occasion to a firm light, which is best read in connection with the broad, strong sweep of his massive underjaw. There you see his fitness to command small armies, even of what he calls "wolverines." He is willing to thrash any man who seems to need the operation, and yet he is equally noted for making rough laborers his personal wards. He collects the money such men earn, and puts it in the bank or sends it to their families.

"It does them as much good to let me take it, as to chuck it over a gin-mill bar," he explained.

As we stood looking into the crowded tent, where the men sat elbow to elbow, and all the knife blades were plying to and from all the plates and mouths, Dunn explained that his men were well fed.

"The time has gone by," said he, "when you could keep an outfit on salt pork and bacon. It's as far gone as them days when they say the Hudson's Bay Company fed its laborers on rabbit tracks and a stick. Did ye never hear of that? Why sure, man, 'twas only fifty years ago that when meal hours came, the bosses of the big trading company would give a workman a stick, and point out some rabbit tracks and tell him he'd have an hour to catch his fill.

"But in railroading nowadays we give them the best that's going, and all they want of it—beef, ham, bacon, potatoes, mush, beans, oatmeal, the choicest fish, and game right out of the woods, and every sort of vegetable (canned, of course). Oh, they must be well fed, or they wouldn't stay."

Dunn said that the supplies of food are calculated on the basis of three and a half pounds of provisions to a man—all the varieties of food being proportioned so that the total weight will be three and a half pounds a day. The orders are given frequently and for small amounts, so as to economize in the number of horses required on the pack trail.

The amount to be consumed by the horses is, of course, included in the loads. The cost of packing food over long distances is more considerable than would be supposed. It was estimated that at Dunn's camp the freighting cost $40 a ton, but I heard of places farther in the mountains where the cost was double that. Indeed, a discussion of the subject brought to light the fact that in remote mining camps the cost of packing brought lager-beer in bottles up to the price of champagne. At one camp on the Kootenay, bacon was selling at the time I was in the valley at thirty cents a pound, and dried peaches fetched forty cents under competition.

As we looked on, the men were eating fresh beef and vegetables, with tea and coffee and pie. The head cook was a man trained in a lumber camp, and therefore ranked high in the scale of his profession. Every sort of cook drifts into camps like these, and that camp considers itself the most fortunate which happens to eat under the ministrations of a man who has cooked on a steamboat; but a cook from a lumber camp is rated almost as proudly.

"Ye would not think it," said Dunn, "but some of them men have been bank clerks, and there's doctors, and teachers among 'em—everything in fact, except preachers. I never knew a preacher to get into a railroad gang. The men are always changing—coming and going. We don't have to advertise for new hands. The woods is full of men out of a job, and out of everything—pockets, elbows, and all. They drift in like peddlers on a pay-day. They come here with no more clothing than will wad a gun.

"The most of them will get nothing after two months' work. You see, they're mortgaged with their fares against them ($30 to $40 for them which the railroad brings from the East), and then they have their meals to pay for, at $5 a week they're here, and on top of that is all the clothing and shoes and blankets and tobacco and everything they need—all charged agin them.

"It's just as well, for the most of them are too rich if they're a dollar ahead. There's few that can stand the luxury of $30. When they get a stake of them dimensions, most of them will stay no longer after pay-day than John Brown stayed in heaven. The most of them bang it all away for drink, and they are sure to come back again, but the 'prospectors' and chronic tramps only work to get clothes and a flirting acquaintance with food, and they never come back again at all. Out of 8,500 men we had in one big work in Canada, 1,500 to 2,000 knocked off every month. Ninety per cent came back. They had just been away for an old-fashioned drunk."

IT WOULD be difficult to draw a parallel between these laborers and any class or condition of men in the East. They were of every nationality where news of gold mines, of free settlers' sec-

(Continued on page 50)

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UVALDE GHOST

By O. T. GILLETT

Author Gillett prepares to "saddle up."

There wasn't a bit of doubt but what something had hold of him –and it wasn't gonna turn loose, either!

AFTER my mother and grandmother died, my grandfather, Col. William M. Landrum, took me to his Angora goat ranch twenty miles northeast of Uvalde, Texas. I was then about fourteen years old, and in those days (1890) Uvalde had less than a thousand inhabitants.

Right off I wanted to be a cowboy, not a goat herder. Already knowing a good deal about horses, I very naturally went to riding and working with cowhands in order to learn the trade.

They considered me a greenhorn kid and gullible enough to swallow their preposterous tales of goblins, ghosts, two-headed animals and other tall yarns. One solemnly declared a real centaur lived in the hills back of the Nueces River.

When I repeated their lies to Grandpa he would chuckle and say, "Well, you can take a lot of joshing and hoorawing." Then he would explain whatever it was they had pulled on me. Their biggest yarn concerned the haunted house where ghosts appeared.

When the railroad approached Uvalde, property owners refused to give the company a right-of way because, they said, locomotives traveling at a top speed of twenty miles per hour would kill all the children and dogs in town. So the railroad passed lower town to the north, put the station there, and called it Uvalde, too.

The dirt road to it passed through a graveyard fenced with rails. Tall live oak trees grew along the fence, forming a kind of tunnel over the narrow road. Outside the graveyard by the northwest corner stood a rotting down, two-story house of whip-sawed lumber. The house had been built before the Civil War for a couple planning to marry. Two handsome young men had courted the bride-to-be, it seems, and when she made her choice, the rejected one grew very bitter.

The couple were married in town and toward night were escorted by celebrating friends to their new home. The party concluded around midnight, after which the newlyweds prepared for bed.

Meanwhile the hate-filled former suitor had caught two large diamond-back snakes. Cutting off their rattles, he put them between the bed sheets. On retiring, the bride and bridegroom were bitten, and both died. The ornery young murderer then blew his brains out with a six-gun.

From that time on, people living in the area swore the house was haunted and wouldn't go near it. During the first quarter of each new moon the couple appeared about the premises. It was claimed they menaced people, trying to avenge themselves for their untimely tragic deaths.

While telling this yarn, the cowboys embellished it with scary details, swearing they had encountered the ghostly pair many times. Two of them related harrowing personal escapes from destruction at the couple's hands. Of course I immediately repeated this frightful story to Grandpa.

He always called me "Otie," so he said, "Otie, there are no such things as ghosts at the house or anywhere else."

When he explained all that to me, I believed him. As my teacher, I believed everything he told me. But I was about to have an experience with those "ghosts" that would shake my faith.

IT OCCURRED during the school year. Every winter, families in a fifty-mile radius of Uvalde sent their children into town to school. One day some of the boys got to arguing about the haunted house. Believing Grandpa, I scoffed at them, whereupon they offered to bet me I didn't dare stay in it overnight. The first quarter of a new moon had come around again.

They were so afraid of the ghosts I called them cowards. According to them if I tried to stay there I wouldn't be alive the next morning to collect the bet.

A little sore when they refused to listen to reason, I wagered five dollars I would enter the place at sundown and leave at sunrise in the morning. My riding pard, Albert Perrenot, declared, "I'm not afraid of ghosts, either. I will go with you."

The boys accompanied Albert and me to the sinister old ruin, saying they were going to hang around a while outside. Soon after sundown, the ancient house turned into an eerie place. Boards creaked and made fantastic sounds with every movement of the wind. Also, there were big rats running around upstairs and down. Broken shutters banged against the walls and loose doors added more noise. Killing time, we smoked hand-rolled cigarettes.

Perhaps an hour after dark the squeaking of the back door swinging open almost bolted us out of our clothes—and something entered! We learned we were a little scared after all, and I began to wonder if Grandpa knew all he thought he did. Soft, ghostly footfalls could be heard approaching in the Stygian gloom.

Albert and I were ready to panic in wild flight when a whine echoed in the room. Right then nothing was more welcome than that sound which identified the intruder as a dog, not a ghost. Albert owned a small black and white mongrel that always followed him around. It had trailed him down, and we relaxed, shaky with relief, on the rotting floor boards.

An hour or so later, the boys outside started creating weird sounds on a bull fiddle. Now, a bull fiddle in those days was fashioned by stretching a violin's rosined G-string over a wooden washtub and sawing it with the bow. We had done it lots of times playing Halloween pranks, so this didn't frighten us in the least.

When the eleven o'clock train whistled lonesome across the countryside, I said

(Continued on page 67)

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Dan Dunn's Outfit

(Continued from page 48)

tions, or of quick fortunes in the New World had penetrated. I recognized Greeks, Finns, Hungarians, Danes, Scotch, English, Irish, and Italians among them. Not a man exhibited a coat, and all were tanned brown, and were as spare and slender as excessively hard work can make a man. There was not a superfluity or an ornament in sight as they walked past me; not a necktie, a finger-ring, nor a watch chain.

There were some very intelligent faces and one or two fine ones in the band. Two typical old-fashioned prospectors especially attracted me. They were evidently of gentle birth, but time and exposure had bent them, and silvered their long, unkempt locks. Worse than all, it had planted in their faces a blended expression of sadness and fatigued hope that was painful to see. It is the brand that is on every old prospector's face. A very few of the men were young fellows of thirty, or even within the twenties. Their youth impelled them to break away from the table earlier than the others, and, seizing their rods, to start off for the fishing in the river.

But those who thought of active pleasure were few indeed. Theirs was killing work, the most severe kind, and performed under the broiling sun that at high mountain altitudes sends the mercury above 100° on every summer's day, and makes itself felt as if the rarefied atmosphere was not atmosphere at all.

After a long day at the drill or the pick or shovel in such a climate, it was only natural that the men should, with a common impulse, seek first the solace of their pipes, and then of the shakedowns in their tents. I did not know until the next morning how severely their systems were strained; but it happened at sunrise on that day that I was at my ablutions on the edge of the river when Dan Dunn's gong turned the silent forest into a bedlam.

It was called the seven o'clock alarm, and was rung two hours earlier than that hour, so that the men might take two hours after dinner during the heat of the day, "else the sun would kill them," Dunn said. This was apparently his device, and he kept up the transparent deception by having every clock and watch in the camp set two hours out of time.

With the sounding of the gong, the men began to appear outside the little tents in which they slept in couples. They came stumbling down the bluff to wash in the river, and of all the pitiful sights I ever saw, they presented one of the worst. Of all the straining and racking and exhaustion that ever hard labor gave to men, they exhibited the utmost. They were but half awakened, and they moved so painfully and stiffly that I imagined I could hear their bones creak. I have seen spavined work horses turned out to die that moved precisely as these men did. It was shocking to see them hobble over the rough ground; it was pitiful to watch them as they attempted to straighten their stiffened bodies after they had been bent double over the water. They gained erectness by slow jolts, as if their joints were of iron that had rusted.

Of course, they soon regained whatever elasticity nature had left them, and were themselves for the day an active, muscular force of men. But that early morning sight of them was not such a spectacle as a right-minded man enjoys seeing his fellows take part in.

Pawnee Scouts

(Continued from page 19)

return to camp with scalps as evidence of their success. Under their brave and fearless commander, Frank North, whom they loved and trusted, they were the best scouts I have ever known."

Buffalo Bill, the famous white scout, was once skeptical of Pawnee tracking skill but became a believer when a Pawnee led him across a seemingly unmarked plain to rendezvous with a hostile band.

Another story tells how the Pawnees were fond of using the old white-horse decoy trick. When camp was made at night, a white horse would be staked out a little distance away and apart from the main horse herd. After dark the Pawnees would take concealed places around the decoy, waiting to ambush would-be horse thieves. Scalps often proved their success.

CONNOR found a large village of Arapahoes near what is now Sheridan, Wyoming. Here he appears to have administered a not too decisive defeat, mostly because the enlisted men and Indian allies became too interested in looting. Their greed was of no profit to them, for General Connor had all of the plunder burned later as an object lesson.

Various estimates of the number of slain Arapahoes range from 60 to 160. The loss of white men was said to be anywhere from one to five. One friendly scout, a Winnebago, was killed; 250 lodges were burned and 700 to 1,100 head of horses were captured. This might seem to imply victory, but the Arapahoes were not put out of action. They followed Connor's command and continued to fight far into the following night.

After this action, General Connor marched for ten days down the Tongue River to its junction with the Yellowstone where he was to meet Cole, Walker and their combined commands of 1,800 men.

They were not there upon his arrival, and after several days, Connor became concerned over their delay. Captain North with fifty of his Pawnees was sent out to discover the whereabouts of the missing columns.

North and the Pawnees fought blizzards and blinding sleet storms for severals days before they ran into a large camp of hostile Cheyennes or Sioux. Detouring the village, they finally picked up the trail of the Cole command and soon came to a site where Cole had camped. Here they found 900 dead horses, many of which had been shot. These, together with evidence of an enormous amount of burned and destroyed equipment, seemed to indicate that Cole had had a big fight.

When North and the Pawnees returned to report their discovery, Connor immediately began withdrawing to rescue the remnants of Cole's command. After five days' fruitless march, he dispatched North, with half his Pawnees, to discover what had happened to the soldiers.

On the second day of their mission, during the afternoon, the scouts picked up the trail. Two days later, Cole and his command were found. Cole's men were in the last stages of exposure, exhaustion and starvation. North had made contact barely in time. Rescue came nearly three weeks after the time allowed for their supplies and provisions. Thirty-five men had already perished from privation and exposure.

Both commands met at Ft. Connor to recuperate while Connor made prepara-

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tions to fight the Indians who had contributed to the near disaster—those who had almost overwhelmed 1,800 men. It was while making these plans that General Connor received word that he had been relieved in the Platte River District and that he was to return at once.

Captain North and his Pawnees were ordered into winter service on the Pawnee reservation where they replaced a company of regular cavalry. Not much of note happened during the following months and the Pawnees were temporarily mustered out of service in April, 1866.

THE FOLLOWING year in March, General Augur, commanding the District of the Platte (there were frequent changes of command in this hot spot of the West), authorized Frank North, now Major, to enlist the services of 4 companies or 200 Pawnee scouts.

The Pawnees were to patrol and guard the construction workers and supplies along the 300 miles of Union Pacific right-of-way, which was then building through the hostile country.

After outfitting at Ft. Kearney, Nebraska, they entered on active service around the middle of April. It has been said that the result of their operations materially reduced attacks on both construction crews and trains. The number of lives they saved, the amount of property, or the time saved in completing the line can scarcely be computed by any ordinary method of reckoning. A complete book could be written about their activities and the praises sung of them in the diaries and letters of the travelers along the Union Pacific and the Overland route that year.

During a great part of the summer, the Pawnees headquartered at Granite Gulch, about halfway between present-day Cheyenne and Laramie, Wyoming. From here they patrolled both ways along the track and right of way.

Their biggest fight of the year came during August, at Plum Creek, Nebraska. Here a band of 150 Cheyennes under Turkey Legs had derailed and looted a freight train, killing and scalping the crew, one of them while still alive. Major North and thirty-five Pawnees defeated Turkey Legs in a lusty brawl when the Indian returned for more plunder from the freight train. During this fight, the Pawnees captured a woman and a boy. The latter turned out to be Turkey Legs' nephew, and later he was exchanged for three white children.

After a spring, summer and fall of inestimable service in the bulding of the first trans-continental railroad, the Pawnees were again mustered out for the remainder of the winter in January, 1868. Hardly had they been released when, in February, Major North was authorized to re-enlist two companies (or 100) Pawnees to resume protection of the railroad.

The year of 1868 was a repetition of 1867. Attacks were beaten off at various points along the route. Indians who struck at portions where and when the Pawnees were not present, were pursued, punished and stolen goods recovered.

The largest fight of 1868 took place in July, on Muddy Creek in Nebraska. Frank North took half the men from each of the two companies to hunt buffalo. He accompanied a combined group of some 5,000 Pawnees, Omahas, Winnebagos and Poncas.

During one chase, the friendly allies became widely separated. A war party of approximately 600 Sioux from Spotted

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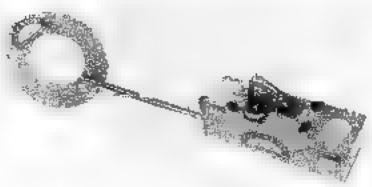

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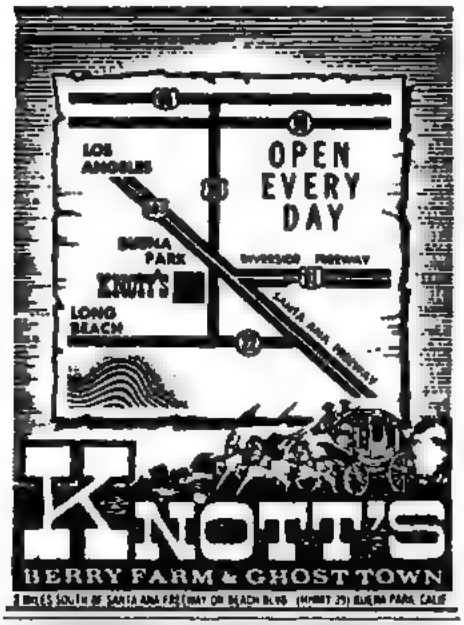

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Tail's camp had been awaiting just such an opportunity. During the subsequent attack on the scattered hunters, Major North, Captain C. D. Morse (his second in command and brother-in-law), and seven Pawnee scouts were forced into a small gulch by some 100 attacking Sioux. The latter had things their own way for a time as Major North and his small party were pinned down with no chance for escape.

The action was rough and deadly, as the main body of Sioux drove any aid the little party might expect back toward the main camp. Then reinforcements in number came to the scattered hunters from the main camp, and the little party with Major North was eventually rescued. During this small segment of the main battle, three of the scouts were wounded, two severely, and one died later as a result.

This was the only Pawnee scout who ever met death through enemy action during the time the Pawnees served under the North brothers—a record that is almost unbelievable when one considers the innumerable major battles and minor skirmishes and encounters in which they were engaged.

AGAIN the Pawnees were temporarily discharged from active service in January, 1869. By now it would seem that the length of discharge was about the length of a modern furlough. Short though they were, the winter layoffs did permit the Indians to renew their family ties.

Their fifth year in governmental employ, 1869, was a big one for the scouts. Major North had enlisted three companies of Pawnees during the first of March. After a few minor skirmishes, the scouts were ordered to Fort McPherson, Nebraska. Here a summer campaign was being readied against the Dog Soldiers under Tall Bull.

During the previous fall, Roman Nose, leading warrior of the Dog Soldiers, had been killed at Beecher's Island in the fight with Forsyth's scouts. Tall Bull, the chief and friend of Roman Nose, was still around and the drive had not yet departed from his restless braves, the most active and warlike element on the Plains.

General Carr's command, after repeated maneuvering and several small brushes with the hostiles, finally caught Tall Bull's band at Summit Springs, Colorado. The Pawnees played a major part in the victory that forever broke the spirit of the Dog Soldiers.

Here occurred an incident that portrays the basic humanity of the Pawnees. It had been said by one observer of the Pawnees that they had no understanding of the value of money. After five years of earning money at the risk of their lives, they well knew the value of money and what it meant to their families.

Two white women had been captives of Tall Bull's band. One of them, Mrs. Thomas Alderdice, had been killed by Tall Bull to prevent her rescue by the whites. The other, Mrs. Weichel, escaped serious injury.

During the capture of the camp, $1,500 had been discovered. Of this, $640 in gold (worth considerably more than currency on the frontier) had been found by the Pawnees. They gave all of it to Mrs. Weichel. The remaining $860 had been found by the whites. Approximately $300 of this amount, or one-third, was turned over to Mrs. Weichel. There were other things, apparently, that the Pawnees valued more than money.

For this campaign and the defeat of the Dog Soldiers, the legislatures of Colorado and Nebraska passed a resolution of thanks to General Carr, the Fifth Cavalry, to Major North and the Pawnee Scouts.

General Carr was relieved of command soon after the battle of Summit Springs and Colonel Royall took the Fifth Cavalry and scouts back to Ft. McPherson, where General Duncan assumed charge.

General Duncan proved to be less understanding of the Pawnees' capabilities than any other officer in supreme command during their career. Instead of using them as advance and flanking scouts, he used them as rear guards. As a consequence, several opportunities to punish hostile parties were lost for lack of sufficient warning.

General Duncan also made the mistake of the Captain Gillette mentioned earlier in the story. His was even more absurd, for he insisted that the Pawnees, serving as guards around the camp, report their posts in English, every hour.

The following would be an example of white guards reporting their posts: "Post number one, half past nine o'clock, all's well." This would be repeated from post to post around the camp until the circle was complete. One wonders as to the experience of General Duncan, for such nonsense in enemy territory would have been an open invitation for slaughter of his guards.

The Pawnees had still not learned English and the results were so ridiculous that they were side-splitting to everyone but the general. The Pawnees tried, but failing to remember the proper words, substituted phrases learned from the enlisted men. Their calls went something like: "Poss number half pass, five cents, go to ——, I don't care!"

As in the case of Captain Gillette, General Duncan countermanded his order, posting the scouts to night guard duty. Some of the old soldiers figured the Pawnees were smarter than either Captain Gillette or General Duncan.

Except for small details, the 1869 campaign was the scouts' last government service for several years. The Union Pacific had been completed; hostile Indians had begun their retreat toward the north.

There was some employment of at least two companies of scouts along the Union Pacific and on other duties but this evidently was somewhat sporadic in nature, as Major North was employed elsewhere. Since the Pawnees would serve under the command of no one but the North brothers, the service must have been under the younger brother Luther, or "Lute" as he was affectionately named by the Major.

THE YEARS that followed saw a continuous war between the Sioux, chiefly under Spotted Tail, and the Pawnees. The Brulé Sioux had signed a peace treaty with the whites, but this did not hold for their allies, the Pawnees. If there were any honors to be won by the young warriors of the Sioux, they had to be won over the Pawnees, for they were the only enemies remaining within reasonable distance of the Sioux reservation.

The Sioux were much more numerous that the Pawnees, their ancient enemies. The Pawnees were and had always been known as valiant, skilled and worthy foes. Lucky was he who could count coup over a Pawnee. The name "Pawnee Killer" was one distinguished in its implications. The Pawnees had the reputation of never having lost a fight in defense of their established villages. The follow-

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ing story well illustrates the type of fight that established this record.

The Sidi tribe of Pawnees had gone south for the summer buffalo hunt. There remained behind only a few sick warriors, old men too inactive for the rigors of the hunt, and women and children unable, for some reason or other, to make the trip.

Among the ill warriors at the village was probably the most famous of all Pawnee men fighters. It was said that this warrior was the owner of innumerable coups, among them the killing of over 100 enemies. This man was Crooked Hand, named for a deformity that had been his since birth.

The Sioux had known of the departure for the hunt and had planned for the destruction of the village after the fighting men were gone.

Early one morning, 600 Sioux warriors rode into view on the hills overlooking the Pawnee village. There were no war cries or brandishing of the customary weapons as they appeared within view of the camp. This was a fight that was sure of only one ending.

With plenty of time for preparation, each had donned his finest dress and most elaborate war bonnet. The long line of mounted braves must have been both a thrilling and terrifying sight as they slowly advanced toward the doomed village. Their war song, swelling and ebbing on the gusty breeze, advertised their advance with a ominous and threatening undertone. The seemingly endless line of warriors must have been designed to prolong the mental torture of the helpless Pawnees before the easy kill. The breeze fluttered their decorations and fringes of their clothes while it opened and shut their feathered headdresses like strutting peacocks. The war horses, nervous and excited by the coming fight, waited only for the encouraging scream before breaking into furious and instant action.

WORD was brought in to Crooked Hand where he lay sick on a pallet in his lodge. Crooked Hand had never known defeat and would never go down without making a fight of it. He rose from his bed and assumed charge of the defense of the village. He gave orders and saw that they promptly obeyed. All must fight, the very old, the very young, the women who did not know how to fight. The sick must promptly recover, old wasted arms and stiffened joints must renew their strength and flexibility, boys must become mature warriors, women must become men. Their weapons were bows and arrows not worthy of being used on the buffalo hunt; boys used the weapons that were suitable only for the hunting of small animals; the women grasped tools that they used in the cultivation of fields.

This was the army that was to fight 600 of the flower of the Sioux nation—less than ten sick warriors, a handful of palsied old men, the immature boys and the frightened women. A rag-tag army matched against the conquerors of the Plains! But this was a battle that was different, for the Pawnees had a leader, Crooked Hand, who had unquestioned ability as a leader of a people who were accustomed to victory.

Some of the old men, wise in their years and experienced in past wars, counseled that Crooked Hand should make a stand behind the adobe walls surrounding the village. To Crooked Hand this would have been an admission of defeat and an acceptance of the inevitable; he would have none of it. He ordered his pitiful army to their horses—advance and attack!

When the entirely inadequate defense force advanced to meet the proud Sioux, they were met with shouts and calls of derision and laughter. The task of the Sioux, with the issuance of the Pawnees from their defensive position in the village, would now be a mock fight, soon over with little risk but with great reward in the counting of Pawnee coups.

Crooked Hand closed his ears to the baiting of the enemy; he knew his people, knew that they would fight with all their limited strength and skill for their lives and for their homes. There was this, also—the Pawnees had never been defeated in the defense of their homes.

In the middle of the morning, the Pawnee people made their hearts big and advanced on their confident foe. The Sioux soon found that this irregular army was no pushover, that the hoe was a very effective slashing weapon, that their hides were no more resistant to boys' arrows than the skins of small animals, that the muscles of old men could swell with anger, that the Pawnees—all of them—were indeed, "Men of Men."

Perhaps it was the very unusual that turned the tide in favor of the Pawnees. The Plains Indian was quite conscious of good or bad medicine and this was not a Sioux day. The Sioux began to press less strongly, then wavered, and their retreat became a rout. No one wanted to be killed or wounded by a hoe in the hands of a woman, there was no renown in being killed by the old or helpless and who wanted to be injured or slain by a boy's weapons?

During the pursuit, many coups were counted on the Sioux by the Pawnees. Campfires would hear the retelling of the fight for many years, women would exercise the rights of warriors to change their names after a big fight, boys would become warriors before their voices changed to match their deeds of valor. Crooked Hand had one more great honor to add to his already illustrious name.

IN LATER years, during the war of attrition with the Sioux, perhaps this battle was remembered by the enemy when they entered their campaign of extermination against the Pawnees. Their big chance for revenge came in the battle of Massacre Canyon in Hitchcock County, Nebraska, in the summer of 1873.

Seven hundred Pawnees had been permitted to go on their annual buffalo hunt. This was a little more than one quarter of the Pawnee nation at that time.

By some error, or misjudgment, 1,000 Sioux warriors from the Spotted Tail and Red Cloud bands were permitted to hunt in the same area. The result was inevitable, as there were only 150 warriors among the Pawnee hunters. Approximately 200 Pawnees were killed.

The following two years saw the Pawnees transferred to the Indian Territory, or what is now Oklahoma. It is said the move was made to avoid their total decimation, but the results of the move were almost as disastrous as the war with the Sioux. In less than two years, approximately one-third of the Pawnee nation had succumbed to the unfavorable climatic conditions of the new area.

For the frontier army, the year of 1876 was a year of disaster. General Crook, said to be the best Indian fighting general in the West, had been involved in two ineffective campaigns, on the Powder and again on the Rosebud. General Custer had been defeated and killed on

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the Little Big Horn.

During August, after the defeat of Custer, General "Little Phil" Sheridan remembered the success of campaigns in which Pawnees had participated. He called Major Frank North to Chicago for a consultation. As a result Major North was once again authorized to enlist the services of 100 Pawnees to accompany General Crook on his third and final campaign of the year.

Frank North proceeded to Indian Territory to secure the number required and took them to Sidney Barracks, Nebraska, where they were enrolled as of September 3, 1876.

During the months that followed, their presence again spelled success for still another campaign, keeping their record intact. The Pawnees helped to disarm Red Cloud, Red Leaf and their Sioux followers before continuing on to the north. There, in November, they played a major part in the attack on and the destruction of the Cheyenne village of Dull Knife. This was the battle that marked the beginning of the end for the Cheyennes and Sioux.

The Pawnees were mustered out for the last time in the spring of the following year, 1877. Again they were shortchanged in the amount of compensation to which they were rightfully entitled.

This might be the maxim for their years of dangerous and faithful service—that they were never adequately compensated or rewarded as soldiers and scouts, or as a nation for their generous contributions to the settlement and progress of the Old West.

Texas Treasure Hoax

(Continued from page 41)

satisfied with the news. Both Burns and a Secret Service agent who inspected the samples said they truly resembled ancient Spanish escudo pieces. More samples, the agent said, would be sent to the United States Mint in Washington, D.C. for further and more comprehensive testing. With permission of Ruppel and Luna, Fellers locked the chest of metal in a New Braunfels bank for safekeeping. A pall of disappointment descended on the town.

News of the weird hoax was relayed all over the country by the wire services. By morning, Ruppel's telephone was jangling as coin collectors and treasure hunters from everywhere beseiged him with questions and offers to purchase his odd discovery.

That same day Luna telephoned an attorney, State Representative John Alaniz of San Antonio. Alaniz, a champion of the Latin American people, in turn phoned both the newspapers and the Comal County sheriff.

"I have talked with a number of coin collectors and I have every reason to believe that the coins found by Mr. Luna may be very valuable," Alaniz said.

The San Antonio lawyer said Luna complained that the hoax treasure was deposited in Ruppel's name. Luna complained that he was not being allowed to even view the chest.

Not to be denied his share of the brass treasure, Ruppel promptly retained attorney S. T. Burrus of New Braunfels to state his case.

TWO DAYS later, bearded William Mahan appeared on the scene. Mahan, of Garland, is the leading contemporary Texas soldier of fortune. He manufactures metal detectors, writes magazine articles of his adventures, and pokes for buried riches from the abandoned gold camps of Colorado to the Gulf of Mexico. Mahan examined the hoax and was flabbergasted.

"It is a true monstrosity," he exclaimed. "But who would do it?"

To produce such a hoax, Mahan said, an individual would have had to spend $10,000 on dies and equipment. The fake coins may have been produced in an engraving plant. "If gold instead of brass had been used," he said, "the coins might actually have been passed off as authentic escudos, and they would be worth between $2,000 and $3,000 each."

Mahan pronounced the treasure worthless, offered his condolences to Luna and Ruppel, and then told them he would take the chest of brass off their hands for $500.

"I would like to have it around just to look at," Mahan explained. "It is truly a worthless masterpiece of bamboozlery."

Mahan is well known in treasure-hunting circles. His livelihood is earned in part from finding ancient coins. He has developed maps of shipwreck areas, mines and ghost towns. He also authored a book on Spanish treasure signs and symbols. The seeds of suspicion were sown in the minds of Luna and Ruppel before the Garland prospector finished stating his offer. They would not sell.

After consulting R. T. Nesmith of Foul Anchor Archives in Rye, N.Y.—leading authority on early Spanish coins—Mahan said: "Nesmith believes this must have been some type of Hollywood stunt or promotion thing that never came off. Maybe some studio planted the phony treasure and forgot about it. The going price for brass is twenty cents a pound. But my offer of $500 still stands. If they can get more, they're welcome to it."

Lawyer Alaniz claims scores of persons have contacted him about the treasure. "Many of them want to rent it for display purposes," he said. Burns wants to display the hoax at Witte Museum in San Antonio, "just to show people what a truly great hoax looks like," he said.

Bob Dale, manager of the Lost Valley Guest Ranch Frontier Town near Bandera, will match Mahan's offer for the box of brass. "Tourists at Frontier Town would love it," Dale said. "It would be a bigger attraction than real gold."

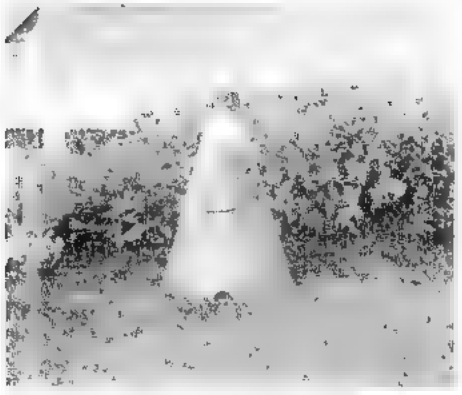
Still, Luna and Ruppel remain adamant. They are uncertain of their treasure's worth, and the question of ownership has yet to be settled. Alaniz said a court will probably be called upon to decide the ownership issue, explaining: "Luna wants to give Ruppel part of the profits, if there are any, but he doesn't want to split fifty-fifty since he found the treasure."

In the interest of possible profit, however, the squabbling factions called a temporary truce and agreed to display the treasure at the Comal County Fair September 25-26-27. The hoax was hauled in the fair parade, and exhibited to fair visitors for a nominal fee. Proceeds from this endeavor will be held in trust until a judge settles the ownership issue. Meanwhile, Sheriff Fellers will keep the treasure hoax of Farm Road 1103 safely locked away each night in the Comal County Jail.

The Sibley Stove

(Continued from page 27)

it was so mashed and deteriorated, it was beyond restoration. Another collector I know recently secured one after a year-long search, but these two were the only ones I'd come upon during the past few years until Mrs. Thelma Blackwell of



Courtesy Thelma B ackwe

Mrs. Blackwell's rare find.

Hardin, Montana, a TRUE WEST reader, forwarded a snapshot and brief account of one she had found. It is a remarkably well-preserved example—a real treasure. The fact that this stove was discovered in Montana is significant in establishing its relation to the post-war military campaigns against the hostile tribes and gives to it the hallmark of a true frontier relic.

Henry Hopkins Sibley died at Fredericksburg, Virginia, on August 23, 1886. His tent and stove creations had netted him very meager recompense because, when he resigned from the regular U. S. service in 1861 to accept a commission in the Confederate States Army, the Government refused to pay him royalty fees on his patents.

Major Sibley had originally entered into an agreement with the War Department to receive a $5 royalty on each Sibley tent unit supplied to the army. Quartermaster records reveal that the Federal Army issued receipts for 43,958 tents during the four-year conflict; at $5 per unit, this would have amounted to a pretty sizable head of lettuce but Uncle Sam consistently disallowed the claims and petitions of the officer and his heirs in the years following the war. Sibley's status as a regular U. S. Army officer had been nullified by his alliance with the Lost Cause.

So today, he is chiefly remembered for that intriguing little sheet iron wraparound known as the Sibley stove—a distinctively American thing which all collectors of Civil War and Frontier Americana can appreciate. Wish I had one.

The Two Faces of Sam Strayer

(Continued from page 30)

dred yards, then came back. Sam said, "Your calves are down in my corral. I didn't want some cow thief to get them." He gave a comical wink and continued, "This is Saturday. Drive over tomorrow for dinner. We will brand the calves and I will help you start them home."

The next day was a red letter day for us. We had a nice dinner topped off with a freezer of snow ice cream. Sam told me where I could get a load of dry ash wood. He also told us of five other ranchers living in a radius of ten miles; however, the Strayers were our nearest neighbors—just five miles away.

Sam said, "Some of the boys will try to run you out. When you get ready to make hay just take your mower and mow around a good tract. Get back from water so the cattle won't eat your hay land out. Collins is quite concerned about that shack on his range. He may be nasty. He is big and tough. If he looks too tough, strap on a gun and stand up for your rights. Just call his bluff and he will wilt. That is Government land and he knows it. He don't push me around. I will see him when I go for my mail and I'll tell him who owns the shack. I will also intimate that you are a friend of mine; that may help."

I had my brush with Collins in late June. It was an interesting meeting. Eventually Collins became a good friend, and I mean a "real" friend.

IN THE spring of 1908, I woke one morning to the sound of hammers. Hundreds of homesteaders had come in; someone was on every quarter. Thirty miles south of us, the Pierre and Rapid City extension had closed the rail gap. In the more open country, claim shacks showed up as far as the eye could see. We started a store and U. S. post office.

By 1911 all these people were gone. They disappeared, almost by magic. We were the only ones of the newcomers who remained. Our post office patrons dwindled from sixty to three; however, the evacuation was not as complete as it looked. The railroad area with six railroad towns hung on, although the boom was over.

During this time the Strayers and our family neighbored back and forth. Sam took great interest in our affairs, although in 1910 he took to drinking again. He shipped two cars of cattle to Sioux City and went through his two cars of cattle, about $2,000, before he stopped. On his way home, he was carried past Philip and on to Rapid City where he was thrown into jail. His pocketbook substantiated his claimed identity and he finally got out.

Later in the winter Sam went to Top Bar for his mail, which included a gallon of whiskey. En route home he fell from his horse and lay paralyzed drunk in the snow. Having been alerted just by accident, another man and I took Sam's trail. We found him in what would have been his final sleep. He was loaded on my horse and taken home and I stayed there until morning. Sam's fingers and toes were frozen but he got by without amputation.

The following summer I found him lying in a wagon box, the team stopped with their heads over the wire gate. Had he been able to open the gate, they would have taken him home. When I found him it was over 100 degrees in the shade. His eyes were glassy.

At home, his now nearly bedridden wife helped me to skid him into the cool interior of their dugout house. Again, I stayed the night. In the morning he was mumbling and stirring a little. We got some coffee down him, then he lapsed into a semblance of normal sleep. Cal told me I could go on home and they would make it all right.

Three or four days had passed when I rode over to see how Sam was feeling. I found him in high spirits. He had shaved, put on good clothes, with even a nice silk tie.

He said, "It's all over, I am off that stuff! What I mean is 'off.' Water is good enough for me." Then he added, "You know, that mother of yours knows more than any woman I ever saw. She has been at me for five years to get Cal out of this dugout. She says that is what causes Cal's rheumatism. I am going to build a real nice house. Cal has always kicked about spending the money but now she says she will go along."

Then he jumped up and said, "Come on out." We walked across the creek and he said, "This is right where we will build." This he proceeded to do.

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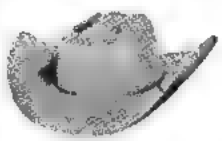

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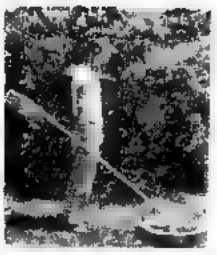

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a nice two-bedroom cottage, painted forest green with white trim. It looked fine there in the shade of the big cottonwoods. He then went to Pierre and bought a full set of new furniture, carpet rugs, new beds and mattresses, window drapes and all. Sam was proud and happy as a boy and so was Cal.

Living out of the dismal dugout did help Cal's health and a high-priced Victrola with $35 worth of records brought some sunshine into her life.

AS TIME went on, the drouth intensified. No grass, no hay, no water. Almost all the livestock had to be sold off. Mother and the children moved back to Pierre where we still owned a home. We had closed the post office, and sold out and "eaten out" our store. I was batching alone and breaking a few broncs at $5.00 a head. Then Sam rode in. He was at his best, sharp-eyed and alert.

I knew something was stirring. We talked along general lines, then he asked, naming three men, "Are those guys hanging around?"

I said, "Yes, a little too much for my winter supplies."

"I am in about the same fix," Sam admitted, "but they haven't had me catalogued yet. You know there is quite a lot of stealing going on?"

"Yes," I told him, "I have heard rumors, but if that is the way it points, they have stayed their last night with me."

"Oh, no," Sam said, "Not so fast! Just play along with them, talk a little tough. Maybe you can get onto something." Shortly after, he rode away saying he would be back in a few days.

Pretty soon, the gang rode in. They seemed to have money for penny ante. Their eats were mostly from grub-line riding, although they had a bachelor layout a few miles from Sam's place. I did a little fishing but got no response. They talked mostly about dances, girls and horse trades.

They didn't get up for breakfast, but when I came in at noon, they had a good dinner cooked. They washed the dishes and pulled out. I had gone on with my own work. They had just gotten out of sight, riding east, when Sam and two cattle company men rode in. These men were running cattle by the thousands on the Indian reservation north of Cheyenne River. They informed me that they were losing cattle, mostly big steers, all through the grass season. They suspected my grub-riding friends.

Sam said, "Fred, why don't you cultivate this lead and go along with these boys? You are in the best position possible to do the job. You can get $500 right here with two men and there is more to be had."

I finally said, "If you will get me properly deputized as a deputy sheriff so I can legally carry a gun and make arrests, I'll go along. Don't raise any money, as it will get out and put me in bad. If I think I have earned my money, I'll call on Sam. The grass-fat market is over and won't open up 'til late June. Maybe I can work in some petty stuff like rolling up wire and steeling shacks that will burn up as soon as we get enough grass for prairie fires."

One of the men remarked, "Election is coming up and we will wait and see who gets in. I don't like the present setup and am hoping for a change."

That closed the conference.

AMONG other things coming up at the election was county division but I didn't give that too much thought. In our area, no one seemed interested in division.

Well, things started happening too fast for my liking. All three of the suspects showed up at my place several days later. I don't think they had ridden very far, as their horses looked fresh. They didn't say where they had been, but they came in from the east.

During supper, which I had cooked, one of them joked, "What, no good beefsteak? What is the matter here? I am told that there are two big AT steers up on Log Creek."

"Yes," I answered, "I saw them today."

Then he laughed and said, "If you will help spot them and push them across Plum Creek, we will bring you a quarter of beef."

After the dishes were washed, I said off-hand, "If you're not kidding, I'm on."

It was a moonlight night when we went out, saddled up, and rode north. About four miles away, we picked up one of the steers. He was thirty miles from his home range. "Now for the other one," said John.

"Oh, no, one at a time," I insisted, and they didn't argue. I rode with them about two hours, across Log Creek, then rode off home, wondering what would develop.

Three days went by before a wagon rolled in with one of the boys and another man. The stranger surprised me a little. We hung the beef on the north end of the house wrapped in my canvas, pushed the wagon into the brush, and turned the team into the pasture.

After a beefsteak supper, they got out a deck and played cards. I read for awhile and went to bed. They slept 'til nearly noon and again dinner was ready when I came in. All afternoon they played cards and lay around. About sundown John said, "I heard by the grapevine that there is a good mower nailed up in a shack not too far away."

"You sure get around."

"Yes," he told me, "I have to if I want to make a living."

Their wagon pulled out shortly after dark. I tracked it the next day and they had taken the mower.

ON ELECTION day I went over to Manila to vote and get my mail. Someway I felt let down. I got Saturday's mail on Tuesday so I didn't go over for Wednesday's mail.

On Friday morning, I rode up out of the creek bottom. Up by the corral were three or four buggies, several saddle horses, and, in all, about sixteen men. Sam, Frank Hart and Dr. Verley—and that was as far as I got.

Sam shouted, "There he is now."

I rode on up and Sam introduced me to McMore, the postmaster, and R. M. Williams, a general storekeeper at Philip. I knew the others. Before I could ask a question, Sam said, "Had your mail since election?"

"No," I answered.

"Well, the county divided and we have a lot to do. But how about a good dinner?"

"Plenty of dinner if I can get some help," I said. "Turn your horses into the corral and shove down some more hay."

Sam picked four men and we walked down to the house. I sent Sam and Dr. Verley to cut beef. I gave them a dishpan and a sharp knife, saying, "There's some beef hanging out there. You can let it down with the wire stretcher. Get plenty."

I handed a pail to another man and said, "We will need water." I told the

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fourth man to get some wood and I started a fire, then peeled some potatoes. My water man helped me. I had a pan of baked beans and over a gallon of stewed prunes.

Sam and Doc came in with a pan of steak. Sam looked at me, winked, and said, "Quick work, old-timer." He knew I didn't have any steers that could put out that big a quarter.

I had the coffee on and I asked Sam to bake the biscuits. Doc and one of the others fried the potatoes and steak. We set the long table, and the big old range was really putting out heat. I had lots of dishes and in less time than one could think, we were all seated. So far, nothing but kidding back and forth.

At last, all seemed fed up. As we shoved back, Frank Hart, the County Commissioner for our area (in fact, his district just about covered the area of the new county) said, "I don't want to make a speech, but here are the basic facts. Of course, the votes have to be canvassed by the commission before this is final, but with the three-county split, this will be by far the largest county. A special election will be called by the Governor to name the county split-off, elect a full set of county officials, and pick a county seat. Nominating petitions are to be filed with the Governor. The old election precincts will be used and everything will be regular, except that the Governor will send out a special superintendent from Pierre to supervise in each precinct. This will probably be sometime in January."

Hart continued, "We have around two months to campaign. That's about it."

Sam then took the ball and talked directly to me. He said, "This is a goodwill trip. It's to stir up interest, first in regard to county seat, three railroad towns and Dr. Verley's post office. Lucerne has entered the contest; there will be others, I think. It's all free, open and above-board. There is no politics; each office seeker runs independently."

Sam continued, "No politics, but after this dinner, I think Fred Root holds the edge for sheriff and this representative group should support him." Everyone laughed and clapped but me.

I said, "Wait a minute. I don't think I have the brains, education or ability for the job. Besides, Frank Calhoun with four years' experience will run and beat me hands down."

However, the bee got in my bonnet, and Sam and Hart circulated my petition. In a field of six, I was away out in front. Philip, the largest railroad town, won the county seat.

THE FOLLOWING year I sold the ranch. Mother moved to Philip, as did Sam Strayer. I got married and built a home. Sam bought a house in the same block and our doors were only about 150 feet apart. He sold his ranch, bought a Model T car, and became a cattle shipper.

Sam had been sober for nearly two years. Then one night before the 1920 election, he got drunk. The Marshal tried to arrest him but he was on the fight. Sam was about seventy at that time. Someone said, "Call Root."

I entered the pool hall and when Sam saw me, he came right over and spoke out, "You know that danmed marshal thought he could arrest me!"

"What charge?" I asked him.

Sam said, "For circulating Hiram Johnson's petition for President of the U.S.A."

"Well, Sam, he couldn't do that; however, I place you under arrest for drunk

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and disorderly conduct."

Strayer looked stunned, then said, "Now, ain't that the cat's pajamas!" He also said, "But I guess you have the authority."

To everybody's surprise, we walked out—two and a half blocks to the courthouse with the jail in back. My house was directly across the street, and Sam's home, facing directly opposite in the same block, was across the alley. He evidently thought I was taking him home, but I turned in at the courthouse. Sam blew up.

"Neither you nor any other s-o-b can jail me!"

I tied into him and, though the vigor of young manhood had deserted him, it took some time to make those last hundred paces. At last he was locked in jail.

I listened for awhile outside; there was no voice, only hard breathing. Sam was too spent for words.

I lay awake for a long time that night. I was an ardent prohibitionist and we were under the Volstead Act at that time. The charge could be serious. I could have hauled Sam into court, charged him with having liquor, and forced him to either tell where he got it or face up to a year in prison. But the next morning Sam was all right, so I didn't prefer charges.

He promised to stay off the street for a few days and quit drinking. He refused to tell where he got his liquor. I again had a notion to throw the book at him but refrained; however, I told him to expect the worst next time.

The following year I saw little of Sam. We both went our separate ways. One man told me Sam was on a two-weeks' bender in Sioux City, but he was always fine when I saw him.

Then on Christmas Eve, fourteen months after I turned him out of jail, I was walking home from uptown. The telephone office overlooked both Sam's house and mine. The telephone girl rushed out, shouting, "Hurry, hurry, Sam is just shaking the boots off his wife!"

I ran as fast as possible, but I would never have gotten there in time to help her. Mrs. Strayer, considered bedridden, was lying in the snow, with blood spouting from her nose. My wife, fury in her eyes, was standing over Sam. She had jerked him off his wife as he was choking her. Sam was sitting in the snow and everytime he attempted to get up, my wife pushed him down.

He was under control when I got there. I took him in and flopped him onto his bed off the kitchen. Other neighbors came in and we got Mrs. Strayer back to bed and called a doctor. Cal weighed at least 270 pounds; how Sam ever got her out there, I will never know.

I sat the night out, thinking, thinking. I could hear Cal moan and Sam snore. It was cold, about twenty-five degrees below zero. I stoked the fire. About 2:00 a.m. I heard Sam up. I stayed still and Sam staggered into the kitchen. He didn't seem to see me sitting there. Getting down on his knees, he opened a low cupboard door and brought out a gallon glass jug. I grabbed the jug, opened the door and smashed it on the frozen gravel path; I then told Sam to get to bed. Instead, he grabbed my necktie.

It was a four-in-hand tie with double wrap knot. Sam gave me a terrific jerk. The tie tightened around my neck. In desperation, I jammed him against the cookstove, the lids of which were slightly red with heat. To break his fall, he slapped both bare hands on that hot stove. I couldn't loosen the tie but I managed to get my knife and cut the knot. I all but passed out before I got it done.

Cal was again hysterical. I got Sam back onto the bed after having quieted her. I then put ointment on his hands and bandaged them lightly. Bad as they were burned, he went to sleep right away but I didn't—there was a deep smouldering fire within me.

Since Sam had helped me in my first run for sheriff, ten years had slipped by. I had served two terms, skipped two terms, and was now on my third and last hitch.

CAL passed away and Sam was staying sober. I bought a ranch and was moving out. We were packing to move, when just before supper one evening, Sam came over and he was drunk. My wife, Maude, was alone with the two babies. Sam was swinging his old heavy pearl-handled six-shooter. He told her, "I came to kill Fred."

She asked him to come in and said I would be home to supper soon. Maude gave him a chair and a cup of coffee. As Sam laid the gun on the table, and before he had really let go of it, my wife grabbed it from beneath his hand and threw it over behind a big tall glass cupboard.

Sam never got his gun back. I came in shortly after, and they were conversing almost normally. The coffee and gun escapade had sobered him somewhat. But my appearance set him into a fury He wanted to know what he could expect from a s-o-b like me.

I told him, "Had you threatened anyone else, I would have gone to the limit with you; however, I will be out of office soon. Prohibition is out and you can legally drink and have all the liquor you want. Just like the old days, soon we will have the saloon and all. As for coming over to kill me, we have mixed too much to quarrel about a small thing like that."

Sam lived on. I seldom saw him as I spent little time in Philip. He slept in his house and ate at cafes but, as the years passed, he became unable to stay alone. The county commissioners made arrangements for him to live with my mother-in-law. She gave him a nice, large room and took the best of care of him. At first, if my name were brought up, he fell into a rage, but as he grew weaker, he often mentioned me and eventually just skipped over our later relations and talked of our earlier life. Sam slipped away quietly when just past ninety years of age and was laid to rest by the side of his one and only wife.

I forgive Sam for many of his faults on the grounds that he respected the sanctity of all men's homes and would go to any length to protect the unprotected. He was kind to his adopted children up to the time they were on their own. I don't think he ever struck either his wife or children except Cal on the one occasion I have set forth.

Sam was a moody man, ruthless at times, but always sympathetic with the underdog, the weak, maimed and blind. He drew no color lines and loved animals.

So rests Sam Strayer, the last of his family name. He was my best friend, my worst enemy, and again my best friend. Such men as Sam were an important link between the lawless and the lawful.

They Buried Him Twice

(Continued from page 31)

the house and set up a tepee in the yard. He still slept with his dogs.

More than anything else John loved his

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Roaring Thunder, and his ever-present cigar.

animals. He also loved his cigars and was seldom seen without one in his mouth. The guardian bought John an automobile, but he wouldn't ride in it. He would get into the car when it was sitting in the yard and admire and wonder at the many gadgets, crawl under it sometimes to try to see why it would run, but he always took off when someone started the motor.

John had made a few friends with the palefaces and everything would have been all right if the city fathers had not passed an ordinance against unlicensed dogs running loose in town. Not understanding those things, John ignored the new law and one day a deputy shot two of his pets.

Naturally, the Indian went on the warpath with hatred in his heart toward white people—yet his "war" was just hate for he never harmed anybody. John just stayed away from town for years and took to the creeks and hills again. He was hardly ever on his allotment but his guardian hauled out supplies and hoped he would get them. John always retrieved the cigars.

John Stink liked kids. I used to see him nearly every day coming around the creek or down the railroad track with his dogs. One time a bunch of small boys were out exploring; among them was the present superintendent of the burial park at Pawhuska. This bunch of kids came upon John down on the creek. He sat down and invited the boys to sit.

John took out his hunting knife and tested its sharpness. The boys held their breath, too scared to run; then John took out of his pocket a big plug of chewing tobacco, cut himself a wad, and passed the plug around to every boy. They were too scared to refuse. "Believe me, we were a mighty sick bunch of boys that afternoon," the park superintendent told me.

I also found that John must have been camera-shy. I only know of three pictures that were ever taken of him, and these were made by a Mr. Williams, one of the early-day photographers in Pawhuska. Williams told me he had made a picture of John, with his dogs lying down beside him on the sidewalk but didn't know what became of it. I couldn't find any photos of his dogs anywhere.

Ho-tah-moie was just a lonely old Indian, and like a child—a child of nature and the great outdoors. He was not the monster that the squaws used to hush and scare their unruly papooses by. He was human with a remembered teaching of the priests who visited the Indians and taught them to do no evil. He carried a rosary given him many years ago.

When he slipped on a rock in his great outdoors and broke his leg, they carried him to his log house. He lay for six months waiting for his leg to mend but the suffering must have been too great, for he passed into the Happy Hunting Ground September 16, 1938. His second burial was in the mausoleum at the Pawhuska Burial Park near a stained glass window which gleams on a simple statement carved at the head of his tomb:

Ho-tah-moie—Roaring Thunder
Born Jan. 1, 1863
Died Sept. 16, 1938

Cowboy Charley Siringo

(Continued from page 33)

had to do the same thing on a horse, many times."

"This here man," explained old Rufe, "is the greatest cowboy that ever came out of Texas, and the biggest whiskey-drinker."

"Hold on a minute," expostulated Siringo. "You're covering too much territory on the first—but I'll admit to the last."

Old Rufe was our master hand at plastering, and he had plastered the first house built in Tascosa using that innovation. He was old enough to have been Charley's father. As these two friends stepped to the station bar and began to empty a keg of Buffalo Springs Aged in Wood, I put them down as two acorns from the same tree. Although I would meet Siringo later, it was at this time that he entered my hall of memories. By this time in my life I had already met another to adorn that hall—twice within two years I had run across Wyatt Earp in my meanderings, one whom I would meet again a year from now.

Many times since I have tried to place the two in some like perspective, but to no avail. They were as far apart as the poles. Earp had the hands of a gambler, with not a scar or trace to show that he had ever toiled; Charley's hands were those of one who had learned to wrestle with steers. Two of his fingers were warped, as he said, by "grabbing at rocks while being dragged by a horse."

Earp's eyes were cold blue and mean, while Charley's were the color of Idaho russet potatoes, always with a twinkle in them. He was always looking forward to "Whooping her up, Liza Jane!" while Earp was always seemingly suspicious of every move one made. In short, Earp would have taken satisfaction in shooting you dead, while Charley would much rather have bent his pistol over your skull, thus affording you a chance to see flowers bloom again.

Without Siringo's ability to drink and hold a great deal of whiskey he could never have become a Pinkerton detective. In all of his cases he was forced to join the gangs involved, all members of which drank liquor in preference to water. A man posing as an outlaw who couldn't drink plenty of whiskey would have been dead before he got started, therefore during his twenty-two years in that pro-

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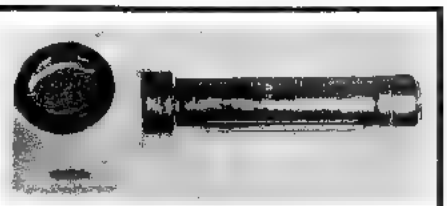

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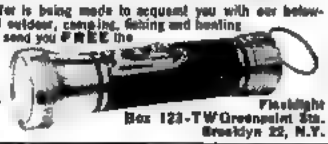

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fession he drank barrels of liquor, which was not a hardship but a pleasure.

His book, *A Cowboy Detective*, originally titled *A Pinkerton Detective*, had a hard time getting off the ground, as the detective agency squawked holy murder. He was compelled by this circumstance to not only re-title the volume, but to change and omit names of people. No one cared to buy such a book, and the publishing of it ruined him financially. Today it is common practice when a man has served with any agency, including the F.B.I., to write what he pleases concerning his experiences. It made Charley mad, and during the three years between *A Cowboy Detective* and his next book he did a lot of thinking. In 1915, throwing caution to the winds, he came up with *Two Evil Isms—Pinkertonism and Anarchism*.

This little booklet, peddled about by such means as Siringo could afford, was to him salve for the discomfort and loss in the publication of *A Cowboy Detective*, otherwise the gains were negative. He should either have gone ahead with the latter in its original form, or let it remain unpublished.

THE LAST time I saw Siringo he had a bad limp, caused by the acting up of an old wound caused by a would-be assassin. Charley was working alone at the time—free enterprise—as the college boys call capitalism nowadays, skinning dead cattle and branding mavericks under his recorded iron, T-5 connected. He was sitting by his campfire one day when Sam Grant, known as a "killer Negro," rode up and dismounted. He picked up Charley's belt and six-shooter, took out the pistol and remarking that, "You should have a good one, like mine," drew his own gun and fired at Siringo's heart.

Charley's knee was drawn up in front of and on a line with his heart, and it took the heavy bullet which went completely through the knee except for the skin on the other side. Seeing that his shot hadn't done the work, Grant leveled the revolver again and was about to fire when another Negro cowboy—a friend of Siringo's named Lige—rode up and yelled at him. He immediately put his gun away and swore that the gun had gone off accidentally, and then rode away saying that he would send a doctor from Deming's Bridge post office.

After the doctor had arrived and removed the bullet, Lige assisted Siringo into the saddle and took him to the Yeaman's Ranch, where he stayed until the wound had healed. Charley wrote, "It was thirty five years later before I learned from Nolan Keller, a ranch foreman, that a wealthy cattleman had hired Grant to kill me. He didn't like the idea of my new brand being placed on so many cattle, some of which may have belonged to him."

Grant himself was killed the year following up in Montana by a stone tribal tomahawk thrown by Liver-Eating Johnson. He had attempted to draw his big revolver on the fastest and most powerful of the old mountain men, and I recorded the incident in my book *Crow Killer, The Saga of Liver-Eating Johnson*. Grant had quit the cattle trails, with several town marshals sworn to kill him on sight for other shootings, and it is too bad Siringo couldn't have known of his demise, and how it was accomplished.

Siringo's *History of Billy the Kid* was the first book published on that outlaw, and although in later years he himself rode on the trail of Billy, I think his first recorded meeting with the latter was a classic of conviviality. In 1878 Siringo took some cattle belonging to cattleman Beals to Chicago by rail, and after returning to the LX Ranch near Tascosa, discovered Billy and some of his gang camped beneath a cottonwood tree near the cookhouse.

After all had eaten supper, Siringo, to show off his newly acquired city polish, passed around a box of fine Havana cigars. "I then pulled out my brand-new meerschaum cigar-holder, put one into it, and began to puff smoke toward the ceiling," he wrote.

"When I was through, Billy, the Kid asked me for the loan of it and I passed it over to him. He admired it very much, and asked me to present it to him, which I did. In return he gave me a finely bound novel he had been reading, and signed his name and the date in it."

This book Siringo had as late as 1920, but, like most of us, he frequently ran out of money, and it was probably sold later to a collector of Western material.

"Billy, the Kid," he wrote me with a pencil on a rough nickel tablet, "was a much better man than some of those who tried to arrest or kill him."

William S. Hart, of old-time movie fame, was one of Siringo's best friends. Although several letters had passed between them, they did not meet until the spring of 1924. At that time Charley was lodged in a one-room bungalow in Hollywood, a gentle rain was falling, and when Bill was ushered in, he noticed that there were pools of water on the floor.

Looking upward, he saw holes in the roof large enough to throw cats through, and said to Charley, "Maybe we'd better get your roof fixed before you catch your death of something."

"I already caught that four years ago," Charley told him, "and that's why I leave the leaks alone. I've got pleurisy, and the fresh wet air allows me to breathe better than if I had covered them up."

Siringo had only one chair, which he gave to Bill while he sat on the side of his well-made bunk. They talked across a miniature lake in the center of the floor. Hart was a great collector of historic guns, and he told Charley that he had one, purportedly used by Billy, the Kid which he would like to have him examine. This Siringo promised to do, but warned that it would be difficult for him to give an opinion, as he had never handled Billy's side-arms, and in the belt one Colt's .45 was pretty well like another.

Bill praised Siringo's trade-mark, which Charley had named "Old Colt's .45," but at that time he didn't feel like parting with it, and Hart did not press the subject. However, for the next couple of years he gave Siringo a much-valued opportunity to make some money as senior advisor on his motion picture sets. Finding that the books were not selling so well, he wrote Charley a special letter, praising them, in the hope that it might help sales.

Charley reproduced the letter in the form of cards, and sent them around and the sales did mount. "Bill Hart has got a 'heart' as big as a rain-barrel," he wrote me on the nickel tablet.

JAMES EAST, who served four terms as sheriff at the wild town of Tascosa, and before that was a cowboy chum of Siringo, was one of Charley's best friends. Charley, as boss of a cattle outfit, had sent Jim East and two other cowboys to the posse that tracked down Billy, the Kid. Long after Siringo's death, I wrote to Mr. East who then resided at Douglas, Arizona, requesting a photo-

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graph. He replied saying that all of his personal property had been destroyed in the burning down of his home, and "I burned my hands pretty bad in rescuing my old wife from that fire." He also wondered why anyone would be interested in him, who had spent most of his life as a peace officer—and he made his wild life sound very humdrum.

Most of the old men had fires in their last days. I wrote to George Coe, and he came up with the same excuse, that his home had recently burned down, but he came up anyway with a very good snapshot of himself, showing a bearded old man with goatee. George and his brother had been on many a wild ride with Billy, the Kid.

George, who was well acquainted with both Charley and Jim East, died in 1941. Siringo had told me a long time ago that the Coes were one of the most respected families in all New Mexico. "They cut the cheese the wrong way for Billy," wrote Charley. "Every time he turned around, someone killed one of his friends, and this kept him throwing lead. But for this fact he would have ended up as a well-liked citizen."

I often wondered why Siringo always had a kind word for Billy, the Kid, but Walter Pannell cleared it up for me a few years following Charley's death. Walter was doing editorial work for a Los Angeles magazine with which I was connected during the 1930s. Walter was the nephew of Dudley Pannell, mentioned in *A Lone Star Cowboy* as having been shot and killed at Tascosa, and authored a fine little book entitled *The Lincoln County Wars*.

"Bowdre's wife, who liked Siringo, told Lee Hall that her husband tried to ambush Charley when he and the Kid and O'Phalliard were camped at the side of the road to Fort Sumner," Walter said. "Bowdre sighted down on him with a Winchester and Billy kicked the gun out of his hands and told him that Siringo had once made him a valuable present, and that he (Billy) would have to be killed first. Bowdre's wife, a pretty Mexican girl, had an affair with Charley, and Bowdre had learned of it."

This made sense, because Bowdre's wife was admittedly one of Siringo's many sweethearts. He mentioned in *A Lone Star Cowboy* that after a dance one night he accompanied her to her room, but she would not allow him to enter. This was strange, but at a later meeting the girl told him that Billy, the Kid was hiding out in her room at the time. The "present" mentioned was evidently the cigar-holder Charley had given to Billy at the LX Ranch.

Some forty years ago I ran across a little poem by Ladd Haystead in *The New Mexico Magazine* and sent it to Charley. The first and last verses are as follows:

Riding down on Lincoln Town,
Two were silent, the third was gay.
He laughed and sang;
they rode with a frown—
Two would never come back that way.
Ahead was MacSwain's, music, wassail;
Ahead the sheriff's men were hid,
Waiting to end the six-gun trail
Of Bowdre, O'Phalliard, The Kid.

No one knows how the three got free;
One saved for a night
when peach trees bloom
In Old Fort Sumner where gay Billy
Met Pat Garrett
in Pete Maxwell's room.
Now in three mounds,
forgot by the years

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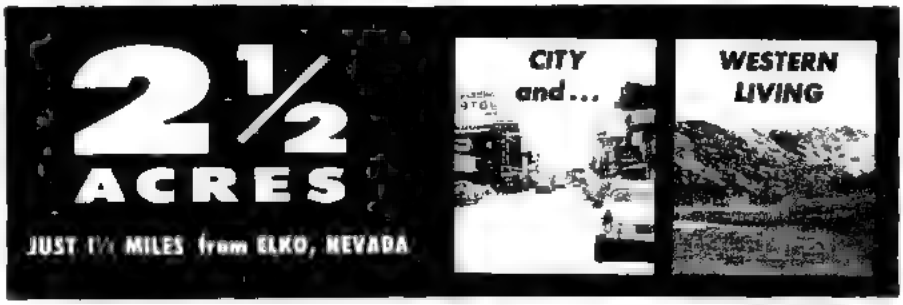

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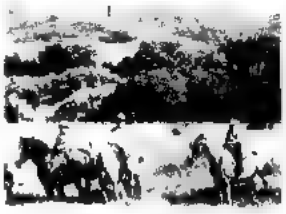

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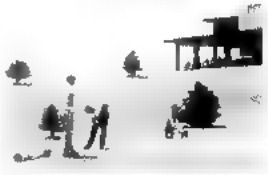

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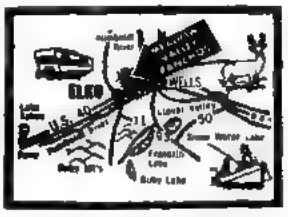

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In Sumner's graveyard, friends amid,
Rest together the three pistoleers,
Bowdre, O'Phalliard, The Kid.

"I don't guess anybody could find fault with that," Siringo wrote back. "They had lots of friends in New Mexico and the Texas Panhandle."

I never knew whether or not Charley published *Prairie Flower, or Broncho Chiquita,* because only eight months after he had written to me concerning it he was dead. He stated that he had finished the novel, but I have never seen anywhere in print anything concerning it. The late J. Frank Dobie, in his "Notes on Charley Siringo" in the 1951 Signet reprint of *A Texas Cowboy,* lists all of the books but this one, and gives various printing dates. Mr. Dobie said, "I never saw Charley Siringo"—and this was certainly a tragedy in its way, for had these two men come together in a literary partnership all of Charley's omissions would have been included and the old cowboy's name would have been much more significant than it is today.

Another maddening characteristic of Charley was his complete indifference to dates of happenings. I recall when I was in Denver writing for The Colorado Association more than three decades ago, I had something in hand that I was certain paralleled with a happening in *A Lone Star Cowboy.* Not having Charley's books at hand, I wrote my brother and asked him to check it out from his copy.

Two weeks later he replied, saying, "I burned a lot of midnight oil on this one, and will have to report that I can find absolutely nothing. Checking Siringo's dates is much more difficult than translating language found in the tomb of a Rameses. The nearest I can come is that it must have happened somewhere between 1870 and 1880."

The nonsensical part of this is that Charley had a remarkable memory, and could reel off dates of happenings in conversation offhand. But he wouldn't write them, and in the book mentioned he was certainly not bound by Pinkerton.

Perhaps in the post-mortem gathering of Charley's belongings something happened to *Broncho Chiquita*—even though finished—and it was not allowed to get off the ground.

With all of Siringo's shortcomings as a literary historian, however, he still looms as the classic cowboy who put things down as he saw them. When he passed away, he had hardly begun to tap the knowledge he owned on the American West. He had "Whooped her up, Liza Jane!" for many years, and but for the fact that he took some time off for a hunting trip in the Jemez Mountains of his beloved New Mexico in 1921, he might have lived to write many more books.

Sleeping out on old Mother Earth in the snow without a blanket, he contracted the disease that wasted him away and caused his death on October 19, 1928. Come to think of it, I don't believe Charley Siringo would want to be alive today. He was an American's American of the old school.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 47)

of the knoll. Its course could be followed out of sight to the west or to the southeast. From the corral, Sand Creek continued nearly due east on into Kansas. Upstream, just above the corral, it turned sharply to the north for several miles. Just below the turn a small draw came in from the west.

The little mare was led out and released on the far side of a band of horses. With no thought, save for the feed of grain which awaited her, she would charge through the center of the herd and lead out toward the corral while the men brought up the rear whooping and yelling.

When the stampeded herd thundered through the funnel the men were close on its heels to slam the gate closed before a single horse realized it was trapped.

One of the men who trapped the wild horses near Horsemound was still in the country when my father homesteaded a quarter-section a few miles below the head of the North Fork. He spent the night at our house after shooting the last wild horse on that range.

I attended school during my first and fourth years at Horsemound but, later on, cattle rubbed the corners out of the building and it collapsed. The sod house on our old homestead met the same fate.

Oregon Range Wars

(Continued from page 22)

ger of such action, as it might result in our organization having to proceed on the lines that 'Dead men tell no tales.' This is not to be considered as a threat to commit murder, as we do not justify such a thing except where flock owners resort to unjustifiable means in protecting their property. Signed..... Corresponding Secretary, Crook County Sheep Shooting Association of Eastern Oregon."

REWARDS offered by sheepmen's organizations, the counties and state, induced detectives to come into the area, but very little reward money was ever claimed. One detective named DeHaven became involved in a gunfight with a man named Puett and both were killed. Their dispute was entirely personal, however, and had nothing to do with the range war. Some time later a detective named Jesse Selkirk was paid a reward of $2,500 by the sheepmen's organization for bringing about the conviction of some of the men involved in the slaughter of the Fitzgerald sheep.

One of the most widely discussed mysteries of the time was the disappearance of one "Shorty" Davis. He was believed to have been murdered by cattlemen who were afraid his knowledge of their sheep shooting activities might cause them trouble. Many years later a skeleton was found in a remote section which was considered by many to be that of Davis, but positive identification was never established.

The controversy between sheepmen and cattlemen was constantly growing worse, feeling growing more bitter, and the greatest range war of all impending when, in 1905, the forested lands of the public domain were included in the Forest Reserves. These Reserves soon became National Forests which included nearly all of the area upon which the stockmen summered their herds.

At first many stockmen were antagonistic to Government control of the ranges but the Forest Service allowed no stock on the range except under written permit. The range lands were allotted to best serve the need, and herds were reduced to balance with the carrying capacity. In a year or two it was apparent to most stockmen that the old free range was gone and perhaps it was the best for all.

The livestock industry on the ranges

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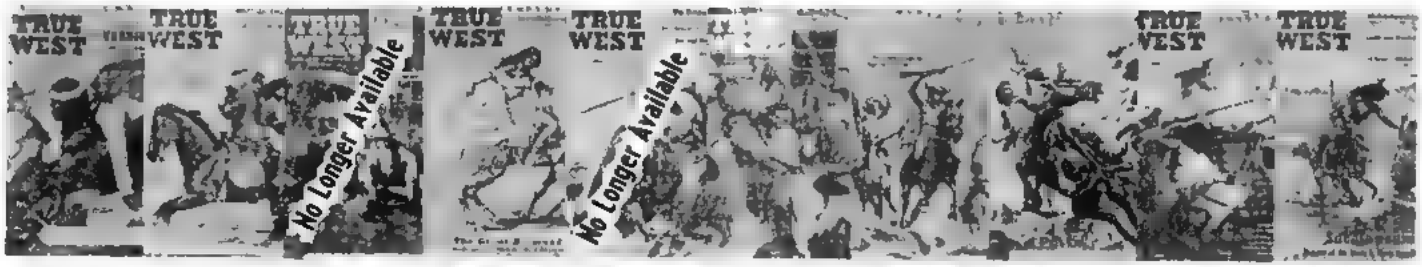

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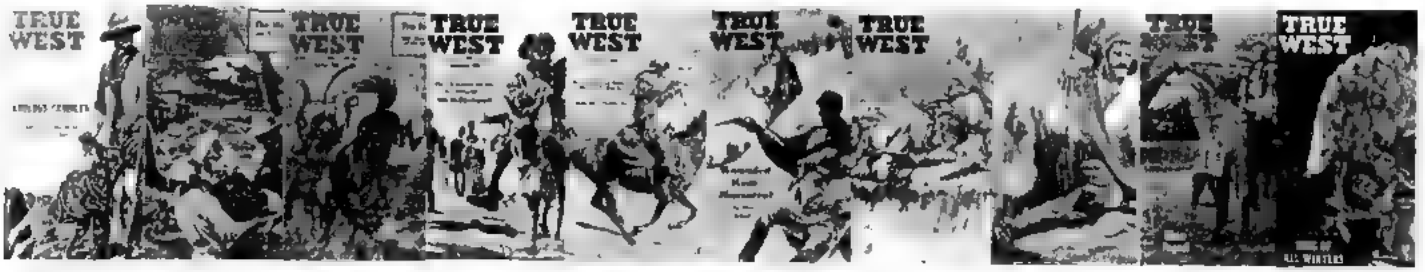

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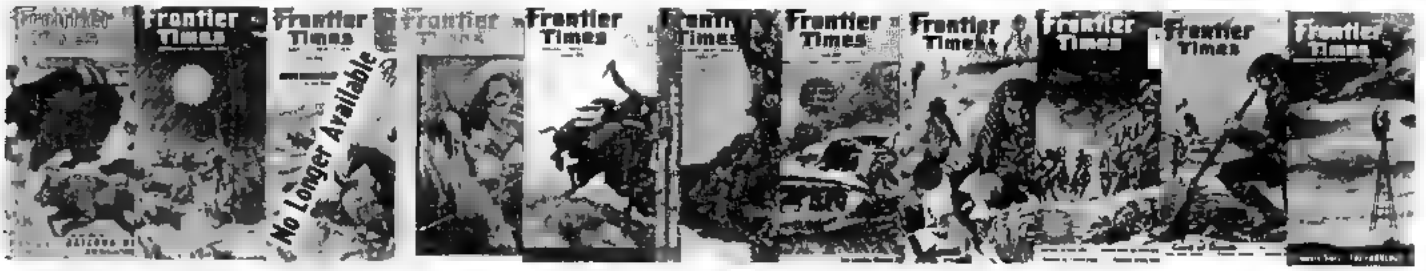

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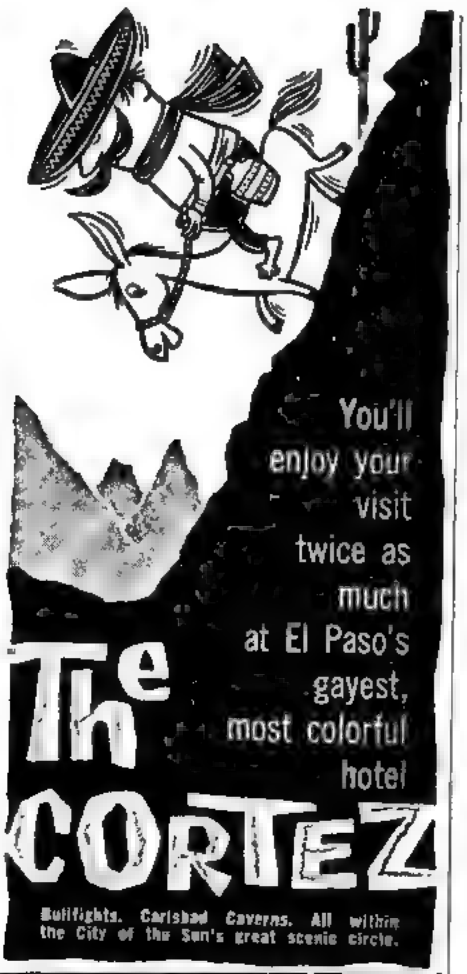

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of central Oregon from the time the first animals were brought to the area until the breaking out of the range wars has an interesting history. The first attempts at a settlement was made in 1867, when five men and a boy crossed the Cascades from the Willamette Valley to the Ochoco Valley, near the present site of Prineville. There were a few scattered prospectors and a railroad survey party circulating about within a hundred-mile radius, and farther east a mining town had been established on the John Day watershed.

The six new arrivals started to build a house and settle down. They had several yoke of oxen and one horse. They were completely cut off from the outside world—no roads in or out, only Indian trails. Early in the spring of 1868, a wandering band of Snake Indians came through and robbed these venturesome settlers of most of the oxen and the horse. The settlers set out for Lebanon in Linn County to get more stock, their families, and additional settlers.

Among the new settlers to return with the group was a young man named George W. Barnes, and in describing the country I will quote him: "This was certainly as fine a looking country then as a stockman could wish to see. The bottoms were covered with wild rye, clover, pea vine, wild flax and meadow grass that was waist high to one on horseback, while the hills were covered with a mat of bunch grass that seemed inexhaustible. It appeared a veritable paradise for stock." (As a young man, the writer was well acquainted with the late George Barnes, then well along in years.)

It was during the summer of 1868, while this little group of trail blazers were busy working in the woods, that the Indians raided again and took all the guns and livestock and burned the cabin and all food supplies they could not carry away. This happened to be the one day when they left all the guns at the cabin.

They had a two and one-half day hike on their way back to the Willamette Valley for a new outfit. They found food and help at the Warm Springs Agency. White settlers ventured into the Ochoco country at considerable risk since the Indians had complete control. Most Indians were peaceful and gave no trouble, but wandering bands such as the Snakes and Bannocks were ornery. About 1870 soldiers were stationed along the military road grants to protect the settlers from Indians but were too far away from the Ochoco to be of any help to the settlers there.

George Barnes, in describing the country had this to say: "I do not believe there was another spot in the whole nation so near to the first principle of human society as ours. We had neither law, gospel nor medicine."

CATTLE and sheep began to come into the area in the early 1870s. Large herds of cattle were moved across the Cascade Mountains to central Oregon, and California herds began coming in farther to the east. Several bands of sheep were moved in about the same time. Jim Blakely was elected first sheriff of Crook County in 1884.

The lush valleys of the Deschutes, John Day and Crooked Rivers, and the famous Harney Valley, were rapidly filled with cattle, sheep and horses. Before the turn of the century many of these ranges were controlled by large companies who had become entrenched, to a large degree, by gaining possession of central spots such as water supplies

J. N. Williamson

and rich meadow lands—many times gained through fraud.

It is reported that large stock owners would prevail upon employees and others to file upon choice acreage under the public land laws, secure title, and then sell out to the Company for a small fee, sometimes as low as $50.00. For some years in these rich valleys no effort was made to cut hay for winter feeding because stock wintered nicely upon the open range. But as time went on, more cattle, sheep and horses were added than the range would support without winter feeding.

This called for a general change in stock management and the size of a stockman's herd was governed by the amount of hay and other winter feed he could produce. The ranches were located in the lower valleys where the stock was wintered. Surrounding these ranches were the rolling bunch grass areas which were ideal for spring and fall grazing. As the summer season approached, the herds were moved back to the higher ranges and the timbered mountains. Each year these herds were moved farther and farther back to fresher pastures until the entire mountain area was being heavily grazed from midspring until well into the fall.

The shade, cool mountain streams, lupines, pea vines and numerous other weeds and grasses, provided everything in the way of forage that a stockman could wish for, until the time came when there was not enough to go around. Crowding and encroaching upon each other's usual feeding grounds began to stir up friction. Of course, the land was public domain and one person had as much right as another, so there was no way that any one individual could establish a legal right to use any part of it and exclude others. The bitter feeling on the part of cattlemen toward sheepmen multiplied until the wholesale slaughter of sheep began.

At the time of the range controversy, the writer was employed on ranches in the vicinity of the conflict, later entering the government service and serving twenty-two years as Forest Ranger on the National Forests of the Blue Mountain area, the primary duties including administration of grazing of permitted stock.

As a matter of record, the killers of the Fitzgerald sheep in Wheeler County were in no way associated with the Crook County group known as the Crook County

Sheep Shooters' Association. No individual was ever openly identified with either the Crook County or Lake County sheep shooters. No arrests were ever made and to this day their identities remain unknown.

Terror In The Treasure Cave

(Continued from page 17)

Kenny's shouts told me that according to the mark we had painted on the rope, I should be nearly halfway to the bottom and he'd try to work the crude windlass a bit faster during the rest of the trip.

After a rest, some adjusting of the manner in which I sat in the loop of the rope, and a good look at my surroundings, I again slipped off into space and called to Cook to continue with the lowering operation. A short time later the spot of light from my lamp disclosed the bottom of the cave rising up to meet me. Then my feet touched and I discovered I was standing on an extremely rough floor of a huge rock-walled room shaped somewhat like an inverted funnel, with the crevasse through which I had been lowered forming the spout 100 feet above.

I began searching for possible hiding places for loot. The room was at least a hundred feet in diameter, with each rock and cavity a possible depository for the treasure we sought.

A preliminary search disclosed nothing that would point to any other human's ever having set foot on this level of the cavern. The room appeared to have been formed by the washing out of a deposit of gypsum, leaving the harder "redbed" sandstone and smaller pieces of the plaster-like rock to form the walls. It was extremely wet, for drops of water were continually pelting down like rain. Roots, small sticks and trash were scattered all over, apparently washed in by high water in the spring; many flies inhabited the cave, providing food for the bats that made their home there. In some places I found sheets of transparent selenite, sharp, clear, varying in thickness from two to six inches and at times reaching four or five feet up from the floor. There were two openings; one led downward, the other stretched out on the same level as the main room.

It was with pounding heart that I first noticed what appeared to be a box lying at the bottom of a twenty-foot hole that led farther down. By careful maneuvering I made my way to the object and discovered it to be the remains of an old-fashioned brass-bound lamp similar in construction to those used on the stage coaches which crossed the western country nearly a hundred years earlier. Though the lamp was broken, corroded and badly bent, I had proof that someone had been in this cave many years ago.

A few more minutes of exploration convinced me that this was no job for one or two men; it was difficult and dangerous as well as time consuming. So, after taking a few pictures, I climbed back into the loop of the rope, called to my partner to haul away, and soon emerged into the Teepee Room.

ENLISTING the aid of some friends, we returned to the cave later that week only to find that the old windlass had given away and dropped through the crevasse to the bottom of the hole. This put an end to our exploration activities that year. Winter set in and snow in this high country made reaching the cave an impossibility.

We had accumulated all the gear necessary for a first class expedition by the time the trails were passable the following summer and, with a party of five, set out to make a thorough investigation of the cavern. Setting up base camp in an abandoned sheep cabin a half mile from the cave entrance, we spent the first day toting in timbers, a dismantled hoist and other materials. After supper we erected a solid platform over the crevasse, set up the hoist, and placed a comfortable board seat at the end of the rope.

The next morning we lowered Cook on the new rigging, then another fellow, followed by me. After first determining that there were but two outlets to the big room, we selected the one leading down deeper into the earth as most likely. We worked our way down about 160 feet farther before being confronted by a wall of sheer rock with a three-inch opening at the bottom through which a small stream trickled. This stopped our travel in that direction.

After returning to the surface and enjoying a quick sandwich, we had another go at the exploration. This time I was accompanied by the other two fellows in the party who had spent the morning operating the hoist. Arriving at the bottom we made our way through a sort of archway leading into the yet unexplored "level" passage.

Following something like fifty feet of easy travel, we arrived at the bottom of a rock slide that blocked off our route and extended upward, making a high, small room. Scrambling up the pile of red sandstone and soil, we walked across the edge and found a single boot track deeply imprinted in the cement-like rubble.

Working on across the slide we came upon final proof that this cave had seen life, death, and perhaps a treasure. Tucked away among the rocks were a few decayed remains of a human body. No clothing, no shoes, no hair—nothing but a shell-like skull, a handful of teeth and some small bones.

After discovering the skeleton we intensified our search, but although we moved rocks, prowled through holes and looked into every conceivable place, nothing more was found. Hours later we gave up, returned to the surface, broke camp and went home.

As the weeks passed, something always seemed to come up to delay our return expedition to the cave. Soon another Wyoming winter was upon us. I sold out and moved to the Southwest. Kenny Cook died in a hunting accident. The other fellows drifted away.

To this day my feelings about the affair are mixed; maybe there never was such a treasure. Perhaps we had the wrong cave. But how can the windlass, the broken lamp, the boot track and the skeleton be explained? Could be there actually is a treasure cached in that cave. Maybe it's hidden behind the rock slide, maybe not. All I know is that one of these summers I'm going back and give the place a good going over with a metal detector.

Sure, I'm getting fat and a little lazy but I've spent most of the intervening years chasing lost mines and buried treasures all over the Southwest, and somehow that army paymaster's loot keeps coming back into my mind. Wonder how our metal hoist has survived the dampness of the Teepee Room? Too late to get up there before snow flies this year, but next spring maybe it'll be "Wyoming, here I come."

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GUNMEN AND OUTLAWS

The Complete and Factual Life of Billy, the Kid (Frederick Fell, $4.95) is by William Brent, son of Jim Brent who served both Pat Garrett and John Poe as a deputy and was later sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico. There is none of the sentimentalism in this book that so often mars the writings of those who attempt to tell the story of the Kid. The author, as appropriate for the son of a pioneer peace officer, takes a firm stand on the side of law and order and Pat Garrett. He tells the story as he heard it from his father, his grandfather (a long-time resident of Lincoln) and many other old-timers. It is a straightforward account although the author uses dialogues that he frankly admits he invented "to bring the story and characters to life." The dialogue was hardly needed but the author knows his people and their times and most of it has an authentic ring.

There is so much of value in the book that it seems a shame that the author has not kept abreast of the recent research into the life and career of the Kid. The results of the labors of such dedicated searchers for the truth as Robert N. Mullin, Philip J. Rasch, William A. Keleher and W. E. Koop were seemingly unknown to author Brent. As a result, a number of minor but irritating errors are present. There is no index and to the historian and researcher this is a grievous fault. Despite these defects—recommended.

The University of Oklahoma Press has added the *Life of Tom Horn* ($2.00) to its series, The Western Frontier Library. The book presents Tom's story about his experiences as government scout and interpreter during the Apache wars where he served under the famous U. S. Army scout, Al Sieber. It also includes Horn's account of his work as a cattle detective and his association with the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Tom was hanged in Cheyenne, Wyoming November 20, 1903, for killing Willie Nickell, the fourteen-year-old son of a sheepman despised by cattlemen. The last of the book is comprised of letters by Tom, those of his friend, ranchman John Coble, and others who befriended Tom and believed he was framed for murder which someone else committed. The introduction to this reprint was fittingly written by Dean Krakel, author of *The Saga of Tom Horn.*

INDIAN FOLKLORE

Saynday's People (University of Nebraska Press, $1.75) by Alice Marriott brings together related stories from her former books. Saynday, the leading man from *Winter-Telling Stories*, is a clownish hero typical of those in Indian mythology. His strong medicine worked for him when doing good deeds but backfired to his embarrassment when he tried to pull off prankish antics. In *Indians on Horseback*, the author presents vivid descriptions of the Kiowa folkways, method of living, hunting and playing.

RICH AND WICKED

Francisco Salazar told the story, *The Gold of Old Hornitos* (Saga-West Publishing Co., 752 Fulton St., Fresno, California, $1.00) to William B. Secrest. Salazar was born in Hornitos and as a native son has long been interested in collecting and preserving the history of this old gold mining town in the Mother Lode country. He now operates the Jail Museum at Hornitos. This is an interesting booklet free from the lists of town officials and the like and strong on human interest stories. Joaquin Murieta, China John, Rosie Martinez, who built Fandango Hall, and Sing Lee, the laundryman, all had their part, one way or the other, in making Hornitos the wickedest town in the Mother Lode—it also was one of the richest. Eight pages of early day photos add to the value of this booklet—a bargain.

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Old Town Albuquerque (The Press of the Territorian, Box 1847, Santa Fe, N. M., $1.00) is by Peter Hertzog and provides a thumbnail history covering the period 1706 to the present. Old Town was built around a plaza on the east bank of the Rio Grande by settlers from Bernalillo. It thrived until the coming of the railroad in 1880—when the town moved two miles east to be near the station and in recent years has recovered much of its previous glory—now as a prime tourist attraction. There is a double-page map, some photos plus drawings by Walter Dawley.

GREAT WESTERN PHOTOS!

Picture Gallery Pioneers, 1850 to 1875 (Superior, $12.50) by Ralph W. Andrews is another great picture book in the long Andrews-Superior collaboration. In it the author surveys the work of the pioneer photographers from Seattle to San Diego and as far east of Denver. There are many great pictures of the mining camps and early scenes in pioneer cities of the West. In addition, there is a section on the survey photographers, 1867 to 1873, with many spectacular shots made on the trails. This reviewer confesses that about the only familiar name among the great picture makers represented in this book was that of William H. Jackson of Denver. T. H. O'Sullivan, John K. Hiller, Carleton E. Watkins, William J. Shew, William M. Godfrey, Rudolph Schiller, Peter Britt, George D. Wakely, Henry Faul and William Chamberlain are among the artists of the camera represented in this volume. Great!

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Uvalde Ghost

(Continued from page 49)

to Albert, "The fellows outside will soon be leaving us for they are scared to death of ghosts and won't dare stay here after midnight."

They did leave, so Albert and I settled down to wait for morning. But you can bet we were sure enough wide-awake. The rats returned to scurry over the floors and through the attic. The wind rose higher, too, and banged the shutters and doors worse than before.

When the sun came up, our schoolmates returned, actually expecting to find our lifeless bodies, or nothing of us at all. En route to town they said very little, awed and marveling that we survived the night in the haunted house.

The bet money had been left with Joe Doughty who owned the Uvalde Saloon. I returned their money in a sudden magnanimous gesture and bought a bucket of beer for us all. In those days boys could drink beer, if big enough—and, if they drank beer, they were big enough.

I THOUGHT the affair had ended, that we were all good friends again, even if some were angry because I proved them liars about ghosts. Albert dolefully predicted otherwise. He said, "Otie, don't round up and count no chickens. You haven't heard the last of this deal!"

He sounded so serious I began to think Albert was afraid of ghosts like the others. But matters rocked along with no more incidents or arguments about the supernatural until the following July.

The Forepaugh Circus made a day and night stand at Sansom. The village consisted of a crossroads store, a dozen dwellings, a small hotel, and a blacksmith shop half a mile from the Uvalde railroad station. Most of us had never seen a circus so everybody attended.

We boys took in all the side shows, menagerie and the main two-ring performance that afternoon, but just didn't have enough eyes to watch everything, so we stayed for the night performance, too. When it ended, my friends wanted to head for home. Me, I wanted to see some of the circus tents come down and loaded on the railroad cars.

Tiring at about one o'clock in the morning, I left, riding slack loose and sleepy in the saddle. As soon as I entered the Sansom end of the graveyard road, my horse, "Boy," began to pick up stride, and snorted displaying great uneasiness. I, being very weary, failed to realize this meant something—until a white object shimmering in the starlight fell out of the treetops a few yards ahead.

At the same time a bloodcurdling scream of "O-oo-ah!" raised my hair. Boy wheeled around in the other direction as I came fully alert with nerves tingling. Almost at once I faced a wagon entering the road I had passed a minute before.

Again that awful cry, "O-ooo-ah!" split the night air. This time the white and shimmering object descended from the trees above me. It completely covered me and fell down on Boy who started kicking and plunging around in terror. I fought hard to get that thing off. It felt soft to the touch but it sure refused to turn loose.

Boy plunged against the west rail fence, which probably saved our lives. The weird thing coming down from above scared the wagon team, too, and the two men on the spring seat couldn't control the big Percherons. Stampeding into a crooked run, the team broke loose and threw the wagon into the near fence.

With the crashing wreckage sounding louder than the screams, I plunged out of the treetop tunnel in a dead run, scared as I could be. Boy raced on to the circus grounds with me doing my best to keep from smothering.

Scared? You bet I was, and right then, for about five minutes, I sure did believe in ghosts. My horse pulled up near the burning torches where circus roustabouts were taking down and loading the last show tent sections. They ran over and helped me get my head out in the open.

The boys had had their revenge, for the "ghost" clutching me and Boy proved to be a big bed sheet tied on ropes, which they had let down on me after missing the first drop. Half a dozen of them up in the trees did the crazy screaming that seemed to come from every direction.

In a couple of minutes my old buddies appeared, laughing their heads off. The treats were on me so I bought the last of the circus' pink lemonade for them, and tried to be off-hand about the whole thing.

Fun is the salt and pepper of everyday life—and I'd just found out that schoolboys and cowboys use it freely for seasonin'!

Feud In Eagle Valley

(Continued from page 23)

Again his hand sought the gun as he silently worked his way back of the church.

Secure and deadly was the trap laid for him. Fastened to the outside of the back door was an animal trap, crudely constructed, but if he had been unlucky enough to fall into it, my mother would have waited for him a long time.

Mother, too, had a rough time of it in Eagle Valley. Once when my father went to Baker for supplies, Jim Hankins stole her chickens and fried them over an open fire within sight of the parsonage. Jim and his gang were rowdies. They'd drink, eat fried chicken, roar with laughter and dance around the blazing fire, trying to frighten my young, pretty mother who, with all windows and doors locked, crouched down with the children, and shivering from panic and fear, prayed that Father would be home soon.

THE SERMONS of peace continued and things grew quiet for awhile. Then one morning while Mother was cooking breakfast, she detected an unfamiliar odor in the kitchen. She called my father in and they found the same odor in the baking powder, bacon and the potatoes that were frying on the wood stove.

"Better take all the food from the kitchen and back porch and burn it, Mary," he said. "I'll take that baking power with me."

"Where are you going?" asked Mother.

"There's a chemist in Baker who'll have the answer to all this," he called back as he went outside to saddle his horse.

The chemist found cyanide in the baking powder.

Sometime later my father rode out on his circuit through the arid-looking valley. He saw how moisture from winter snows had evaporated under the bright sun, leaving low mountain land with a scanty growth of grass. Here, for many years, cattle and sheep had used the range in large numbers.

It had been only a few days before that he had stood beside Jeffers on this range, where hundreds of cattle lay

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dead in the hot, bright sun near poisoned cakes of salt.

Jeffers' comments were bitter. "Our range is a dust heap; our bunch grass is gone; cattle are dying, and there's nothing left but the trampled earth."

Father was so lost in his thoughts on his circuit ride that he did not hear the quick thud of galloping hoofs along the dusty road until he saw the horsemen approach. As they rode abreast of him, they pulled in the reins on their horses. There were six riders; the one in front was Hankins.

"Hello, Parson," Hankins said. "We thought we'd meet you about here."

My father sat rigid in the saddle and said nothing. Hankins got down slowly off his horse, his action followed by his men.

"This is a friendly greeting, Hopkins. We don't mean you no harm."

My father remained still and Hankins told him, "We've caused you a heap of trouble, but it's all over now. We're aimin' to join the church and change our ways. Want to shake hands?"

The sheepman offered his hand and smiled. Father got down off his horse and held out his hand when suddenly there was a quick, hard thud and my father was lying unconscious in the dust of the road.

Hankins said, "Let him have it, boys." Then laughing and swearing, they kicked and stomped my father's head into the ground with the heels of their boots.

"He's dead," said Hankins. "Let's go." They rode off quickly.

Hours later someone brought his battered, bloody, unconscious body home to us. Father stayed in the hospital several weeks. When he was released, pale and thin, he called on officials in Baker. There was the question of prosecution.

Jeffers urged Father to demand a trial of justice. Jim Hankins and his six sheepmen were tried for assault and battery with intent to kill. The men were jailed and faced a five-year sentence. While in jail, they pled for my father to come see them. Eventually, he paid them a call.

They grew panicky over the possibility of a prison term and apologized for their evil ways. My father asked for a public apology to be printed in the newspaper. This was done, and the charges were dropped.

My father's parting words were that in the future he would talk to them in language that they could understand and that, if any one of them laid a hand on him, he would shoot him. Peace, after a fashion, came again to Eagle Valley.

The Deserted New Yorks

(Continued from page 15)

Springs home. "We even had a Sunday School! Naturally, we had occasional stabbings or shootings, but nothing too elaborate. About the most excitement I ever saw there was the day Jim McKinney rode through town.

"I was on duty at the Manvel telegraph office when a message came over the wire addressed to Deputy Sheriff Ed Bowers and stating, in effect, that Jim McKinney, noted California badman, had shot and killed two fellows at Kingman, Arizona. When last seen, the message said, he had been headed our way, on horseback and heavily armed, and with $1,000 reward on his head. The message had been filed by Henry Lovin, sheriff of Mohave County, Arizona Territory.

"I had seen McKinney several weeks previously when he had passed through Manvel fresh after killing two men in Kern County; and just as I finished taking the message, I glanced out the station window and saw him riding past the depot with a rifle cradled in the crook of one arm and wearing a belt bristling with two six-shooters!

"As I happened to know that Deputy Sheriff Bowers was at Rock Springs that day, I took it upon myself to send messages to Sheriff Lovin in Kingman, and Sheriff Rolphs, at San Bernardino, and soon as I could sneak out of the station without McKinney seeing me, I spread the alarm. Meanwhile the murderer had replenished the food in his saddlebags and had ridden off toward Government Holes.

"No one exhibited much eagerness to start in pursuit of McKinney and his portable arsenal, and two hours later—with the town still wrapped in a tizzy of excitement but otherwise inactive—there rode into our midst, in a special commandeered train, Arizona's Sheriff Lovin and a sixteen-man posse, including two Wallapai Indian trackers. Despite the fact that he had no legal authority in California, the Arizona sheriff strengthened his forces by conscripting two Manvel men—including me—and the bunch of us got horses and rode off in pursuit of the fugitive.

"That same afternoon saw the arrival at Manvel of Sheriff Frudenthal, of Lincoln County, Nevada. And before nightfall, Sheriff Rolphs, of San Bernardino County, made his appearance, the California lawman having traveled from San Bernardino to Goffs on the Santa Fe mail train, and from Goffs to Manvel in the cab of a commandeered locomotive dispatched over the branch line empty and at top speed. Still later came U. S. Marshal John Potts, of Kingman.

"With the sheriffs' posses of three states and Uncle Sam's minion all hot on his trail, the killer affected his escape by tricking a Manvel teamster into believing that he was heading south toward the Providence Mountains. Thereupon, he turned north, hid his tracks by riding through a herd of cattle, and made his way past Silver Lake to Walker Pass."

McKinney's freedom was of brief duration, as only a short while later he was cornered in Bakersfield and slain in a gun battle with Kern County officers—one of whom was killed in the fight.

"McKinney was a bad hombre," said Captain Gibson, "but Manvel owed him a debt of gratitude. He gave us something to talk about for weeks afterward!"

MANVEL continued to be a busy and important center until construction of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad in 1904 and '05. With the new line passing directly through Las Vegas, the little railhead in the New York Mountains found all her lucrative Nevada trade sacrificed to that place. With only a few California camps remaining to lend a precarious support—and most of these hanging on the ropes—the little branch railroad hauled freight in steadily decreasing volume. As the railroad shriveled, Manvel followed suit; and with rail service ultimately discontinued altogether, the town on the mountain was left without further excuse for existence.

Manvel's ghost, on the day I visited it, was equally as thin and spectral as that of its sister city over the ridge. A few more cabins were standing, but of the camp's one-time business district there remained only an extensive flat, scattered with debris—everything from a

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"I take you to head doctor!"

printer's imposing stone to kerosene lanterns and wagon bolsters.

Wandering over the old townsite, striving to repopulate it in fancy with the teeming life it once knew, I found myself wondering which of the town's several remaining cabins had been the home of Old Dick Diamond.

A Negro, born into slavery, Dick had come to Manvel as a teamster in the middle 1890s. Here he lived throughout the remaining years of the boom. After the excitement waned, the railroad pulled its tracks and everyone else but Dick Diamond moved to greener pastures. He had chosen to cling to his Manvel cabin. The last of the town's original settlers, the aging man eked out a precarious living doing assessment work for various mines in the surrounding territory, and when he died in 1950, he was close to 100 years of age.

Throughout all the years of Dick's residence at Manvel there had hung on the wall of his cabin a faded lithograph of Abe Lincoln. Old Dick had been fiercely proud of that picture. He had shown it to every miner and cowpuncher who came that way, and carefully explained to all that Lincoln was the man who had set him free.

Standing there in the one-time heart of Manvel, on that pleasant winter day in 1956, I ranged my eyes across wide, arid acres that rolled away to infinity, and lifted them to the wide, empty blue of the Mojave Desert sky. There wasn't a sound—not even a chirping bird—and not one visible movement. In all that wide, still land I might have been the only living, breathing creature. Pondering that quietude, that complete aloneness, it seemed to me that in the last forty-odd years that Old Dick Diamond had lived in his lonely little cabin, in this lonely little ghost town, he must have known here a greater bounty of freedom and peace than his forebears had known through all the preceding generations of man.

Abandoned -1892

(Continued from page 45)

of death. Chances of getting across this cut-off without being attacked by bandits or Indians were slim. That many ventured this way is attested by the numerous graves along this road.

MANY OF the country's well-known soldiers were at times stationed at Selden. General Arthur MacArthur was one of these. He had a small son who was only four years old at the time, but young Douglas even then was inbued with "army tradition" and he was to follow in his father's footsteps.

General Hugh Milton, a former Undersecretary of War in the Eisenhower administration, said the four-year-old MacArthur strayed into some bushes one day and, when he screamed, it brought out the entire garrison who were fearful of Indian attacks. What the boy had seen was a camel, one of many brought to the New Mexico-Arizona desert by Jefferson Davis, later President of the Confederacy. (It probably was the only time MacArthur showed fear outwardly.)

Reports say Douglas MacArthur was baptized at the backwoods outpost and that an Indian raid interrupted the ceremony. MacArthur told General Milton that he remembered trailing along with escort wagons when the family reported to Fort Selden. The experience was vivid, he noted, as MacArthur had a tendency to wander, thus upsetting his mother. Usually he was found riding in the wagons with the enlisted men.

A few years ago two men from Las Cruces, Ignacio Guerra and Reuben Gonzales, found a dozen old cannon balls while digging around the ruins of the fort. Experts from Fort Bliss, Texas, who were called in to investigate, found the balls had live second fuses and were highly dangerous, an astonishing fact since they had lain in the ground for almost a century. General MacArthur identified them as authentic.

RUMORS of hidden treasure have caused people to dig many holes at the bases of the crumbling walls. Perhaps the men who found the cannon balls were two of these treasure hunters. In a way, they did find a treasure, as the relics are historically very valuable.

There is a story about a young man finding a treasure map drawn on sheepskin. He claimed he found it on a "vega" of one of the porches of the barracks. The map told of secreted wealth in a cave in the Caballo Mountains. This young man, the story goes, did find the treasure, but it brought him nothing but ill-luck, and possibly death.

During the Civil War, both North and South held Fort Selden. General Sibley took it from Union soldiers in 1866 and held it for a short time. The Union soldiers he defeated retreated to Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

The Robledo brothers, who had a large trading post at the foot of a mountain range several miles from Selden, were forced to build a fort of their own because of the many raids on their stores by Victorio's warriors. Cook's Peak, named for the Cook massacre, is close by. Soldiers at Fort McRae used mirrors to flash heliograph messages to Fort Selden when danger of Apache Indian attacks seemed imminent.

Up until 1915, Selden was in fair repair, with most of its walls intact, and its roofs in good condition. The fort was used in maneuvers by Fort Bliss soldiers at the beginning of World War I.

The late Harry H. Bailey, pioneer Mesilla Valley farmer tried to have the fort declared a State Monument when he purchased the property in 1926, but was unable to put over the project.

Mr. Bailey made a study of the history of the post and in an article for the *El Paso Times*, November, 1949, he wrote:

"The Government erected a telescope atop Fort Selden, and from there the only successful view of the constellation

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of Venus was made in 1878. It was here, also, that Lt. Thomas Moran flashed the first heliograph message with a mirror—to Old Baldy, the mountain close to the Mescalero Apaches. From there the messages were relayed to Cook's Peak, and thence to Mount Franklin and Fort Bliss, Texas."

In 1963 the New Mexico legislature did make the Fort a State Monument but failed to appropriate funds for its maintenance and restoration. This error Dona Ana County Historical Society is now trying to rectify.

Parcel Post Bank

(Continued from page 43)

hands full of splinters from the cinders along the track. (Incidentally, when he died some fifty-odd years later, he still had some of the little black thread-like slivers in his hands.)

TWO WEEKS later W. H. was riding the same train home and bringing a bank building with him. He went up to the conductor, showed him his hands, and in all seriousness, said, "If you won't slow this train down enough so that a fellow can get off without getting hurt, I am going on to Denver with you."

The conductor assured him, "Oh, don't you worry about that. Some s-o-b has ordered a whole brickyard full of bricks and we have to unload them right here!"

You might say the action hit the post office like too many tons of bricks. Washington first heard of it when the Star Route carrier, who was required to report all mail not delivered within a week of its arrival, admitted that he had mounds of undelivered parcel post on hand for the bank at Vernal. Extra wagons were added to the Star Route and the mail handlers all had aching backs, but the mail—every last brick of it, went through!

William Gillman and son Horace, along with Johnnie Rasmussen and his son Ralph, with the help of a few other freighters, hauled all the bricks from Watson to Vernal by team. En route to Watson they traveled as far as Alhandra, crossing Green River by ferry boat the first day, and there they stayed their first night. The next day, they went to Kennedy's Hole and the third day to White River. The fourth day they arrived in Watson in time to unload the bricks. Returning was much slower because of the heavy load.

Two wagons always traveled together because the hills were so steep that now and then they had to double up and take the team from one wagon and hook two teams on the other, in order to pull the load up the hills. Sometimes it stormed and the mud was so deep that it made travel even more difficult. The men did their own cooking over the campfire and slept on the hard ground at night. Wages were very low and they received 80c per hundred for hauling the bricks. Picture the triumphal procession, when the bricks arrived in Vernal, marking a local victory over the Federal Government.

Eddie Young was postmaster in Vernal at this time. W. H. went to him and told him that he was expecting quite a lot of parcel post, and asked if it could be delivered at the site of the new bank building. (Eddie Young was quite short and a kind of pompous little man.)

He said, no, that would be against the postal regulations; all mail had to go through the post office and then the person expecting it had to come and get it.

Several days and quite a few loads of bricks later, Eddie came down to the bank corner and practically begged them to let him unload the bricks right there. The post office was piled high with the Parcel Post Bank.

Uncle Sam evidently hurried up and changed his postal regulations so that a nightmarish thing like that could never happen again. From then on, it was against the law to mail to one person more than 200 pounds on the same day!

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

be amazingly accurate according to Grandad who was *there* working with Jack Holt when he was killed. Grandad (Doc Scurlock) and Jack Holt were working together as line riders for John Chisum. The two of them were out riding line when suddenly, as they approached a canyon, they were surprised by approximately five Indians (Grandad said there were five to seven altogether). Almost immediately Holt was killed, as were both the horses. Grandad hid among the rocks and exchanged shots with them most of the evening. As the evening wore on, it became evident that he was getting lower and lower on ammunition. He decided to let up on the shooting, not knowing how long he would be able to hold out against them. When he did quit shooting and the atmosphere grew quiet, the Indian chief came forward (thinking he was out of ammunition) and Grandad stood up quickly and shot him. At this, the rest of the Indians began to yelp like a pack of coyotes and took for cover.

He waited for night and safety before he walked twenty miles for help. When he returned with help they found the dead chief gone. Holt's body was still there, however, and they were amazed that he had not been scalped but Grandad and his companions were shocked to find that his right arm had been removed at the elbow. They wondered at this and could not imagine why the Indians had done this. —Joe Buckbee, 3710 Lake Austin Boulevard, Austin, Texas.

Butch Cassidy

Dear Sirs:

I am not a subscriber to your magazines but I get them at the newsstand and I feel obligated to write you and finish the life story of Butch Cassidy.

He was back in Lander, Wyoming, in October of 1912. Some of his friends on the Wind River Reservation packed him up into the Bull Lake country to some of his caches he had made in the early 1900s. As far as I know he put in the rest of his time in Star Valley. The same fellow that escorted Butch in 1912 returned in either '34 or '35 with a man who was supposed to be a mining engineer from Idaho, to my ranch at DuBois. They wanted about five head of horses to pack into Dinwoody Creek (they said to look over some claims). I didn't have the horses to spare, so they went on. Then the news came out that Butch Cassidy had died of cancer in Los Angeles in 1937.

I had four uncles that put in their whole life in Wyoming. Uncle Rufus was foreman for the old Swan Land and Cattle Company from 1870 until he died in 1892. Uncles Dan and George Rhoades came out and went to punching cows in 1880. Uncle Jerome was in Fort Laramie in 1873 as a government scout and had less than a month to finish his four-year enlistment when the Indians trapped him and scalped him in the hills west of Chugwater. It was in revenge for four Indians who had been

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killed by some Southern cowboys who had come up with a herd of cattle. All four of my uncles knew and worked with Tom Horn different summers.—L. O. McMichael, 6030 Sonoma Highway, Santa Rosa, California.

Billy Grounds

Dear Joe:

I noted with interest the mention of Billy Grounds in the Truly Western section of TRUE WEST, June, 1963 issue. Mr. Weldon and Mr. Swim commented about Billy Grounds. The name of Grounds was his alias. To be specific he was born November 26, 1862. He was the youngest of his family, with exception of a half-brother and half-sister by his mother's second marriage.

It might be said he was from an old Texas family, for his ancestors on his father's side were among Stephen F. Austin's "Old 300" colonists. His father, however, was born in St. Louis, Missouri in 1817. He came to Texas during the Mexican war. He had been honorably discharged in San Antonio in 1847, and had been wounded in combat duty, and his wife received $8.00 per month which was the amount of his pension, after he died.

During the Civil War Grounds' father took a neutral position, and being suspected of being partial to the North had been ambushed and killed. Alias Grounds' mother married an Indian fighter who was a Captain in the Texas Rangers. He had lost an eye fighting Indians on the frontier. The Ranger Captain had a wife and several children of his own, and had two children by Grounds' mother. There was a discord in the family and the Ranger returned to his own brood, so it is said,

Alias Grounds had heard of Billy the Kid and was inspired by this young man. He was determined to go to New Mexico. After the Mexican War, Grounds' father became a horse trader, and dealt in horses up until he was killed. Grounds, who was westward bound, was a fine hand with horses, and took after his father in this way. Billy Grounds told his mother he wanted to go west and look for gold, but his elder brother knew different. Grounds was always referred to as "Buddy" by his family, and later his nephews and nieces referred to him as "Uncle Buddy." At any rate he was very attached to his family but the call of adventure seemed to win out.

He left on his 19th birthday in November, 1881, mounted on a sturdy Texas cowpony. He kissed his mother farewell and bade his brothers and sisters goodbye. It was early morning, and the sun lit up the broad horizon from the east. Buddy rode to the top of a hill, turned his horse around, and sadly waved his cowboy hat to his family in a last final goodbye, then disappeared over the brow of the hill. After he left, he wrote home to his mother regularly, and signed off by drawing a line around the fingers of his left hand.

In his last letter he said he had found a treasure while looking for gold, and that his family would never be in need again. He was obviously referring to the Skeleton Canyon incident. This so-called treasure was pin-pointed with a map carefully drawn and described in surveyors' language as to where the treasure could be located.

As to the death of Billy Grounds, there has been some speculation that the sheriff who shot him may have had certain motives, to end his life with a shotgun blast so abruptly. These speculations may have resulted because the lawman soon after became a man of means. Of course, a lawman is entitled to a treasure map, and in that day and time they all had the mining fever. One who got away made it back to Texas and related the incident.

The lawman, it seems, came to question Grounds and his two partners over the murder of a mining engineer. The informer who made it back to Texas, who made a rear exit out of the house they were in, stated they were packed up to leave and were discussing payment of $40 which they were indebted to someone, when a knock came on the door. A voice in Mexican asked if they had any coffee. Grounds opened the door and was shot in the face.

According to Grounds' nephew, he was killed in 1882. To add to a mother's sadness, an older son came to Silver City, New Mexico, and while seated on the steps of the courthouse was shot and killed March, 1883, having been mistaken for someone else.—Allen Erwin, 13-071 Deodar Avenue, Desert Hot Springs, California.

The Superstitions

Dear Joe:

I have only been acquainted with your magazine a few months but I have read every copy since. My son, who is twenty-one, and I made a trip to the Superstitions in March, 1963. We figured to enter from the southeast. The afternoon before going in, we decided to take a quick look at Geronimo's Cave. It started snowing so we just stayed the night.

We learned a good lesson—take what is needed for a camp. All we had were the clothes on our backs. Now the strange part was—about the middle of the night, we started to see some lights. They couldn't have been too far away because fog had set in and light snow was falling. We had some binoculars and with the use of them it seemed as if these lights were flares and there were people in a sort of parade. The fog would clear at times and we could get a little better view. They seemed to have wagons or carts. I know this sounds screwy but we took turns with the glasses. This took place on a level with the cave. We determined this by sighting over a board we found.

Have any of your readers ever mentioned a trail in one of the canyons marked by mule shoes? We found a couple—they were really hard to locate. All told, they led us a pretty good distance. We are making plans to return this year. —Charles Needham, 2250 D Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Kedinchin

Dear Pat:

I was interested in the article "Kedinchin" by Eve Ball in the August TRUE WEST which tells of the murder of Don McLane in New Mexico. I knew Don McLane before he went there. Their ranch was some four or five miles below Leaday in Concho County. We both belonged to the Leaday, Texas, W O W Lodge. I assisted with the funeral services when his body was returned for burial. Roy shipped the body to Ballinger and J. D. Johnson and L. L. Moore, brother lodge members, transported the remains from Ballinger to Leaday in a horse-drawn hack.

My recollection of the case differs slightly from the version of the author. I was not in New Mexico, but remember only what I was told by Roy McLane. Roy returned to Concho County a few years after Don's death and built a house

Miscellaneous

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on the McLane property. He says that their supposition was that while riding over some of the range of the Felis Cattle Company, Don came upon the carcass of a freshly killed beef. Presumably Don had dismounted and was inspecting the carcass when killed. The Indian either saw or heard him approaching and hid in a clump of brush nearby. An expended rifle shell was found there and they supposed the shot was fired from there. Don's body was lying near the carcass when found. There was a light snow on the ground and they could discern Don's boot tracks from the moccasin tracks of the Indian.

As I recall further, the posse located and killed the Indian before they found his squaw. He was wearing a pair of moccasins made of fresh rawhide, not from the animal Don had surprised him in the act of butchering, but from another he had slain along the way. When they found his squaw her feet were bleeding and she had no moccasins. She told the Indian interpreter that she had stolen away from him during the previous night. She had reached the point where she could not travel anymore and she feared that he would kill her.

There were two families of the McLane boys. Roy and Earl belonged to the first set; Don and a pair of twins to the second. Old man McLane was a cantankerous old Scotchman who was always mad at everybody, including himself. I don't know why one of the boys didn't kill him.

He had been ill for some time and the night he died, I was due to sit up with him as was the custom. I was to meet my co-sitter at the McLane crossing on the Colorado. I feared I was late and was riding pretty fast to make my appointment. The road I was traveling was nothing more than a trail which dodged back and forth around clusters of catclaw bushes and mesquite trees. A nester who had recently bought a piece of the Day land had fenced his property. The straight fence line jutted out into the road now and then. It was pretty dark and I hit that fence which almost cut off my left leg just above the ankle. My horse fell and threw me off. He was cut almost into ribbons, but he went tearing off through the brush. Fortunately, I was close enough to the meeting place that my partner heard me calling to him.

He came to me and then went to the Creswell farm and borrowed a horse and buggy and took me home. They hauled me to Valera the next day and put me on a train for Coleman. The doctor took God knows how many stitches to sew the tendons and nerves and arteries back together. I've still got a deep scar as a reminder. It wouldn't have been so bad if I had been wearing boots. Since I expected to be on my feet part of the night and inside all night, I had put on a pair of shoes and had nothing to protect my leg.—Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California.

Gentlemen:

I have been an interested reader of TRUE WEST for a long time, and enjoy it very much.

I never once thought I'd ever see the story of "Kedinchir." in print.

When he killed Don McLane, my mother and I were living four miles north of Alamogordo, New Mexico, on a homestead and I was going to school in Alamogordo.

The story as I remember it is exactly as written up by Eve Ball, with the exception of where she says, "They brought Kedinchin's body back to Mescalero." He *was* taken back to the reservation, but not before the body had been laid out in a funeral home on exhibition.

I, with a group of school children, went to the funeral home and saw him, laid out on a table, bare to the waist, and his torso riddled with bullet holes.

This was the first time I'd ever seen a corpse, and to see that of an Apache Indian, and one who had been shot, made quite an impression on me.

His wife was sitting huddled on the edge of the boardwalk, looking neither right nor left. A very pitiful sight and I wondered what would become of her. We were told she had very keen hearing, though one of her ears was gone, and that was why he took her with him—as he couldn't hear too well.

My mother, brother and I went from San Antonio to Alamogordo by wagon (I had my 10th birthday en route).

My brother went to work in the machine shops there but they had a strike which closed up the shops and they were moved from there, so my brother had to leave, also, to make a living for himself and us.

We stayed there six years, until the claim was "proved up." This was our second claim, for the first was jumped and we had to re-locate. Our homestead was on top of the grade north of Alamogordo.

We left there, my mother and I, by wagon in September, 1908, and finally reached El Paso days later than we should have, because one of our horses would balk and then the other would join in and it seemed to me I spent most of my time getting them started again.

We finally left El Paso on horseback and made the ride to Fayetteville, Arkansas, reaching there the latter part of January, 1909. It was quite a trip and a story in itself.

My brother was working in the machine shops at Davenport, Iowa, at that time. He is now Lt. Comdr. J. B. Wellman, USN, (Ret.) at Harlingen, Texas.

It was certainly a thrill to read the story of the Apache who killed the tenderfoot and was himself hunted down by the Mescalero Indian Police and shot.—Mrs. J. B. Belvin, 1719 Eighth Street, Brownwood, Texas.

The Element of Chance

Dear Joe:

I like your treasure hunting specials. Fellows like Ted Tucker, Art McKee, Ed Snow and Milton Rose have found treasure. Many other finds have never been reported. Doesn't it get you a little? You eat your heart out; you get aggravated; you're jealous. Not jealous of those who found it, but because you wish it had been you. Anyone who finds treasure well deserves it.

You say to yourself that you've read all there is to read on the subject. I have all the literature and maps there are to be had. I have diving gear, a metal locater and a head full of information. I go hunting and spend hours, days, weeks and months. I come home empty-handed.

Yet, children playing on a beach can dig up doubloons and pieces of eight like it was nothing. A skin diver untangles a fisherman's line, and comes across a sunken ship. A family vacationing in the West can stumble on gold nuggets. It's enough to drive you mad. For you, with all your knowledge, books, maps clues and equipment, can't find a thing. Why? Only the Lord knows.

Just think of all the things you would be able to do if you were lucky enough to find a lost mine, the chest of Blackbeard, or a sunken galleon of Vigo Bay. Any treasure at all would do. I've searched for treasure more times than I care to count, and though I have never found a thing, I'll be back hunting again.

We all know that the odds are against us, and why we keep looking for that Pot of Gold no one will ever know.—Charles M. Albano, 208 4th Avenue, Avon, New Jersey.

Old-Time Cowboys

Dear Editor:

I am proud of the pictures of the old-timers of Lipscomb County, Texas, as I worked with most of them and for Hiram Black and Alex Young.

I was raised in Burnet County with the "four Blacks and Bartons," as you call them. I went to school with the younger ones of them.

They were raised in the old South Gabriel settlement before they moved it to Bertram on the railroad. We went to school at old South Gabriel rock house, some three miles south of Bertram.

You mentioned Hiram Black's wife as running the ranch after he died. She was as good a cowhand as Hiram was and one of the best riders I ever saw on a horse.

As you say, those old boys were tough when they needed to be. Still, if you were a friend they would go all the way for you. I had a picture of those old boys but not as good as this one so I prize this one.—George Lightfoot, Route 2, O'Donnell, Texas.

Bloomer Girls

Dear Joe:

Reading about the Bloomer Girls in the April, 1964 TRUE WEST took me back a number of years when I was a boy of about twelve. I was visiting my cousin in Waverly, Kansas, for part of the summer school vacation. Now Waverly had an above average ball team and it was announced that they were to play a game of baseball with a visiting team known as the Bloomer Girls.

Of course, we went to the game, and so did about all the town folks. It was lots of fun to see those girls try to play ball with a good team of men. Most of them were afraid of the ball but they had one player who covered most of the field from short stop, second and third bases and center field.

Before the game was over we found out this one player was a man. It was a good game and the box office was well satisfied. Of course, the local team won. —Clifford B. Smith, 3826 Merivale Avenue, San Diego, California.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 23, 1962; SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF TRUE WEST, published bi-monthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher: Joe Austell Small, 2405 Brier Grove, Austin, Texas. Editor: Pat Wagner, 304 E. 17th, Austin, Texas. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas, Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder.
Average number of copies printed (net press run) during last twelve months: 266,016; Total number copies printed last single issue: 286,000. Average paid circulation per issue last twelve months: 24,430; Paid circulation last single issue: 27,064. Average sales per issue during last twelve months by agents, news dealers or otherwise: 157,516; Sales last single issue by agents, news dealers or otherwise: 161,479. Average free distribution per issue during last twelve months: 950; Free distribution last single issue: 950. Total number of copies distributed per issue during last twelve months: 182,896; Total number of copies distributed last single issue: 189,493. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 18, 1964.

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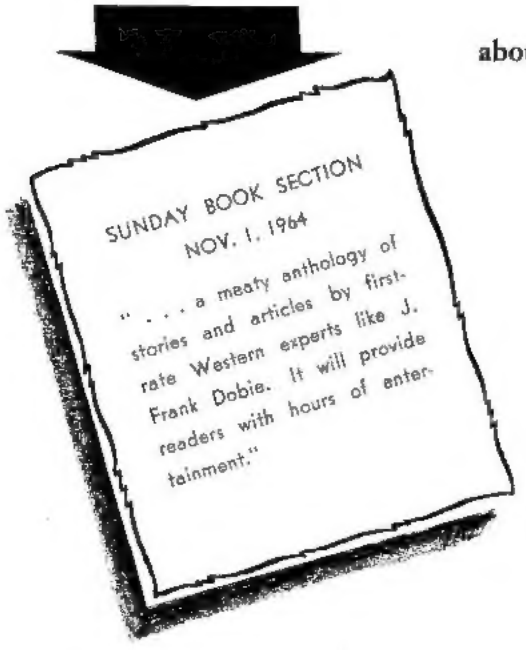

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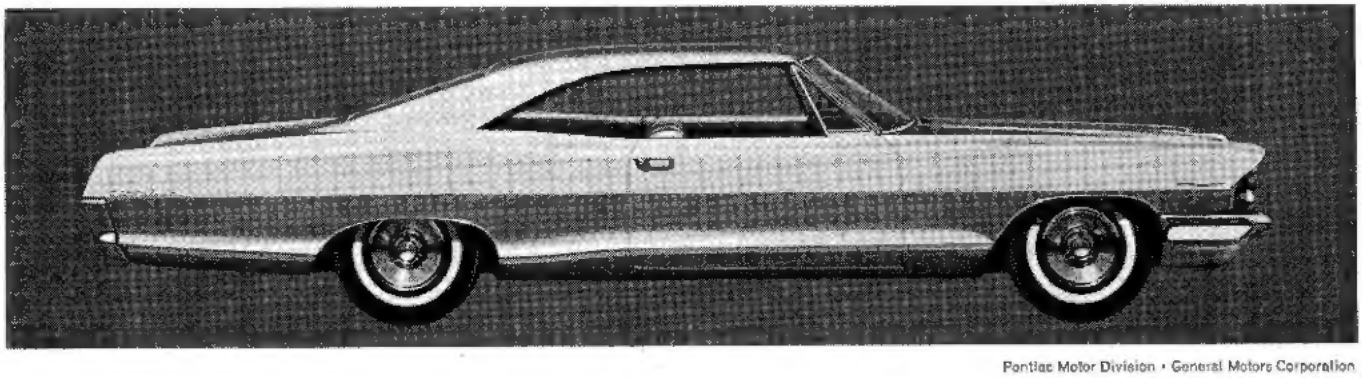

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